SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLV JUNE, 1909 NO. 6

THE PORTRAITURE OF INGRES

By Frank Fowler

AT a time when the popular acceptance of art is in the direction of color as affected by air, atmosphere, and the pattern seen through the medium of colored light, as in Monet and his followers—it may be interesting to turn our thoughts to one whose practice was the reverse of this.

The art of Ingres is, perhaps, not as familiar as it should be to those whose interest is keen in the painting of to-day; but this is not to be an account of a temperament that responded to the delicate surprises of corresponding "values," or thrilled at sight of the opalescent dawn. Nor did Ingres rejoice in splendid sweep of brushwork, nor in the superficial pleasures of "the lust of the eye and the pride of life." He did not feel the color charm and iridescent beauty of satin reflected on itself, the shimmer of silk, the orient of pearls, the glint of gold—each fabric possessing a characteristic texture and a logical aspect which differentiates it from its neighbor in the artistic scheme of a picture. This is not to be the story of the sensitive, brilliant, and nervous stroke which is now employed to interpret, with vibrating pigment, the features and the form of man regarded through the medium of modern "seeing." The human problem is not, by this master, a question of the play of light on forms approximate in shape to those presented by the subject before him—the skilful differentiation of textures as I have said, nor the bold and picturesque sentiment of enveloping chiaroscuro which, while it offers the person as an exercise of virtuosity, is but slightly impressed by the sense of individual identity.

The story of Ingres as a portraitist is, perhaps, a more profound recital, but one which, on investigation, may be found no less entertaining and no less picturesque; still it may prove, indeed, quite as significant. He is not oversolicitous of presenting a human being in some light which will effectively reveal the characteristic modelling and superficies of the individual before him, so that by fidelity of color and truth of corporeal mass he may portray him by means of painting to the world. It is rather that in his work, man, although searchingly characterized by drawing, is used by him as an ornamental shape which may be wrought by line and tint into a pattern possessing those qualities of composition and design that invest the canvas with the element of art.

Too strong realism, too great corporiety, too much actuality would distract the mind from the controlling intention of the producer who held a positive opinion concerning the legitimate limitations, or what he regarded as the legitimate limitations, of his medium. For Ingres seemed to feel that art appealed rather to the intellect than to the emotions—but we shall see in the sequel that this apparently cold and self-contained man was eminently vital and emotional in his feeling for form.

Line and line only was his absorbing pursuit; still if we look more closely we will find in this nature a passionate and even sensuous delight in colorful contour and lineal charm.

Any great forward movement in human activity and thought usually discloses a conservative element which sees to it that the practice of the immediate past shall be not too precipitately abandoned. This con-

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From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

Portrait of Ingres by himself.
In the Musée at Chantilly.

servative element in art was found in Ingres at the opening of the nineteenth century. David and his school had so suppressed the art of painting by their cold and classic forms, drawn at second hand from early sculpture, that revulsion came with a vehemency of protest. Gericault, Delacroix, and others rushed into the field with an enthusiasm not always tempered by judgment. It was Ingres who stemmed this tide and founded that school of realism which survives to-day. For although there has long been a notion that Ingres was a stubborn conservative, it will be found, on inquiry, that this serious man was the pioneer of true realism. This valiant fighter for lineal and constructive truth, for supple and significant form based on a close study of the living model, perpetuated the superior school of drawing which is the just pride of modern France. What, from the beginning to the close of his career he insisted on and believed in was drawing freed from the immobility impressed on it by the teaching and practice of David, Girodet, Girard and the so-called classicists who immediately preceded him—drawing, as I have said, derived from the study of life; not that cold, stereotyped thing which those before him had evolved from their scrutiny of antique vases and Greek remains.

But although Ingres departed from the ways of his predecessors, he is in no sense identified with the romanticists. He saved France from a frozen art; he saved it also from too abrupt a transition to a freedom that might, but for him, have had a short run to decadence. He was the true realist—

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Mme. de Vauçay.

In the Musée at Chantilly.

for by a patience that was untiring, and a will that was formidable, he wrought to bring life to form—and would in no way countenance the extravagances of those French painters who, captivated by the seductions of color and chiaroscuro, slighted line and contour for the more ready effectiveness of clever brushwork.

Art, at that period, became pictorial rather than interpretative; if romantic, it was the romance more of the theatre than of life—and painters were interested in a *mise en scène*, but not truly enamoured of natural effects. Delacroix's "Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople," containing splendid passages of color, and Gericault's "Wreck of the Medusa," are rather huge illustrations, not fine examples of an artist's emotions before a phase of nature.

For Ingres, art was plastic, but not too plastic—it was intimate, but not too intimate. There was a mid-world where art dwelt—its springs were to be found in nature; but too vehement action, too vital color, too faithful observance of the subtleties of light and air on the surfaces of things tended to weaken the true artistic value of the work.

Form, contour, line—these, as I have said, were the objects of his search. Color, vibration, the fascinations of atmosphere and colored light were, to him, no worthy subjects for the painter. Hence the splendors of the Dutch school—the haunting heads of Rembrandt suggesting life's harassments and its griefs—the intimate and jovial countenances of Franz Hals, the florid and fleshly bodies of Rubens, the nervous ani-

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mation of Delacroix were alike unfitting and profane. All this appeared in his attitude of mind when producing those canvases in which he followed his taste for what he termed "le grand art."

Trained in the school of David, which he entered on his arrival in Paris from his native town of Montauban, Ingres acquired from that master a disposition toward the formal and severe which never left him. He came later to see the faults of David's system, and he was much too human and too intelligent to remain long under the sway of one of whose methods he disapproved. It may be also that the tribute of the English Sculptor Flaxman to his competing painting for the Prix de Rome, piqued the pride of David, for they parted about that time, the younger man feeling that he should seek inspiration in the direct study of nature. So fixed, however, was he in his admiration of the flexible and fluent style of Raphael—it was his contention that nothing new could be done after certain masters of the past, Raphael and his school—that he announced his aim as that of supplementing and carrying on the work they had begun.

So long as he confined his efforts to large and pompous compositions and single figures, he did, by marvellous effort and persistent endeavor, prolong into the nineteenth century some of the spirit of the renaissance. "Le Voeu de Louis XIII," "La Vierge à l'Hostie," "L'Apothéose d'Homère," "La Grande Odalisque" were of the artistic parentage of the "Sistine Madonna," "Paul Preaching at Athens" and other masterpieces of his adored Raphael.

But, as if to rebuke the unbending will which drove this indomitable man to work with constant reference to the past—to create, so to say, a retrospective art—it is like realizing one of Time's revenges to discover that the most precious, the most enduring portion of his art is that to which he resorted as a makeshift—portraiture.

Forced by a change in dynasty to relinquish important academic commissions, a number for King Murat of Naples, Ingres, on the restoration of the Bourbons no longer found in court circles that demand for his work which the Napoleonic régime had supplied him. This lack of patronage continued until he was obliged to seek something immediate in the way of income. Thus situated while at Florence, he undertook at most moderate prices, to do small pencil portraits. These were much appreciated and an Englishman of taste and discrimination, whose portrait in this medium Ingres had made, proposed to the artist to come to England for two years, promising a clientèle there which would secure him a competence. Ingres consulted his wife, and she, finding that his preferences were for remaining in Italy, warmly seconded his wishes and he declined the offer—what a loss for England!

When we recall the series of drawings of the Court of Henry VIII left there by Holbein we cannot but deprecate the decision which has deprived the world of a collection no less admirable that would have accrued from this visit there of Ingres. For these treasures of incisive and searching characterization, of logical and constructive composition of groups, and faithful rendering of costume and drapery belong to the traditions of the closest draughtsmen of the past. For it was in these fragile little masterpieces a breath might waft from the hand, as well as in his painted portraits, that Ingres excelled.

There is in modern portraiture a pictorial and picturesque presentation of the individual where, too often, he seems to be regarded, paradoxically, as a more or less animated object of still-life. These portraits are of the sentiment one admires in a study of still-life—that of haphazard arrangement and skilful, swift, and summary stroke. In these modern works the planes of the head are given with an unhesitating address, the hair is marked by fine observation of its texture, as are the varying materials of the costume, and the objects that make up the accessories of the composition. All this is given with a just observation and an acceptable scheme of color; and there often it ends. No incisiveness of drawing, no studied contour that gives unerringly and beautifully the salient and retreating planes of the face and figure, the logical and constructive set of the garments with their vanishing or insistent outlines, are to be found in the examples of portraiture above quoted. They exist as vivid realizations of generic man; but for intimate, individual identity, for thoughtful composition which fills the area of the canvas with a delightful, artistic, cohesive and well-planned de-

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From a photograph by A. Giraudon.

Mme. Destouches.

In the Musée du Louvre.

sign, we must look to Ingres more, perhaps, than to any modern; and since Dürer and Holbein, the art of portraiture has given to the world few finer examples.

Certain portraits of the remote and more recent past come readily to mind with a potency of realism that mark them for all time; and among them may be named Holbein's "Erasmus," Titian's "Man with the Glove," Leonardo's "La Gioconda," the "Bertin" of Ingres, and the "Émile de Girardin," by Carolus-Duran. This magic has been arrived at by different means; and the most closely allied to Ingres are prob-

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ably the "Erasmus" and the "Mona Lisa." But no less direct in another way are the "Man with the Glove" and the "Émile de Girardin."

Titian, in the former, has painted a young man simply posed and relieved against the simplest backgrounds. Serious in mien, the constructive planes of the head iron-gray and smooth-shaven, is seated at a writing-table covered with black cloth, the coat is black, and the background is of the same sombre hue; but the artist has so differentiated these various blacks by faithfully defining the changes in "values" caused by the angle of the light as it illumines horizontal, upright or vanishing

M. Bochet.
In the Musée du Louvre.

are broadly established without ostentatious flourish of brushwork. It is a countenance that holds in the memory through the very force of direct impression achieved by restrained modelling, oneness of color, and distinction of outline. It is one of the memorable portraits of the world.

In the "Émile de Girardin," Carolus-Duran has presented a virile and aggressive personality that is seizing in its aspect. All the strange, dark, tragic shadows of the social history of his romantic personality seem hovering in the gloom of the background, from which he emerges with a startling reality. This trenchant writer, planes, that the figure detaches admirably; the only relieving note of color, besides the life-like head, being the scarlet decoration of the Legion of Honor in the lapel of the closely buttoned coat. The reticence and, at the same time, potential brilliancy of this canvas command all praise. Much of the power of this portrait is attained by methods that Ingres did not employ. Duran did not secure his effect by closeness of line, but a clear vision and an obedient hand have so rendered the aspect of corporeal presence that the canvas lives.

But from these works we will turn directly to Ingres and find in his "Bertin" an

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From a photograph by Braun, Clement & Co.

Mme. de Sénonnes.
In the Musée at Nantes.

interpretation of modern man that, in intimate definition of character, consummate placing of the figure on the canvas, and in facial expression, is a marvel of individuality and questioning attention. This picture was painted when the artist was in his sixty-second year; but as an example of unabated force in the painter it is remarkable. Ingres has himself told us that the success of this work was achieved only after repeated studies had been made and as frequent changes in the original plan. The painter became discouraged, and he finally intimated to Monsieur Bertin that all the sittings had been in vain, he had accomplished nothing and, although grateful to

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the sitter, he felt forced to abandon the picture. But the busy journalist and man of affairs begged him not to distress himself, and urged the painter to try again as he was willing to give him as many sittings as he should wish. The pose appeared to be the stumbling block until one evening the painter called at Bertin's house on a friendly visit, in the course of which a political question of the day arose between the writer and his sons, they holding opposite views. It was while engaged in this discussion that he leaned slightly forward and turning to the speaker with an expression of "interest, lack of conviction, and consciousness of power to refute the argument advanced," assumed the position we find here portrayed. Ingres on bidding his host good night, said: "Monsieur Bertin, your portrait is done." This facial expressiveness we see in the picture; but the perfect spacing of the canvas, the varied line of shoulder and chair contribute to produce a silhouette that belongs to art. The logic of the folds of sleeves and waistcoat, the fine discrimination of the notes of white, these incidents in no way disturb the dominating charm of the handsome head with its silvery hair. (See frontispiece.)

The "Mme. de Sénonnes" is one of those happy canvases of which we feel the artist himself was happy in the making. It is the portrait of an humbly born Roman woman transplanted by her marriage with the Vicomte de Sénonnes to the lap of luxury, to which she yields herself with all the southern languor of her people. This sinuous figure, sumptuous, without being over full, is seated on a cushioned couch with the easy grace of nature, if not to the manner born at least of a natural adaptability that asks nothing of the artist but the task of reproducing in opulence of line the full throat, firm breast, and large, plump, beautiful ring-laden hands—the latter a very masterpiece of delineated femininity. This placid countenance, of oval form and with half-parted lips, is of an elusive charm

Madame Rivière.
In the Musée du Louvre.

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that is appealing, through a kind of sensuous serenity. The dress of garnet red, the silky yellow cushions broken with warmer hues, are of the slightest significance in this beautiful design for, as in all of this painter's portraiture, besides the character, it is the design that is most telling.

This human exotic is brought to the hothouse of civilization and decked with jewels, velvets, trinkets and laces which seem in no way to discompose her. And Ingres has found a strange fascination in this transition; for something of wondering, and of the people, slumbers in her faint, fleeting smile, while the robust and healthy body rebels almost, one would say, at the restraints of the modiste "du beau monde." But the painter has so tempered this impression that we find in it only an added charm.

The psychical significance of this lovely canvas is so interesting that we had nearly failed to speak of the beauty and intelligence of the composition.

The right side of the figure takes one sweeping line to the head—the left shoulder high, rests on a cushion which raises that hand to the waist. The right arm reaches almost to the left knee across the lap, the fingers of that hand melting into the creamy white of a cambric handkerchief. This attitude, and the opposing lines of the white India shawl or scarf thrown carelessly behind the figure in beautifully studied folds, make up a pattern of much elegance and beauty. The background is quiet, broken only by the contour of the head and shoulder reflected in the mirror behind, to the left of the canvas, and to the right by the perpendicular line of the mirror frame.

La Belle Zélie.
In the Musée Bibliotheque at Rouen.

It will be difficult to name a work of more human and individual charm or of more accomplished performance in the annals of portraiture.

The same fine sense of design, but simpler in the elements of composition, is noted in the remarkable portrait of the

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artist himself at the age of twenty-four. In this there is a forecast of the seriousness of the future, for it is serious now, at the beginning of his career. The contour of the head is sought with the ardor and in-

in his after years he never failed to offer to the art of his country.

It is a mistake, however, to regard Ingres as a cold and formal temperament so insistent upon line and contour that the

From a photograph by A. Giraudon.

M. Leblanc.

In the Bonnat Collection.

cisiveness of the primitives. The placing of this half-length in the restricted area of this quadrangle with the incidents, as accessories, of the corner of the canvas, easel-tray, peg and palette, complete, with perfect judgment, the autobiographic story of the artist at work. We do not look for sensitive color in this, more than in other of the works of Ingres; but there is a sense of color in the lineal fulness of the lips; and the generous vision of the planes of the head, rich roll of the cloak, all reveal that splendid logic of form which

human element is frozen out of him. It is because he has so much emotion when vis-à-vis the individual that we have chosen to speak of him in his truest and best rôle, that of portraitist. In the province of portraiture we can recall few who so intimately, masterfully, and consistently presented the human problem. Fluent brushwork, as we have seen, he almost wilfully shunned; for even had he possessed great freedom of touch he would have suppressed it for incisiveness of form, and significance of detail and of line. But there was something sensuous, volup-

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From a photograph by A. Giraudon.

The Stamaty Family.
In the Bonnat Collection.

tuous even, in his wonderfully modulated line and interior amplitude of constructive planes. He achieved bulk and substance in the portrait of himself as a young man; but, as we have already intimated, we discover often in Ingres a command of qualities other than those of design and form merely; and something less cold, more human, and more intimate hovers about the illusive personality of "Mme. de Vauçay" as here depicted (page 645). The design bears the usual marks of a fruitful ingenuity, noted in the beautiful disposition of the lines of the shawl as opposed to the chair back; but there is also a fascination in the individual character of the subject herself, suggesting an inward and subtile personality all her own. This fine definition of a temperament belongs to the artistic tradition of Holbein and Leonardo, and perhaps, since their day, has not been achieved in like measure as in this thoughtful portrayal.

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If, however, this painter can interpret the informed but inexpressible emotions of the soul, he appears to be no less in sympathy with unawakened, unsophisticated, elemental consciousness. There is an innocence and immaturity of expression on the countenance of "La Belle Zélie," of liquid eyes and dewy lips, that suggests the *beauté du diable* so effectively given in portraits by the English and wholesome Hoppner.

M. Philibert Rivière.
In the Musée du Louvre.

Call not this painter hard and dry who can so suggest by line mainly, the exuberance, richness, the soft and rounded forms of full and bounding life. Although our painter is deficient in what may be regarded as color, this canvas shows a color sense through some subtle magic of line.

Now turn to a portrait in which another fine appreciation of individuality is noted. In the pages of portraiture can one find a more beautiful and intimate rendition of a human being than in that of "M. Bochet"? Would not the reader prize such a record of any dear one he possesses or had possessed? It seems to me like a kind of triumph of the art of portraiture to thus rescue and fix for all time the benign and kindly presence of an individual like this. And when it comes to a question of artistic worth, the incisiveness of its drawing, generosity of its forms—the discrimination and beauty of its details lift it high in the scale of virtuosity of performance. It is of Holbein with the modern note of fuller projection and envelope. Surely judgment and taste were unerringly present when this work was produced.

We must now turn our attention to other expressions of the genius of our artist; for, although a few more examples of his painted portraits will be here reproduced, the limits of this paper leave space only to examine a few of those marvellous portraits in pencil which in no way, except in medium, yield in interest and fascination to his larger work in portraiture.

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In verification of this the reader is asked to study the beauty and style of the drawing of "Mme. Destouches" (page 647), a little masterpiece. This sweet and wholesome face, expressive of happy, contented, and protected young womanhood, is not only fully realized, but logical definition of costume and drapery, and grace of composition have rarely, if ever, been displayed in a portrait on this scale, in this or any medium. It has a vitality and charm that is human, and for delicacy of touch is, perhaps, unrivalled—except by Ingres himself.

There is much the same fine logic of line in the portrait drawing of "M. Leblanc" (page 652), but it is more solid and robust as becomes the delineation of a man. The figure stands firmly on its feet, and is given, with these slight means, a corporeal volume unmistakably vigorous and sound; while the cloak, presented in lines of singular charm, suggests again the primitives, in its chastened variety and logical fall. Throughout, in this well-poised figure, the laws of gravity are subtly respected.

But it is not in dealing with single portraits that Ingres contents himself—groups do not embarrass him—filial sentiment is not beyond the bounds of this wizard instrument of his, as in the "Stamaty Family" (page 653). For cohesive composition, domestic feeling and individual characterization, one will scan widely the field of known portraiture to discover its rival. This family group represents M. Stamaty, Consul at Civita Vecchia, with his wife and children. The constructive disposition of this group is as well-considered and as thoughtful as if the medium of its production was to be that of oil colors. The intimate definition of character in each countenance and head is really wonderful considering the minute scale of the work; and in its human appreciation of filial companionship and the associations of home it is a veritable poem. All of Ingres's integrity of drawing is to be found here, as scrupulous, as searching and precise as when lavished on the unique interest of a single figure.

These words concerning an artist of great accomplishment—however slight and inadequate—have been spoken because of an urgency of belief, on the part of the writer, in poetic justice.

Ingres counted on his old age to vindicate him when contemporaneous criticism and indifference seemed almost too hard to be borne—and indeed before he died he received honors in abundance. But over and above this tangible recompense comes the reward of those who, sensitive to chastity of form and lineal interest, find in his cameo-like and cherished contours an inspiration and insight that are the logical sequence of integrity of performance.

To those who pore over these little leaflets on which he has impressed enduring distinction by most fragile means, there comes a sense of illumination akin to that we have been conscious of in studying the most precious productions of the past. There is latent a chord in every one which responds to forms of beauty; and if there arises a genius who, in his art realizes those qualities which inherently appeal to us, he is eventually hailed as a benefactor, a liberator, for it is through his work that the slumbering instinct for beauty is awakened, taste crystallized, and standards established; and by the stimulating and critical sense thus engendered the mind becomes receptive to all created beauty.

What but this inveterate sincerity of the contemporary worker has helped to rescue from neglect, and bestow belated recognition on many masters of the past? The illusive charm of Botticelli, the sweet and tender feeling in Mino da Fiesoli, are, perhaps, alike indebted for their present high estimation to the integrity of such as Ingres.

Ruskin, I think, speaks somewhere of "the moral turpitude of a line"; but the lineal rectitude of our master teaches nothing but probity!

It is this great and sterling worker we have chosen to celebrate at a moment when the general practice of art appears contrary to his teachings. There is, none the less, much to be learned from him; and indeed his sincerest admirers are now to be found among the most intelligent of the advanced and more modern schools. Manet held him in highest regard, and Degas exalts him as the object of his enthusiastic partisanship.

This is the reward of sincerity, conviction, and the pursuit of truth. Ingres has given to the world treasures of realism, has become the backbone of that splendid freedom which is the glory of present painting and which, tempered by his example, may become the sound method of the future.

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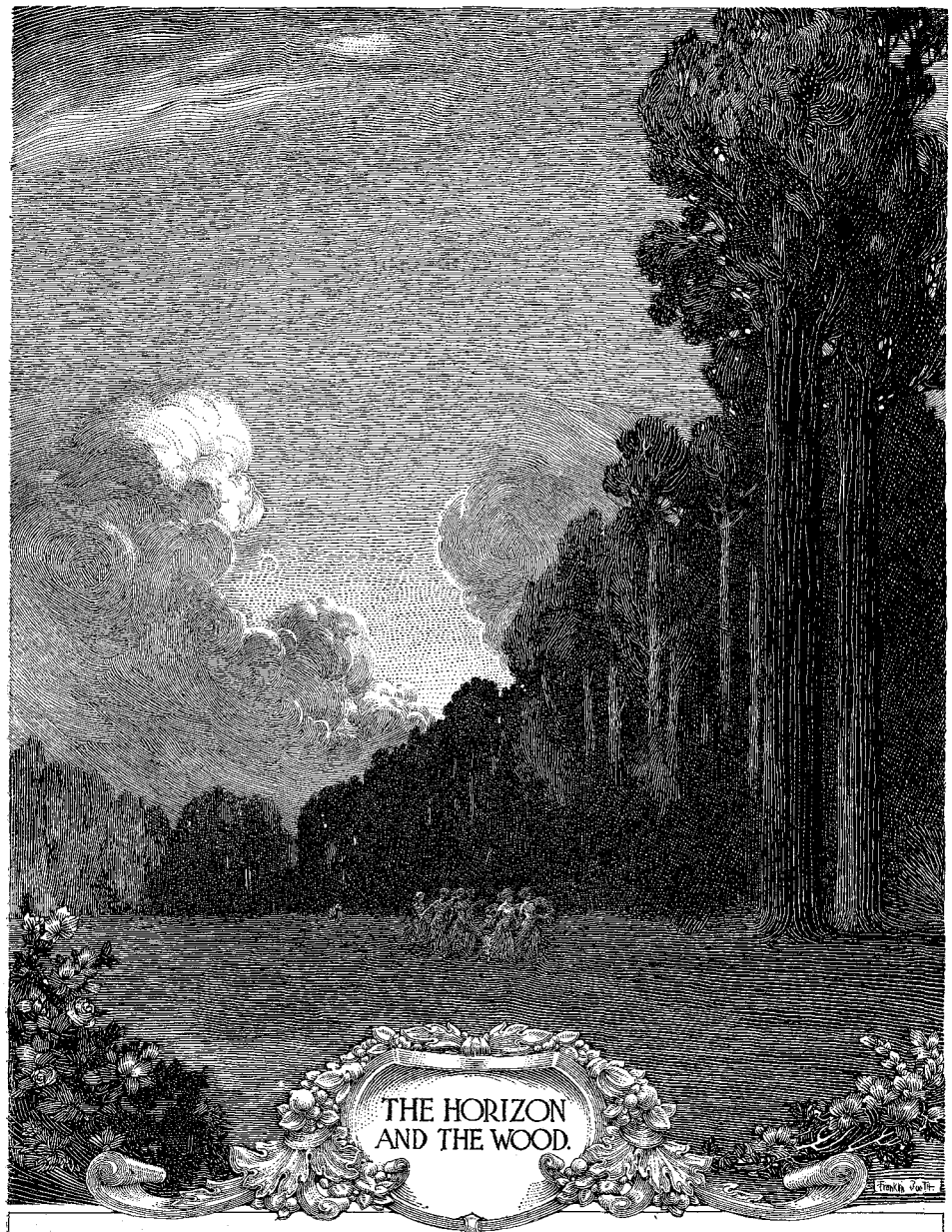

By William H. Hayne

I

THERE, through the closing gate of Day,
The sunset seems to drift away—
In pallid gold, and dream-like red,
With thin gray cloud-lines overhead.

At the dim margin of the blue,
Venus is trembling into view—
Pulsing with timid, silvery light—
The first gem on the breast of Night.

II

Here, in the wood, all birds are still,
Save the sad-hearted whip-poor-will,
Invoking through insistent song,
Reluctant vengeance for some wrong.

Above the fire-fly's fitful spark,
An owl sits brooding in the dark—
Silent, beneath his feathered hood—
A sombre wizard of the wood.

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HIS FATHER'S SON

By Edith Wharton

I

AFTER his wife's death Mason Grew took the momentous step of selling out his business and moving from Wingfield, Connecticut, to Brooklyn.

For years he had secretly nursed the hope of such a change, but had never dared to suggest it to Mrs. Grew, a woman of immutable habits. Mr. Grew himself was attached to Wingfield, where he had grown up, prospered, and become what the local press described as "prominent." He was attached to his ugly brick house with sandstone trimmings and a cast-iron area-railing neatly sanded to match; to the similar row of houses across the street, the "trolley" wires forming a kind of aerial pathway between, and the sprawling vista closed by the steeple of the church which he and his wife had always attended, and where their only child had been baptized.

It was hard to snap all these threads of association, visual and sentimental; yet still harder, now that he was alone, to live so far from his boy. Ronald Grew was practising law in New York, and there was no more chance of his returning to live at Wingfield than of a river's flowing inland from the sea. Therefore to be near him his father must move; and it was characteristic of Mr. Grew, and of the situation generally, that the translation, when it took place, was to Brooklyn, and not to New York.

"Why you bury yourself in that hole I can't think," had been Ronald's comment; and Mr. Grew simply replied that rents were lower in Brooklyn, and that he had heard of a house that would suit him. In reality he had said to himself—being the only recipient of his own confidences—that if he went to New York he might be on the boy's mind; whereas, if he lived in Brooklyn, Ronald would always have a good excuse for not popping over to see him every other day. The sociological isolation of Brooklyn, combined with its geographical nearness, presented in fact the precise conditions for Mr. Grew's case. He wanted to be near enough to New York to go there often, to feel under his feet the same pavement that Ronald trod, to sit now and then in the same theatres, and find on his breakfast-table the journals which, with increasing frequency, inserted Ronald's name in the sacred bounds of the society column. It had always been a trial to Mr. Grew to have to wait twenty-four hours to read that "among those present was Mr. Ronald Grew." Now he had it with his coffee, and left it on the breakfast-table to the perusal of a "hired girl" cosmopolitan enough to do it justice. In such ways Brooklyn attested the advantages of its propinquity to New York, while remaining, as regards Ronald's duty to his father, as remote and inaccessible as Wingfield.

It was not that Ronald shirked his filial obligations, but rather because of his heavy sense of them, that Mr. Grew so persistently sought to minimize and lighten them. It was he who insisted, to Ronald, on the immense difficulty of getting from New York to Brooklyn.

"Any way you look at it, it makes a big hole in the day; and there's not much use in the ragged rim left. You say you're dining out next Sunday? Then I forbid you to come over here to lunch. Do you understand me, sir? You disobey at the risk of your father's malediction! Where did you say you were dining? With the Waltham Bankshires again? Why, that's the second time in three weeks, ain't it? Big blow-out, I suppose? Gold plate and orchids—opera singers in afterward? Well, you'd be in a nice box if there was a fog on the river, and you got hung up half-way over. That'd be a handsome return for the attention Mrs. Bankshire has shown you—singling out a whipper-snapper like you twice in three weeks! (What's the daughter's name—Daisy?) No, *sir*—don't you come fooling round here next Sunday, or I'll set the dogs on you. And you wouldn't find me in anyhow, come to think of it. I'm lunching out myself, as it happens—yes, sir, *lunching out*. Is there anything especially comic in

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my lunching out? I don't often do it, you say? Well, that's no reason why I never should. Who with? Why, with—with old Dr. Bleaker: Dr. Eliphalet Bleaker. No, you wouldn't know about him—he's only an old friend of your mother's and mine."

Gradually Ronald's insistence became less difficult to overcome. With his customary sweetness and tact (as Mr. Grew put it) he began to "take the hint," to give in to "the old gentleman's" growing desire for solitude.

"I'm set in my ways, Ronny, that's about the size of it; I like to go tick-ticking along like a clock. I always did. And when you come bouncing in I never feel sure there's enough for dinner—or that I haven't sent Maria out for the evening. And I don't want the neighbors to see me opening my own door to my son. That's the kind of cringing snob I am. Don't give me away, will you? I want 'em to think I keep four or five powdered flunkeys in the hall day and night—same as the lobby of one of those Fifth Avenue hotels. And if you pop over when you're not expected, how am I going to keep up the bluff?"

Ronald yielded after the proper amount of resistance—his intuitive sense, in every social transaction, of the proper amount of force to be expended, was one of the qualities his father most admired in him. Mr. Grew's perceptions in this line were probably more acute than his son suspected. The souls of short thick-set men, with chubby features, mutton-chop whiskers, and pale eyes peering between folds of fat like almond kernels in half-split shells—souls thus encased do not reveal themselves to the casual scrutiny as delicate emotional instruments. But in spite of the dense disguise in which he walked Mr. Grew vibrated exquisitely in response to every imaginative appeal; and his son Ronald was perpetually stimulating and feeding his imagination.

Ronald in fact constituted his father's one escape from the impenetrable element of mediocrity which had always hemmed him in. To a man so enamoured of beauty, and so little qualified to add to its sum total, it was a wonderful privilege to have bestowed on the world such a being. Ronald's resemblance to Mr. Grew's early conception of what he himself would have liked to look might have put new life into the discredited theory of pre-natal influences. At any rate, if the young man owed his beauty, his distinction and his winning manner to the dreams of one of his parents, it was certainly to those of Mr. Grew, who, while outwardly devoting his life to the manufacture and dissemination of Grew's Secure Suspender Buckle, moved in an enchanted inward world peopled with all the figures of romance. In this high company Mr. Grew cut as brilliant a figure as any of its noble phantoms; and to see his vision of himself suddenly projected on the outer world in the shape of a brilliant popular conquering son, seemed, in retrospect, to give to that image a belated objective reality. There were even moments when, forgetting his physiognomy, Mr. Grew said to himself that if he'd had "half a chance" he might have done as well as Ronald; but this only fortified his resolve that Ronald should do infinitely better.

Ronald's ability to do well almost equalled his gift of looking well. Mr. Grew constantly affirmed to himself that the boy was "not a genius"; but, barring this slight deficiency, he was almost everything that a parent could wish. Even at Harvard he had managed to be several desirable things at once—writing poetry in the college magazine, playing delightfully "by ear," acquitting himself honorably of his studies, and yet holding his own in the fashionable sporting set that formed, as it were, the gateway of the temple of Society. Mr. Grew's idealism did not preclude the frank desire that his son should pass through that gateway; but the wish was not prompted by material considerations. It was Mr. Grew's notion that, in the rough and hurrying current of a new civilization, the little pools of leisure and enjoyment must nurture delicate growths, material graces as well as moral refinements, likely to be uprooted and swept away by the rush of the main torrent. He based his theory on the fact that he had liked the few "society" people he had met—had found their manners simpler, their voices more agreeable, their views more consonant with his own, than those of the leading citizens of Wingfield. But then he had met very few.

Ronald's sympathies needed no urging in the same direction. He took naturally, dauntlessly, to all the high and exceptional things about which his father's imagina-

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tion had so long sheepishly and ineffectually hovered—from the start he *was* what Mr. Grew had dreamed of being. And so precise, so detailed, was Mr. Grew's vision of his own imaginary career, that as Ronald grew up, and began to travel in a widening orbit, his father had an almost uncanny sense of the extent to which that career was enacting itself before him. At Harvard, Ronald had done exactly what the hypothetical Mason Grew would have done, had not his actual self, at the same age, been working his way up in old Slagden's button factory—the institution which was later to acquire fame, and even notoriety, as the birthplace of Grew's Secure Suspender Buckle. Afterward, at a period when the actual Grew had passed from the factory to the bookkeeper's desk, his invisible double had been reading law at Columbia—precisely again what Ronald did! But it was when the young man left the paths laid out for him by the parental hand, and cast himself boldly on the world, that his adventures began to bear the most astonishing resemblance to those of the unrealized Mason Grew. It was in New York that the scene of this hypothetical being's first exploits had always been laid; and it was in New York that Ronald was to achieve his first triumph. There was nothing small or timid about Mr. Grew's imagination; it had never stopped at anything between Wingfield and the metropolis. And the real Ronald had the same cosmic vision as his parent. He brushed aside with a contemptuous laugh his mother's tearful entreaty that he should stay at Wingfield and continue the dynasty of the Grew Suspender Buckle. Mr. Grew knew that in reality Ronald winced at the Buckle, loathed it, blushed for his connection with it. Yet it was the Buckle that had seen him through Groton, Harvard and the Law School, and had permitted him to enter the office of a distinguished corporation lawyer, instead of being enslaved to some sordid business with quick returns. The Buckle had been Ronald's fairy godmother—yet his father did not blame him for abhorring and disowning it. Mr. Grew himself often bitterly regretted having bestowed his own name on the instrument of his material success, though, at the time, his doing so had been the natural expression of his romanticism. When he invented the Buckle, and took out his patent, he and his wife both felt that to bestow their name on it was like naming a battle-ship or a peak of the Andes.

Mrs. Grew had never learned to know better; but Mr. Grew had discovered his error before Ronald was out of school. He read it first in a black eye of his boy's. Ronald's symmetry had been marred by the insolent fist of a fourth former whom he had chastised for alluding to his father as "Old Buckles;" and when Mr. Grew heard the epithet he understood in a flash that the Buckle was a thing to blush for. It was too late then to dissociate his name from it, or to efface from the hoardings of the entire continent the picture of two gentlemen, one contorting himself in the abject effort to repair a broken brace, while the careless ease of the other's attitude proclaimed his trust in the Secure Suspender Buckle. These records were indelible, but Ronald could at least be spared all direct connection with them; and from that day Mr. Grew resolved that the boy should not return to Wingfield.

"You'll see," he had said to Mrs. Grew, "he'll take right hold in New York. Ronald's got my knack for taking hold," he added, throwing out his chest.

"But the way you took hold was in business," objected Mrs. Grew, who was large and literal.

Mr. Grew's chest collapsed, and he became suddenly conscious of his comic face in its rim of sandy whiskers. "That's not the only way," he said, with a touch of wistfulness which escaped his wife's analysis.

"Well, of course you could have written beautifully," she rejoined with admiring eyes.

"*Written?* Me!" Mr. Grew became sardonic.

"Why, those letters—weren't *they* beautiful, I'd like to know?"

The couple exchanged a glance, innocently allusive and amused on the wife's part, and charged with a sudden tragic significance on the husband's.

"Well, I've got to be going along to the office now," he merely said, dragging himself out of his rocking-chair.

This had happened while Ronald was still at school; and now Mrs. Grew slept in the Wingfield cemetery, under a life-size theo-

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logical virtue of her own choosing, and Mr. Grew's prognostications as to Ronald's ability to "take right hold" in New York were being more and more brilliantly fulfilled.

II

Ronald obeyed his father's injunction not to come to luncheon on the day of the Bankshires' dinner; but in the middle of the following week Mr. Grew was surprised by a telegram from his son.

"Want to see you important matter. Expect me to-morrow afternoon."

Mr. Grew received the telegram after breakfast. To peruse it he had lifted his eye from a paragraph of the morning paper describing a fancy-dress dinner which had taken place the night before at the Hamilton Gliddens' for the house-warming of their new Fifth Avenue palace.

"Among the couples who afterward danced in the Poets' Quadrille were Miss Daisy Bankshire, looking more than usually lovely as Laura, and Mr. Ronald Grew as the young Petrarch."

Petrarch and Laura! Well—if *anything* meant anything, Mr. Grew supposed he knew what that meant. For weeks past he had noticed how constantly the names of the young people appeared together in the society notes he so insatiably devoured. Even the soulless reporter was getting into the habit of coupling them in his lists. And this Laura and Petrarch business was almost an announcement. . .

Mr. Grew dropped the telegram, wiped his eye-glasses, and re-read the paragraph. "Miss Daisy Bankshire . . . more than usually lovely. . ." Yes; she *was* lovely. He had often seen her photograph in the papers—seen her represented in every conceivable attitude of the mundane game: fondling her prize bull-dog, taking a fence on her thoroughbred, dancing a *gavotte*, all patches and plumes, or fingering a guitar, all tulle and lilies; and once he had caught a glimpse of her at the theatre. Hearing that Ronald was going to a fashionable first-night with the Bankshires, Mr. Grew had for once overcome his repugnance to following his son's movements, and had secured for himself, under the shadow of the balcony, a stall whence he could observe the Bankshire box without fear of detection. Ronald had never known of his father's presence at the play; and for three blessed hours Mr. Grew had watched his boy's handsome dark head bent above the dense fair hair and white averted shoulder that were all he could catch of Miss Bankshire's beauties.

He recalled the vision now; and with it came, as usual, its ghostly double: the vision of his young self bending above such a white shoulder and such shining hair. Needless to say that the real Mason Grew had never found himself in so enviable a situation. The late Mrs. Grew had no more resembled Miss Daisy Bankshire than he had looked like the happy victorious Ronald. And the mystery was that from their dull faces, their dull endearments, the miracle of Ronald should have sprung. It was almost—fantastically—as if the boy had been a changeling, child of a Latmian night, whom the divine companion of Mr. Grew's early reveries had secretly laid in the cradle of the Wingfield bedroom while Mr. and Mrs. Grew slept the deep sleep of conjugal indifference.

The young Mason Grew had not at first accepted this astral episode as the complete cancelling of his claims on romance. He too had grasped at the high-hung glory; and, with his fatal tendency to reach too far when he reached at all, had singled out the prettiest girl in Wingfield. When he recalled his stammered confession of love his face still tingled under her cool bright stare. The wonder of his audacity had struck her dumb; and when she recovered her voice it was to fling a taunt at him.

"Don't be too discouraged, you know—have you ever thought of trying Addie Wicks?"

All Wingfield would have understood the gibe: Addie Wicks was the dullest girl in town. And a year later he had married Addie Wicks. . .

He looked up from the perusal of Ronald's telegram with this memory in his mind. Now at last his dream was coming true! His boy would taste of the joys that had mocked his thwarted youth and his dull gray middle-age. And it was fitting that they should be realized in Ronald's destiny. Ronald was made to take happiness boldly by the hand and lead it home like a bridegroom. He had the carriage, the confidence, the high faith in his fortune, that

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compel the wilful stars. And, thanks to the Buckle, he would have the exceptional setting, the background of material elegance, that became his conquering person. Since Mr. Grew had retired from business his investments had prospered, and he had been saving up his income for just such a contingency. His own wants were few: he had transferred the Wingfield furniture to Brooklyn, and his sitting-room was a replica of that in which the long years of his married life had been spent. Even the florid carpet on which Ronald's tottering footsteps had been taken was carefully matched when it became too threadbare. And on the marble centre-table, with its chenille-fringed cover and bunch of dyed pampas grass, lay the illustrated Longfellow and the copy of Ingersoll's lectures which represented literature to Mr. Grew when he had led home his bride. In the light of Ronald's romance, Mr. Grew found himself re-living, with a strange tremor of mingled pain and tenderness, all the poor prosaic incidents of his own personal history. Curiously enough, with this new splendor on them they began to emit a small faint ray of their own. His wife's armchair, in its usual place by the fire, recalled her placid unperceiving presence, seated opposite to him during the long drowsy years; and he felt her kindness, her equanimity, where formerly he had only ached at her obtuseness. And from the chair he glanced up at the large discolored photograph on the wall above, with a brittle brown wreath suspended on a corner of the frame. The photograph represented a young man with a poetic necktie and untrammelled hair, leaning negligently against a Gothic chair-back, a roll of music in his hand; and beneath was scrawled a bar of Chopin, with the words: "*Adieu, Adèle.*"

The portrait was that of the great pianist, Fortuné Dolbrowski; and its presence on the wall of Mr. Grew's sitting-room commemorated the only exquisite hour of his life save that of Ronald's birth. It was some time before the latter memorable event, a few months only after Mr. Grew's marriage, that he had taken his wife to New York to hear the great Dolbrowski. Their evening had been magically beautiful, and even Addie, roused from her habitual inexpressiveness, had quivered into a momentary semblance of life. "I never—I never—" she gasped out helplessly when they had regained their hotel bedroom, and sat staring back entranced at the evening's evocations. Her large immovable face was pink and tremulous, and she sat with her hands on her knees, forgetting to roll up her bonnet strings and prepare her curl-papers.

"I'd like to *write* him just how I felt—I wisht I knew how!" she burst out suddenly in a final effervescence of emotion.

Her husband lifted his head and looked at her.

"Would you? I feel that way too," he said with a sheepish laugh. And they continued to stare at each other shyly through a transfiguring mist of sound.

Mr. Grew recalled the scene as he gazed up at the pianist's faded photograph. "Well, I owe her that anyhow—poor Addie!" he said, with a smile at the inconsequences of fate. With Ronald's telegram in his hand he was in a mood to count his mercies.

III

"A CLEAR twenty-five thousand a year: that's what you can tell 'em with my compliments," said Mr. Grew, glancing complacently across the centre-table at his boy's charming face.

It struck him that Ronald's gift for looking his part in life had never so romantically expressed itself. Other young men, at such a moment, would have been red, damp, tight about the collar; but Ronald's cheek was only a shade paler, and the contrast made his dark eyes more expressive.

"A clear twenty-five thousand; yes, sir—that's what I always meant you to have."

Mr. Grew leaned back, his hands thrust carelessly in his pockets, as though to divert attention from the agitation of his features. He had often pictured himself rolling out that phrase to Ronald, and now that it was actually on his lips he could not control their tremor.

Ronald listened in silence, lifting a nervous hand to his slight dark moustache, as though he, too, wished to hide some involuntary betrayal of emotion. At first Mr. Grew took his silence for an expression of gratified surprise; but as it prolonged itself it became less easy to interpret.

"I—see here, my boy; did you expect more? Isn't it enough?" Mr. Grew

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cleared his throat. "Do *they* expect more?" he asked nervously. He was hardly able to face the pain of inflicting a disappointment on Ronald at the very moment when he had counted on putting the final touch to his felicity.

Ronald moved uneasily in his chair and his eyes wandered upward to the laurel-wreathed photograph of the pianist above his father's head.

"*Is* it that, Ronald? Speak out, my boy. We'll see, we'll look round—I'll manage somehow."

"No, no," the young man interrupted, abruptly raising his hand as though to silence his father.

Mr. Grew recovered his cheerfulness. "Well, what's the matter then, if *she's* willing?"

Ronald shifted his position again, and finally rose from his seat.

"Father—I—there's something I've got to tell you. I can't take your money."

Mr. Grew sat speechless a moment, staring blankly at his son; then he emitted a puzzled laugh. "My money? What are you talking about? What's this about my money? Why, it ain't *mine*, Ronny; it's all yours—every cent of it!" he cried.

The young man met his tender look with a gaze of tragic rejection.

"No, no, it's not mine—not even in the sense you mean. Not in any sense. Can't you understand my feeling so?"

"Feeling so? I don't know how you're feeling. I don't know what you're talking about. Are you too proud to touch any money you haven't earned? Is that what you're trying to tell me?"

"No. It's not that. You must know——"

Mr. Grew flushed to the rim of his bristling whiskers. "Know? Know *what?* Can't you speak?"

Ronald hesitated, and the two men faced each other for a long strained moment, during which Mr. Grew's congested countenance grew gradually pale again.

"What's the meaning of this? Is it because you've done something . . . something you're ashamed of . . . ashamed to tell me?" he suddenly gasped out; and walking around the table he laid his hand on his son's shoulder. "There's nothing you can't tell me, my boy."

"It's not that. Why do you make it so hard for me?" Ronald broke out with passion. "You must have known this was sure to happen sooner or later."

"Happen? What was sure to hap—?" Mr. Grew's question wavered on his lip and passed into a tremulous laugh. "Is it something *I've* done that you don't approve of? Is it—is it *the Buckle* you're ashamed of, Ronald Grew?"

Ronald laughed too, impatiently. "The Buckle? No, I'm not ashamed of the Buckle; not any more than you are," he returned with a sudden bright flush. "But I'm ashamed of all I owe to it—all I owe to you—when—when—" He broke off and took a few distracted steps across the room. "You might make this easier for me," he protested, turning back to his father.

"Make what easier? I know less and less what you're driving at," Mr. Grew groaned.

Ronald's walk had once more brought him beneath the photograph on the wall. He lifted his head for a moment and looked at it; then he looked again at Mr. Grew.

"Do you suppose I haven't always known?"

"Known—?"

"Even before you gave me those letters—after my mother's death—even before that, I suspected. I don't know how it began . . . perhaps from little things you let drop . . . you and she . . . and resemblances that I couldn't help seeing . . . in myself. . . How on earth could you suppose I shouldn't guess? I always thought you gave me the letters as a way of telling me——"

Mr. Grew rose slowly from his chair. "The letters? Dolbrowski's letters?"

Ronald nodded with white lips. "You must remember giving them to me the day after the funeral."

Mr. Grew nodded back. "Of course. I wanted you to have everything your mother valued."

"Well—how could I help knowing after that?"

"Knowing *what?*" Mr. Grew stood staring helplessly at his son. Suddenly his look caught at a clue that seemed to confront it with a deeper bewilderment. "You thought—you thought those letters . . . Dolbrowski's letters . . . you thought they meant. . ."

"Oh, it wasn't only the letters. There were so many other signs. My love of

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music—my—all my feelings about life . . . and art. . . And when you gave me the letters I thought you must mean me to know."

Mr. Grew had grown quiet. His lips were firm, and his small eyes looked out steadily from their creased lids.

"To know that you were Fortuné Dolbrowski's son?"

Ronald made a mute sign of assent.

"I see. And what did you mean to do?"

"I meant to wait till I could earn my living, and then repay you . . . as far as I can ever repay you. . . But now that there's a chance of my marrying . . . and your generosity overwhelms me . . . I'm obliged to speak."

"I see," said Mr. Grew again. He let himself down into his chair, looking steadily and not unkindly at the young man. "Sit down, Ronald. Let's talk."

Ronald made a protesting movement. "Is anything to be gained by it? You can't change me—change what I feel. The reading of those letters transformed my whole life—I was a boy till then: they made a man of me. From that moment I understood myself." He paused, and then looked up at Mr. Grew's face. "Don't imagine I don't appreciate your kindness—your extraordinary generosity. But I can't go through life in disguise. And I want you to know that I have not won Daisy under false pretences——"

Mr. Grew started up with the first expletive Ronald had ever heard on his lips.

"You damned young fool, you, you havent *told* her——?"

Ronald raised his head quickly. "Oh, you don't know her, sir! She thinks no worse of me for knowing my secret. She is above and beyond all such conventional prejudices. She's *proud* of my parentage—" he straightened his slim young shoulders—"as I'm proud of it . . . yes, sir, proud of it. . ."

Mr. Grew sank back into his seat with a dry laugh. "Well, you ought to be. You come of good stock. And you're father's son, every inch of you!" He laughed again, as though the humor of the situation grew on him with its closer contemplation.

"Yes, I've always felt that," Ronald murmured, flushing.

"Your father's son, and no mistake." Mr. Grew leaned forward. "You're the son of as big a fool as yourself. And here he sits, Ronald Grew."

The young man's flush deepened to crimson; but Mr. Grew checked his reply with a decisive gesture. "Here he sits, with all your young nonsense still alive in him. Don't you see the likeness? If you don't, I'll tell you the story of those letters."

Ronald stared. "What do you mean? Don't they tell their own story?"

"I supposed they did when I gave them to you; but you've given it a twist that needs straightening out." Mr. Grew squared his elbows on the table, and looked at the young man across the gift-books and the dyed pampas grass. "I wrote all the letters that Dolbrowski answered."

Ronald gave back his look in frowning perplexity. "You wrote them? I don't understand. His letters are all addressed to my mother."

"Yes. And he thought he was corresponding with her."

"But my mother—what did she think?"

Mr. Grew hesitated, puckering his thick lids. "Well, I guess she kinder thought it was a joke. Your mother didn't think about things much."

Ronald continued to bend a puzzled frown on the question. "I don't understand," he reiterated.

Mr. Grew cleared his throat with a nervous laugh. "Well, I don't know as you ever will—*quite*. But this is the way it came about. I had a toughish time of it when I was young. Oh, I don't mean so much the fight I had to put up to make my way—there was always plenty of fight in me. But inside of myself it was kinder lonesome. And the outside didn't attract callers." He laughed again, with an apologetic gesture toward his broad blinking face. "When I went round with the other young fellows I was always the forlorn hope—the one that had to eat the drumsticks and dance with the left-overs. As sure as there was a blighter at a picnic I had to swing her, and feed her, and drive her home. And all the time I was mad after all the things you've got—poetry and music and all the joy-forever business. So there were the pair of us—my face and my imagination—chained together, and fighting, and hating each other like poison.

"Then your mother came along and took pity on me. It sets up a gawky fellow to

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find a girl who ain't ashamed to be seen walking with him Sundays. And I was grateful to your mother, and we got along first-rate. Only I couldn't say things to her—and she couldn't answer. Well—one day, a few months after we were married, Dolbrowski came to New York, and the whole place went wild about him. I'd never heard any good music, but I'd always had an inkling of what it must be like, though I couldn't tell you to this day how I knew. Well, your mother read about him in the papers too, and she thought it'd be the swagger thing to go to New York and hear him play—so we went. . . . I'll never forget that evening. Your mother wasn't easily stirred up—she never seemed to need to let off steam. But that night she seemed to understand the way I felt. And when we got back to the hotel she said suddenly: 'I'd like to tell him how I feel. I'd like to sit right down and write to him.'

"'Would you?' I said. 'So would I.'

"There was paper and pens there before us, and I pulled a sheet toward me, and began to write. 'Is this what you'd like to say to him?' I asked her when the letter was done. And she got pink and said: 'I don't understand it, but it's lovely.' And she copied it out and signed her name to it, and sent it."

Mr. Grew paused, and Ronald sat silent, with lowered eyes.

"That's how it began; and that's where I thought it would end. But it didn't, because Dolbrowski answered. His first letter was dated January 10, 1872. I guess you'll find I'm correct. Well, I went back to hear him again, and I wrote him after the performance, and he answered again. And after that we kept it up for six months. Your mother always copied the letters and signed them. She seemed to think it was a kinder joke, and she was proud of his answering my letters. But she never went back to New York to hear him, though I saved up enough to give her the treat again. She was too lazy, and she let me go without her. I heard him three times in New York; and in the spring he came to Wingfield and played once at the Academy. Your mother was sick and couldn't go; so I went alone. After the performance I meant to get one of the directors to take me in to see him; but when the time came, I just went back home and wrote to him instead. And the month after, before he went back to Europe, he sent your mother a last little note, and that picture hanging up there. . ."

Mr. Grew paused again, and both men lifted their eyes to the photograph.

"Is that all?" Ronald slowly asked.

"That's all—every bit of it," said Mr. Grew.

"And my mother—my mother never even spoke to Dolbrowski?"

"Never. She never even saw him but that once in New York at his concert"

The blood crept again to Ronald's face. "Are you sure of that, sir?" he asked in a trembling voice.

"Sure as I am that I'm sitting here. Why, she was too lazy to look at his letters after the first novelty wore off. She copied the answers just to humor me—but she always said she couldn't understand what we wrote."

"But how could you go on with such a correspondence? It's incredible!"

Mr. Grew looked at his son thoughtfully. "I suppose it is, to you. You've only had to put out your hand and get the things I was starving for—music, and good talk, and ideas. Those letters gave me all that. You've read them, and you know that Dolbrowski was not only a great musician but a great man. There was nothing beautiful he didn't see, nothing fine he didn't feel. For six months I breathed his air, and I've lived on it ever since. Do you begin to understand a little now?"

"Yes—a little. But why write in my mother's name? Why make it a sentimental correspondence?"

Mr. Grew reddened to his bald temples. "Why, I tell you it began that way, as a kinder joke. And when I saw that the first letter pleased and interested him, I was afraid to tell him—*I couldn't* tell him. Do you suppose he'd gone on writing if he'd ever seen me, Ronny?"

Ronald suddenly looked at him with new eyes. "But he must have thought your letters very beautiful—to go on as he did," he broke out.

"Well—I did my best," said Mr. Grew modestly.

Ronald pursued his idea. "Where *are* all your letters, I wonder? Weren't they returned to you at his death?"

Mr. Grew laughed. "Lord, no. I guess he had trunks and trunks full of better ones.

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I guess Queens and Empresses wrote to him."

"I should have liked to see your letters," the young man insisted.

"Well, they weren't bad," said Mr. Grew drily. "But I'll tell you one thing, Ronny," he added suddenly. Ronald raised his head with a quick glance, and Mr. Grew continued: "I'll tell you where the best of those letters is—it's in *you*. If it hadn't been for that one look at life I couldn't have made you what you are. Oh, I know you've done a good deal of your own making—but I've been there behind you all the time. And you'll never know the work I've spared you and the time I've saved you. Fortuné Dolbrowski helped me do that. I never saw things in little again after I'd looked at 'em with him. And I tried to give you the big view from the start. . . So that's what became of my letters."

Mr. Grew paused, and for a long time Ronald sat motionless, his elbows on the table, his face dropped on his hands.

Suddenly Mr. Grew's touch fell on his shoulder.

"Look at here, Ronald Grew—do you want me to tell you how you're feeling at this minute? Just a mite let down, after all, at the idea that you ain't the romantic figure you'd got to think yourself. . . Well, that's natural enough, too; but I'll tell you what it proves. It proves you're my son right enough, if any more proof was needed. For it's just the kind of fool nonsense I used to feel at your age—and if there's anybody here to laugh at it's myself, and not you. And you can laugh at me just as much as you like. . ."

ZOHARA OF THE FLUTES

By Ethel Stefana Stevens

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER

MUSTAPHA, the flute-maker, had a daughter. Now Mustapha was forty and four years old, and his shop was beside the eastern city gate, just where the laden camels pad into the city, and Bedouins and merchants enter and issue on their way to and from the cities of the South, by way of the Sahara. The shop of Mustapha was a hole in the thickness of the wall about seven feet high, six feet broad and eight feet long, and in it were hung a selection of flutes, finely scratched with intricate designs colored red with henna, well dried; and of every size, from the delicate reed scarcely more than the slimness of a woman's finger, to the hollowed bamboo as thick as half your wrist and without a mouthpiece at all. A young boy could blow the former, but a man's hand only is long enough to encompass the stops on the latter, and a man's breath necessary to coax the bamboo out of its dumbness. And the notes blown from these instruments are rich and woody, with a sweet hoarseness and whispering like the rustle of leaves and hoof-sounds in dry grass.

Now the Araby name for a flute is a *gasba*, and because this name is fruitier and huskier than "flute," just as a gasba is fruitier and huskier than a Northern pipe, I will in future call Mustapha a maker of the gasba. Mustapha loved each gasba, from the moment when he scraped the knots from the green bamboo and hung it to yellow in the sun, where it ripened like the apricots in his garden, to the moment when he drew forth its virgin note and thrilled it with the divine breath of music. He felt, indeed, when he lifted a young gasba to his lips to impart this breath of life, something of the pleasure of Allah, who smiled when he heard the first cry issue from the lips of man, his creation—and a troublesome one at that, with none of the docility of Mustapha's gasba. Before that auspicious moment, however, the gasba had been hollowed out, cunningly pierced with holes, scraped and altered many times,

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fitted with a mouthpiece and engraven with fair designs. Once tested through the gamut of its five or six notes, the gasba was plastered with wet henna, and polished by Mustapha's wife, until, complete and perfect, it waited on a string with others like itself for the purchaser.

Sometimes a gasba was unhooked from the row by the master and lifted again to his lips. Then it would thrill to a love-song, or the Song of the Stranger, or a song that was no song at all, but just a trilling like the trilling of birds. So well did Mustapha play this song, that it was said that once, when travelling as a young man to Constantine with nothing but piety and a flute as means of subsistence, he sat down in the shade of a wild plum tree and began to play, and that the wild birds gathered around him and answered him, call by call, note by note.

All this while, even as Mustapha did, I am forgetting the daughter for the reed. Not that Mustapha did not love his daughter, for she was as dutiful as she was beautiful and pious. Her name was Zohara, which means Orange-Blossom, and she was as white and fragrant as her name. She was diligent too, and worked busily in the house, cooking and washing, spinning and weaving, crochetting bed-covers and what not besides for the house; and in her odd moments working wonderful designs on silk with her needle for rich merchants who bought such things for small sums from her mother and herself in order to sell them again at large prices to their customers.

For Mustapha himself was not rich: at current rates he sold a small pipe for twopence-halfpenny and a large one for threepence, and this does not spell a fortune. Nevertheless, with what he earned by his music in the evenings by going round from café to café, he had enough for comfort. In Mustapha's country one has always enough—even with nothing at all.

Now Zohara had one accomplishment that was scarcely womanly; yet as she only used it to give her father pleasure it could hardly be said to be detrimental to her modesty. Most Arab girls can manipulate the darbouka, which is an earthenware drum made of sheepskin stretched over a vase, and most Arab girls can sing; but Zohara also played the gasba, though unsuitable for womankind in spite of the little breath that is needed and the slenderness of the instrument. She could play, and play well, and her father would often embrace her with tears in his eyes for pleasure after listening. The music drew his very soul out of him, why, he knew not, just as young men in spring when they hear the turtle-doves in the palm gardens. Zohara knew melodies that were very ancient, she knew also those that were made yesterday in the cafés, the gay and the sad. She could play the song that Miloud the musician made for Mekki, keeper of the Hammam, when his only son died of a fever, and the song that Beda made for the light-hearted French lady who loved the cadi's son. She could play on her flute the airs sung in the dancing cafés although she had never set foot in one; she could pipe also the stirring Turkish music played by the Tirailleurs when they marched by the house. Her father had only to hum a tune once over to her, and she at once had it by heart, beautifying it by grace-notes, trills, and liquids till Mustapha could only cry, as he clapped his hands to his ears to shut out the enchantment, "Oh, Zohara, my daughter! If only thou hadst been a boy, our fortunes were assuredly made. Since thou art a girl, I have a mind to beat thee for excelling thy father and for melting his soul with thy fingers!"

Nevertheless he made the girl a very cunning and intricate gasba, over which he spent a full year's labor, both in making and decoration. At the end of that time the girl had reached her sixteenth year, and it was high time that she should have been married. Nor were suitors lacking, for the fame of her beauty had gone abroad, and mothers said, "If I can secure such a girl for my son, surely he will be satisfied with my choice, and all will be harmony in the household." When the matter was mentioned to Mustapha he grew blacker than Bou Cornin in a storm, and when his wife, Khedija, became importunate, he chastised her, and thereafter spoke to no one for a space of three days. For he could not bear the thought of losing his daughter's music.

"Daughters every man hath, or can beget," he exclaimed, "but what is the loss of a daughter compared to the loss of an instrument of sweet music, a precious breath, an enchantress of souls? No, I will not part with the girl."

Zohara pouted. She went to the mar-

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riages of her friends and saw their gifts and trousseaux and ate the marriage cakes. She, too, became languid for want of a lover and imagined that her husband when she beheld his face, would be surpassingly handsome and kind, and that to him she would play such melodies of love as would draw his heart to her before ever he had seen her face. Never would two beings love each other as she and her husband. Each time that there was talk of a suitor, she thought, "This then is the lover chosen for me by heaven," and set herself to imaginings of him.

There came a day when the rich cadi's son, the same for whom the gay French lady had caused a song to be made, asked her hand. He had heard so much of her rarity and beauty that he openly languished for love of her, and paid Miloud several gold pieces to write a song about her. In due time the song reached the imprisoned nightingale, and indeed, when she went out wrapped from head to foot in her woollen haik with her mother to the cemetery, or to the tomb of Lalla Menara, or to visit a neighbor, she heard it sung at the street corners.

But though the cadi's son was a match that every girl in El-Hathera might have envied, her father refused this also, spite of the fact that the cadi himself came to reason with him.

Zohara wept, for she liked the thought of the cadi's son in causing the song to be written for her, and she had it from a cousin of his that he was a well-favored youth, such as she could have loved. But again, she reflected on the gay French lady, and consoled herself with the thought that if he were not faithful to his loves, he might also be capricious with his wife, and variable in temper.

Several nights after, when Mustapha was abed and asleep, he was roused by his wife.

"There is a great knocking without," said she anxiously. "What can it be?"

Mustapha, only half awake, listened. His house was placed in such neighborhood to the gate that noise was no new thing, but this was something out of the common. He hastily drew his burnous over his head, and, holding it about him, and thrusting his yellow shoes on his feet, ran out through the courtyard into the street. There was a terrific banging at the gate, and curses without number. The guardians, soldiers, but stupid fellows, stood terrified, not daring to unbar it.

"If they had asked civilly and given the password," complained one, "we should have opened!"

The police, summoned by his whistle, were gathering as he spoke and a rabble of the curious and the good-for-nothing. Finally they opened the gate a little way, meaning to question further, but before the officials could bring out a word, a gigantic horseman on a strong horse had spurred through, had taken a flying leap over the crowd, and was clattering at full gallop down the street. It was so suddenly done that the soldiers and watchmen could only gape upon one another and wonder if a man or djinn rode the horse. By eight in the morning it was commonly reported in the bazaars that a djinn, eight feet in height, on a white horse from whose nostrils fire and smoke proceeded, had flown over the crowd and had alighted on the topmost minaret of the city. The soldiers and watchmen were discreet enough not to contradict the story and to keep the real history, which was not very creditable, to themselves.

But, as a matter of fact, the same horseman, accompanied by a second who was Si Achmed Safti, a well-known Turkish physician, renowned for his skill, had left the city again before daybreak, and had spurred away into the desert. It was evening before the hakim returned, and when he entered his café for his customary pipes and coffee—he was a great kif smoker—and his game of dominoes with Yussef the barber, he was more than ordinarily grave.

"What is the matter?" asked his friend, when, after many pipes of kif, Achmed's face had lightened and his tongue loosened.

"I have been to Ourlal," the hakim said in a low voice, "to attend a woman at the request of Sidi Saed."

"A *woman!*" exclaimed the barber in tones of great surprise; "and in the house of Sidi Saed!"

"It is a mysterious story, my friend, and I should not care to tell it in the open streets, but to thee, my discreet Yussef, with whom secrets are safe, I can confide the thing."

The barber said nothing. He watched the hakim fill the small bowl of his kif-pipe with the golden-green herb, and waited.

"At an early hour," began the hakim,

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"I was roused this morning by a commotion in the courtyard, and on going out to see what was wrong, I found a servant on his way to my apartment to tell me that an importunate fellow was without, who would speak with me. I went outside, and found a horseman on a white horse, who entreated me with civility to forgive him for disturbing me at so early an hour, but that a woman was attacked by a mortal sickness at Ourlal and that I must accompany him thither at once. I pointed out that Ourlal was many kilometres into the desert, but he would take no refusal. From his dress I guessed him to be wealthy, and seeing in his impatience some promise of reward adequate to the service he demanded of me, I had my mare saddled, and galloped with him down the streets, though my eyes were glued together by sleep. I shouted the password to the sentries at the gate, which my companion confessed he had forgotten in his agitation, and we began our journey down the Tizi road. As we passed the holy tomb of Sidi bel Hassan, whose white dome was gray as a dove's wing in the early light, I suddenly began to wonder whether this was not a pretext to lure me into the desert and to rob me of my excellent mare, which, as you know, was a present from the Bey of Tunis when I attended him last spring during the absence of the Court physician. My companion might be one of the band of rascals who played such a clever trick on our good Cadi the other day as he was on his way to the hot springs—thou rememberest? I kept my hand on my revolver, prepared to shoot at the first sign of treachery, but when my fellow-rider turned round, and I could see his face plainly in the level beams of the rising sun, I perceived that he was none other but Sidi Saed. Presently we were forced, on account of the depth and looseness of the sand to relax our pace somewhat, and I began to question him. But he answered me little or nothing. On arriving at Ourlal we rode straight to a house a little apart from the rest, and leaving our horses with a servant, we entered, Sidi Saed preceding me with a hasty step. I followed. In a room, and entirely unattended except for an old negress, lay a young woman of very dark complexion but of uncommon beauty. Sidi Saed, without the least attempt at further restraint, cast himself over the girl's body and burst into sobs and bitter reproaches. I begged him to calm himself. "It is possible, Sidi," I said, "that she is in a swoon. Therefore let me see her." He raised himself, and I saw that she was, without doubt, dead, probably of a syncope, as there was no outward disease.

"As soon as I had finished my diagnosis, I turned to him and made known my opinion; namely that the young woman had been dead for many hours, and that as the result of some severe shock or exertion. He fell at once into a frenzy of grief, as unfitting his dignity and position as it was incomprehensible, for the girl was assuredly not of gentle birth, and though she was attired like a princess had the type of the Nail tribe. Sidi Saed's youth can no longer excuse him, for is he not thirty, and the son of the richest and gravest Sheik in the whole province?"

The barber smoked in silence, being a charitable man, and then said, "Thou, my friend, art a Turk, and the Turks do not understand love as we Arabs. If Sidi Saed loved the girl, excessive grief would not be misplaced. Truly, in scraping many chins, one learns a little of our frail nature."

"For a favorite wife or woman of his household, perhaps," the hakim rejoined. "But for a dancing-girl it is sheer folly. Are there not many more as beautiful and as complaisant?"

"They say that Sidi Saed lost his first wife and divorced his second two years ago. Since then he has refused every match proposed to him by our noblest families. This must be the dancing-girl Aziza of whom there had been so much talk!"

The hakim frowned. "There is too much public talk of women nowadays! This is the influence of the French whose own women are without shame."

"Well, well, one must walk with the times. This Aziza, it seems, was offered marriage by Sidi Saed."

"Allah defend us! The son of such a father!" the hakim exclaimed. "And this while virtuous maidens are still unwed!"

. . . . . .

Soon the grief of Sidi Saed over the death of Aziza became public property. He returned to El-Hathera, it is true, but he ate little, wore a black burnous over a black gandourah; a black turban and black

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Nevertheless, with what he earned by his music in the evenings going round from café to café, he had enough for comfort.—Page 666.

shoes. He kept the body unburied for an indecent period, and, finally, when it had been interred, spent much time in watering the soil with his unavailing tears. He strewed the grave with jasmin flowers and burnt perfumes there as if she had been a saint: also planted a sweet-smelling cassia-tree beside the tomb to shield his beloved from the sun. The young men in the cafés wore black in sympathy, and a song was made on the loves of Saed and Aziza; while the living dancing-girls grew envious of the dead one; for it was the fashion to sigh instead of to kiss, and to weep instead of to embrace. The pious frowned; but in Mustapha's country the good Prophet's religion lies lightly on the soul and does not squeeze out compassion.

The song—it was made by Miloud—reached Saed and Zohara at one and the same time. Saed found it inadequate; Zohara took it and re-melted it in her own fancy until it was perfected. She went further: she made a song herself, words and music, of such sadness that she had to lay down the gasba for weeping and blink the tears out of her eyes as she sang it.

Her father heard her, and wept also, and that day sold by misadventure and absent-mindedness his favorite gasba, which he

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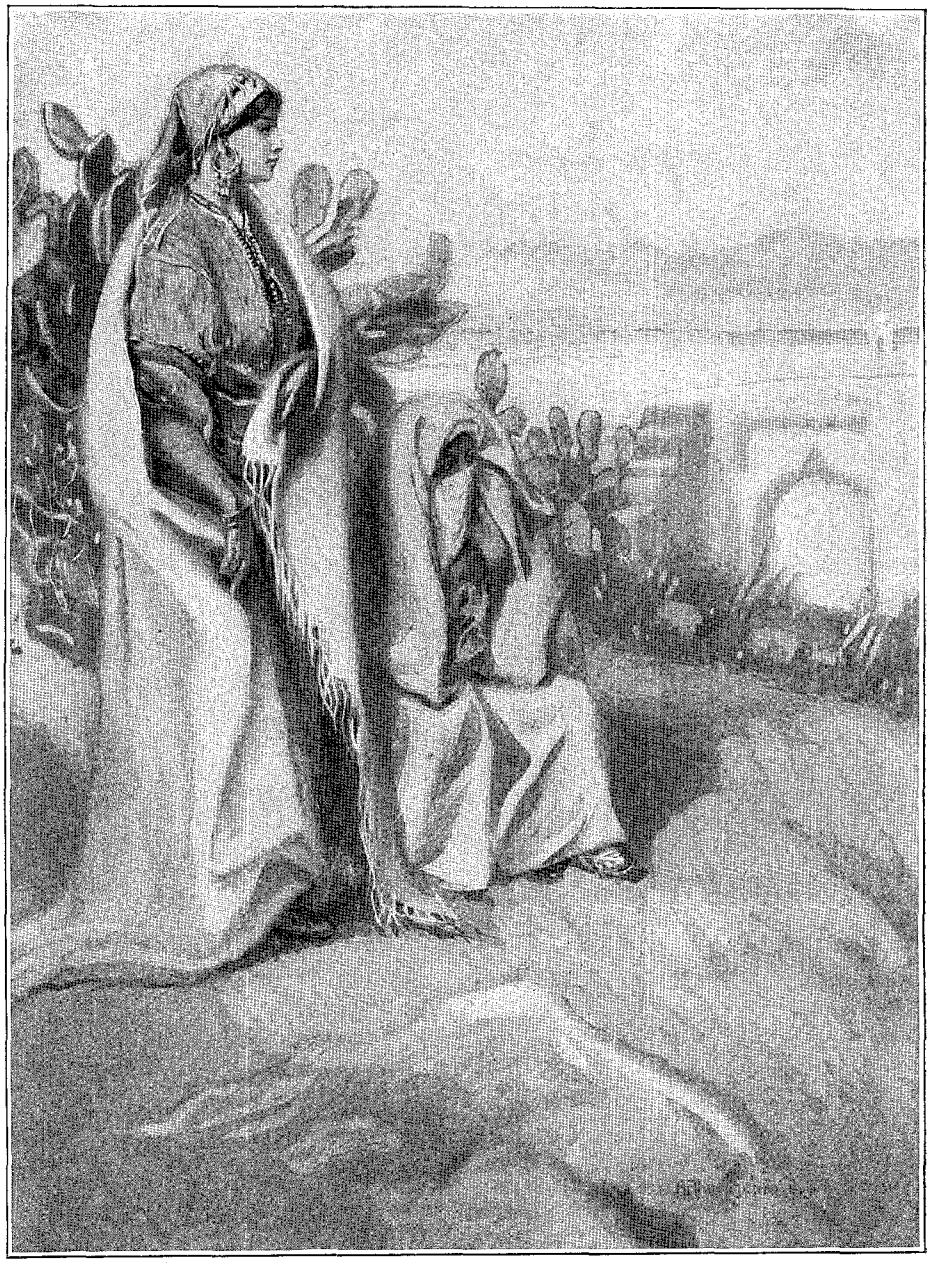

When she went out . . . with her mother . . . she heard it sung.—Page 667.

loved as a wife, to a common Bedouin for twopence-halfpenny.

At the same hour Saed, walking in his garden with reddened eyes and black garments, thought of a new solace.

"I will offer a prize," said he, "for the worthiest song on my poor Aziza; and will have it sung daily to me so that she may be constantly in my thoughts, and that I may have the comfort of tears every day."

So he caused it to be known, in every oasis-village around and in the city of El-Hathera itself, that he would offer a thousand francs and his favorite horse to

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the maker of the best song upon Aziza, the dancing girl. Now his horse was white, and very noted at the fantasias for its skill, its dancing paces, and its glossy skin which shone like silver. He had already refused a large sum of money for it from an American traveller who had seen it at the races and had coveted its beauty. Like the dead dancing-girl, it was called Aziz, which means well-beloved.

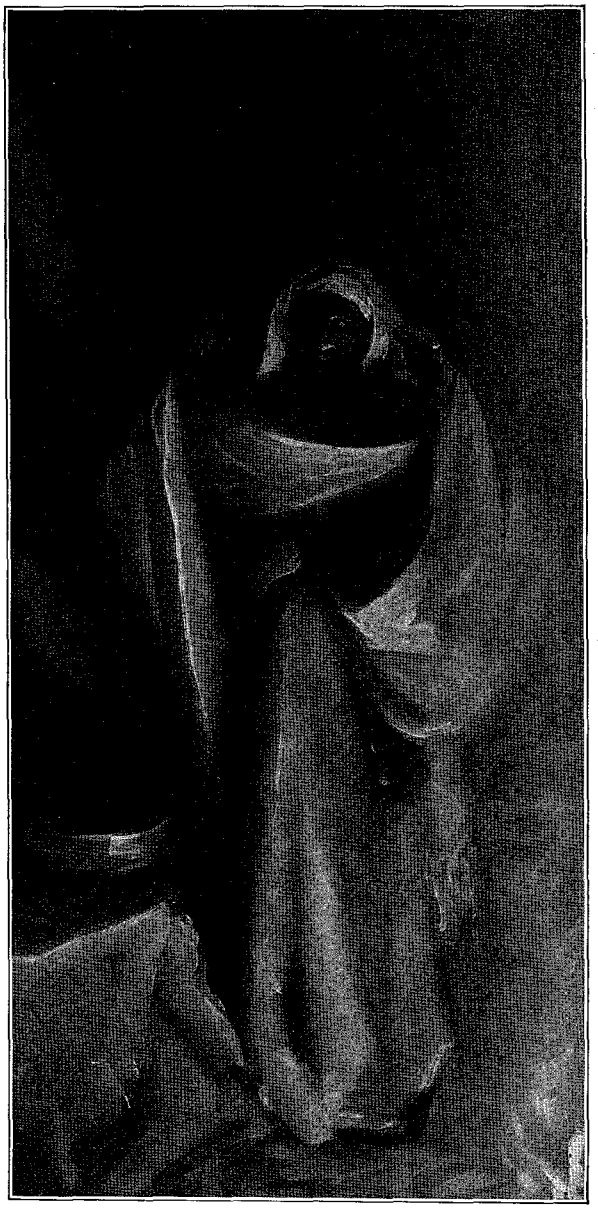
Mustapha heard of the competition from Ali, the blind singer, who made part of his living through his blindness, being hired by lovers to sing through the night when visiting their dancing-girls. Ali paused at the gasba shop on his way to the tomb of Lalla Menara outside the walls, whither no seeing man could go, but where, protected by his blindness, he was permitted to sing religious songs and demand alms of the ladies who visited the shrine.

"Why dost thou not compete, Mustapha?" he asked. "A thousand francs is enough to keep one in comfort all his days. If I could make music like Miloud, or Beda, or thee, I myself would compete; but, unfortunately, I am neither a poet nor a maker of music; I can only sing the songs that others have made."

Mustapha answered surlily: "What have I to do with young men and their light-of-loves? Am I a sighing youth of fifteen? I have no stomach to the task."

"My stomach would be more to the thousand francs, truly," said Ali with a sigh. "Of dancing-girls I have more than enough. Did not Zulecha hire me the other day to sing her new lover into generosity and then deny me half my pay? They are sluts, impious and shameless, a disgrace to our city. As for me, I prefer to sing religious songs to the modest."

Mustapha made no reply; and the blind



A djinn . . . had alighted on the topmost minaret of the city.—Page 667.

Ali tapped his way out of the gate and along the steep road to the shrine; saying at times, "Meskin, meskin!" to entreat the alms of the rich ladies who every Monday walked on foot with their fe-

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male servants and eunuchs to the shrine of the saint.

But the gasba-maker was furrowing his brow. The thousand francs sounded pleasantly in his ear, likewise he had long loved the white Aziz with his silvery skin and pink nostrils. He was sure that the song that Zohara his daughter had made

Khedija.

was better than any that could be composed by Beda, who, though a good musician was an indifferent poet, or by Miloud, who though not a bad poet was a mediocre musician. But both the words and the music of Zohara his daughter were inspired and melodious. He knew well that he was incapable of doing justice to them himself; his voice moreover was harsh and croaking. At last, however, he thought of a plan, and addressed himself to Sidi Saed at the hour when he entered the Hammam. At his first words of greeting, Sidi Saed graciously invited him to enter and have a bath at his expense. This Mustapha accepted, thanking heaven for the auspiciousness of the moment. His companion seemed heavy of spirit, sighed much and spoke little. Mustapha could not help admiring the fine stature of Sidi Saed, and his white skin; and wondered at the perversity of the human spirit which allowed so goodly a young man to mourn one woman when there were the fine ladies of half a province to choose from. He concealed his thought and began to speak of the competition, and of his inability to enter himself among those striving for the prize. "But," said he, "I know a young man who would immeasurably out-distance other competitors, were he not handicapped by a most remarkable disability."

Sidi Saed asked what this might be.

Mustapha sighed, and replied: "Alas, Sidi! he is of an incurably retiring disposition. As Allah has not seen fit to endow him with pleasing features, he is of so sensitive a nature that he shrinks from daylight like a toad, and will even veil himself like a woman."

Now the curious always interested Sidi Saed mightily; and he said, with the first animation he had shown hitherto, "He must be a very monster of ugliness, then! But he is a good musician, sayest thou?"

"A musician so sweet that when he lifts the gasba the very wind ceases to blow lest it should disturb the air while he is playing. Not only that, but his voice is good, and melting in tone like a woman's. And he has such a pretty fancy in making love-songs, that the female palm in the garden will lean of her own accord to the male on hearing them, and spare work to the gardener."

"And will he not enter the competition?"

"Sidi how can he! He dreads the gaze of any human creature."

Saed reflected for a moment and then said: "What thou tellest me interests me in this young man and his music. I will give him the opportunity of satisfying both myself and his modesty. Bring him to me

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to-morrow at noonday, disguised in a woman's haik, so as to conceal him effectually; and he shall sing to me from behind a curtain."

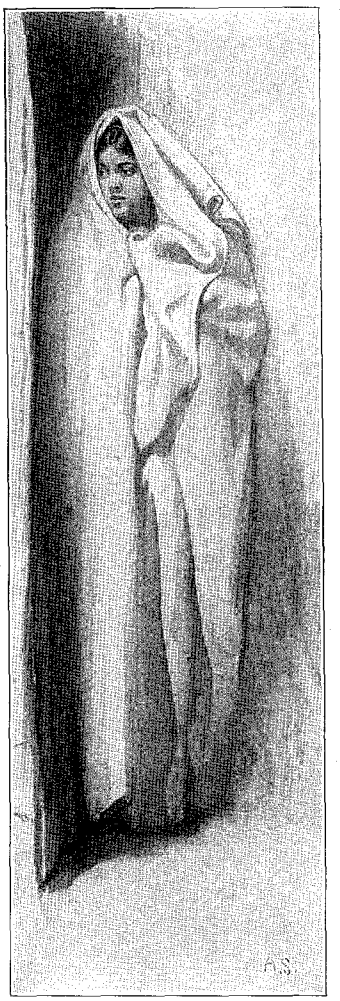
Now Mustapha had not wished for better fortune than this; and Saed, peevish that he had momentarily forgotten his grief, relapsed into gloom, and neither spoke nor looked at the gasba-merchant again that day.

Mustapha hastened home, and calling his daughter, told her of what had passed; of the competition and the reward offered, giving her minute instructions as to how to behave and what to do.

"I myself will bring thee to the house," he said, "but after that I must leave thee. Let thy prudence and piety, my child, be thy protection; and on no account let it be suspected that thou art a woman or my reputation and thine will be irrevocably lost."

Zohara listened with mingled delight and fear. Her natural modesty combated the scheme, but filial duty and a thirst for adventure commended it.

The following day her father brought her the dress of a young man, which she donned, covered with blushes and with much misgiving; afterward enveloping herself in her own haik of white woven silk. Outwardly she was a woman. A carriage with red curtains, closed carefully to the eyes of the inquisitive, was sent by Sidi Saed, and into this, at a little distance from the shop, Zohara and her father stepped and were driven away. Sidi Saed's town house was on the outskirts of the city, surrounded by a fine garden in the French manner; but Zohara saw little beyond the red curtains save a thin line of green, white, and blue where the curtain ended and the brocaded interior of the carriage began. It was extremely hot in the confinement of the landau, and Zohara, who had never been in one before, began to feel ill at ease and wretched, and more than half-inclined to cry. Still more wretched and frightened did she feel when her father left her at the door of the big house, and a porter who had been previously instructed, led her to the apartments of Sidi Saed himself. Fear dried her tongue when he courteously asked her how she did, until the memory of her father shamed her into answering in a faint voice that she was well and wished him peace. She had never been alone with any man but her father and uncle in her life; and had certainly never spoken to a strange man before.



Outwardly she was a woman.

She was scarlet with shame under her veil, but pity for this man whose black dress and pallor betokened his grief soon made her forget herself. When she had drunk a cup of coffee with him in silence, carefully concealing her hands in the folds of her haik and turning her face from him while she lifted the cup to her mouth, a servant entered and drew a curtain across the room, dividing it into two separate parts. Now Zohara was practically alone, and her courage returned to her. Dropping her haik and drawing her gasba out of her bosom, she sat down on the cushions and began. As she played her compassion for Saed, whose beauty and courtesy had touched new chords of pity in her heart, grew to such an extent that she fluted and sang as never she had sung or fluted before. Never was so much sadness brought into one song. Never had Saed felt the consolation of sorrow as he felt it now. The divine passion of grief overtook him with

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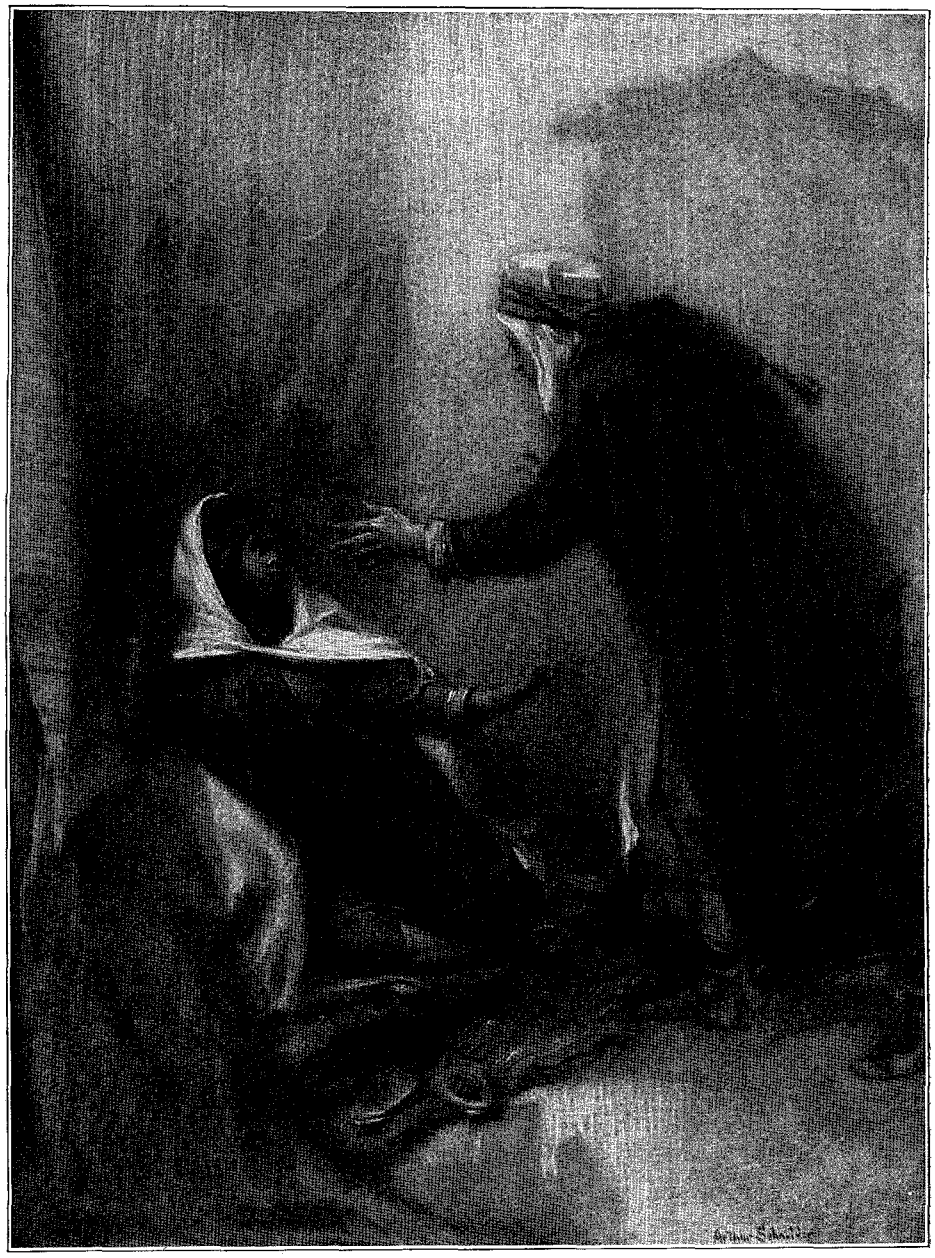

But Saed stepped quickly to her.—Page 675.

such violence that for a time he swooned away in a very ecstasy of emotion. When he returned to himself, Zohara had ceased to play and was sitting mute. He entreated her from the other side of the curtain to play no more that day; and, shrouding herself in her haik, the girl withdrew and followed a waiting servant outside to the carriage in which her father already sat ready to conduct her back again.

This was the first of many mornings. Zohara left daily with her father and went to the house of Sidi Saed, where precisely the same sequence of events took place as before. But emotions, even where they are courted like a mistress, will not always

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be wooed; and Saed, after the first seven days, found himself extremely curious about the musician who had so delighted him. His reticence, his determination to remain hidden, fanned this inquisitiveness into a veritable flame, and at the end of the second week, Saed had quite forgotten his grief in his curiosity. In spite of his promise never to force the musician from his retirement, in spite of his belief that the ugliness that would be so hidden must be extreme, Saed became devoured by a wish to see his face. The paradox of a monstrosity whose feet were delicate and tender; whose voice was sweeter than an angel's, appealed to his fancy and appetite, and the desire to behold it tortured him and prevented him from fixing his mind upon the dead Aziza, and the sad pleasure of mourning her. Zohara, for her part, began to feel a jealousy of the song she sang, for, unbidden, love was entering her heart and possessing her senses, so that to see Saed, and to hear his voice, became her only delight in life, which now seemed barren and desolate. It was harder than death to sing of another woman when that other filled the heart of her beloved, and often she wept at her hard fate. Indeed, as she played or sang, she found herself forgetting Aziza and singing of her own unhappy lot, of her love for Saed, and of his beauty and strength. Saed, engrossed in his struggle to resist the temptation of pulling the curtain, did not notice this, though the songs pleased, and insensibly stirred him, as warm winds stir the sap after the winter without the knowledge of the tree.

One day he could bear his suspense no longer. He had become haunted with as overmastering a desire to see this ugliness as other men to see beauty; and to that end he tore a small hole in the curtain, at the side where he could not be observed by the musician. When he saw a young man, of more than human beauty of feature and expression, the shock he received could not have been greater if he had beheld a decaying death's head on the shoulders of a skeleton.

Anger mounted into his soul at the way in which he had been deceived by Mustapha, and he had half a mind to tear down the curtain and send this pretty youngster back with a caning. But gradually prudence combated this intention, and the humor of the situation tickling his fancy, he laughed and laughed again until the servant outside ran in to see if his master had gone mad in good earnest, and Zohara trembled for his reason behind her curtain of concealment.

He still, however, found food for curiosity. Who was this boy? and why did he envelop himself in such secrecy? The fresh problem occupied his mind as much as the former; and the next day he set himself carefully to consider the songs which he heard, verse for verse, word for word, to see if they would elucidate the mystery.

"*Alas,*" sang the musician, "*that the living rose should parch while the scattered petals have fallen into the fountain! Alas, that the living nightingale should be caged while the dead one lies in the hand of the master!*" And he lifted the gasba to his lips and blew the heart-breaking melody, with enchanting trills and grace-notes, while his eyes brimmed over with heavy tears. "*Alas,*" he sang again, "*that the desert should be barren while the rain falls into the salt sea! Alas, that the little pot should be left empty while the oil of jasmine is poured into the broken bottle!*"

"There is a meaning in this," thought Saed, and without thinking he pulled at the curtain till it fell with his weight. With a shriek, Zohara dropped her gasba and covered her face with her hands, and by that sudden movement, the hood of the burnous which had concealed her beautiful hair, came away and discovered that she was a woman. But Saed, in a tumult, stepped quickly to her and seized her in his arms. Kissing her very tenderly, he said to her: "Do not fear, little rose; if thou wilt, thou shalt be set in water."

And Zohara, shyly, for the first time, met her lord's eyes.

So Zohara, the daughter of Mustapha, made her marriage cakes and left her father's house; and Mustapha, bowing to the will of Allah, received the consolation of a thousand francs and the white horse Aziz, which afterward he sold to a foreigner for a great sum. His son-in-law did not object, for, he said, he had but one "well-beloved" now—nor needed another.

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DAYS A-FISHING:

PICTVRES BY OLIVER KEMP.

'Tis not a proud desire of mine;
I ask for nothing superfine;
No heavy weight, no salmon great,
To break the record, or my line:

Only an idle little stream,
Whose amber waters softly gleam,
Where I may wade, through woodland shade,
And cast the fly, and loaf, and dream:

Only a trout or two, to dart
From foaming pools, and try my art:
No more I'm wishing—old-fashioned fishing,
And just a day on Nature's heart.

—"*An Angler's Wish*," *by Henry van Dyke.*

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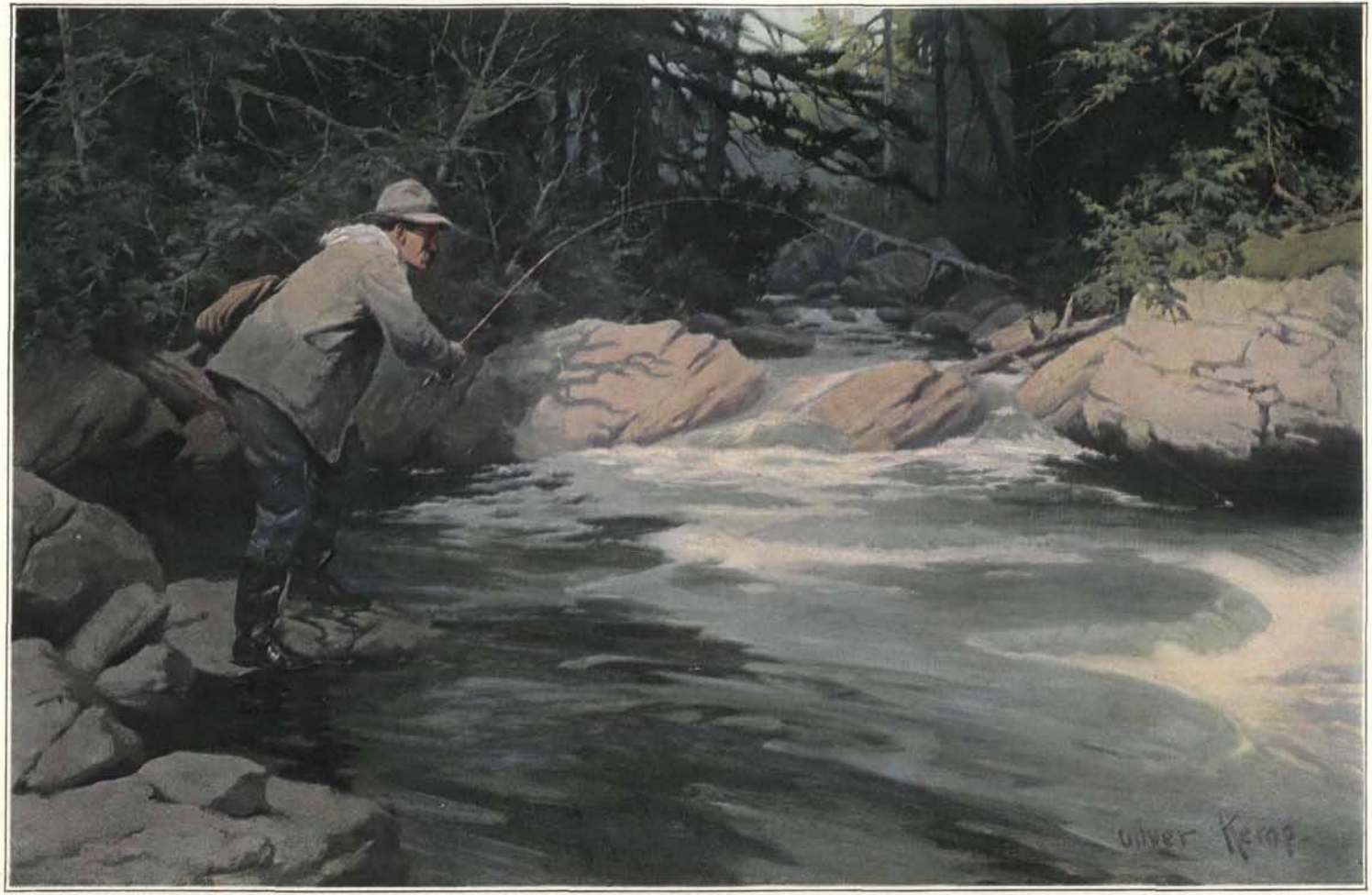

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Trout—Well Hooked.

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As the twilight deepens, the black bass will be found either rising, here and there, to the surface of the deeper water, feeding on the insects that fall upon it (particularly the gloaming-loving moths, which, as a rule, swarm near and upon the rivers containing bass), or, in the shallows along the shores. . . . It is at such an hour that the angler meets with the greatest success with the rod.

—*In "The Basses," by William C. Harris.*

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Bass—A Critical Moment.

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Stop! A savage tug, a twist, a sudden slackening of the line, and then sixty feet away a glistening beautiful thing shoots straight as an arrow up from below into the air, twists himself frantically in his effort to throw his body off the hooks, and then plunges again like a flash into the depths of the lake.

They might as well tell you not to breathe as not to get excited at such a moment. But keep your senses as clear as you may. With a sweep of the oars the guide brings you broadside on to the battle, and keeps you in that position as closely as he can all through the fight.

—"*A Fight with a Muskallonge*," *by John R. Rathom.*

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Muskallonge—Opening the Fight.

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A silver-gray fly with a barbed tail darts out across the pool, swings around with the current, well under water, and slowly works past the big rock in the centre, just at the head of the rapid. Almost past it, but not quite: for suddenly the fly disappears; the line begins to run out; the reel sings sharp and shrill; a salmon is hooked.

But how well is he hooked? That is the question. This is no easy pool to play a fish in. There is no chance to jump into a canoe and drop below him, and get the current to help you in drowning him. You cannot follow him along the shore. You cannot even lead him into quiet water, where the gaffer can creep near to him unseen and drag him in with a quick stroke. You must fight your fish to a finish, and all the advantages are on his side. The current is terribly strong. If he makes up his mind to go downstream to the sea, the only thing you can do is to hold him by main force; and then it is ten to one that the hook tears out or the leader breaks.

—*"Fisherman's Luck," by Henry van Dyke.*

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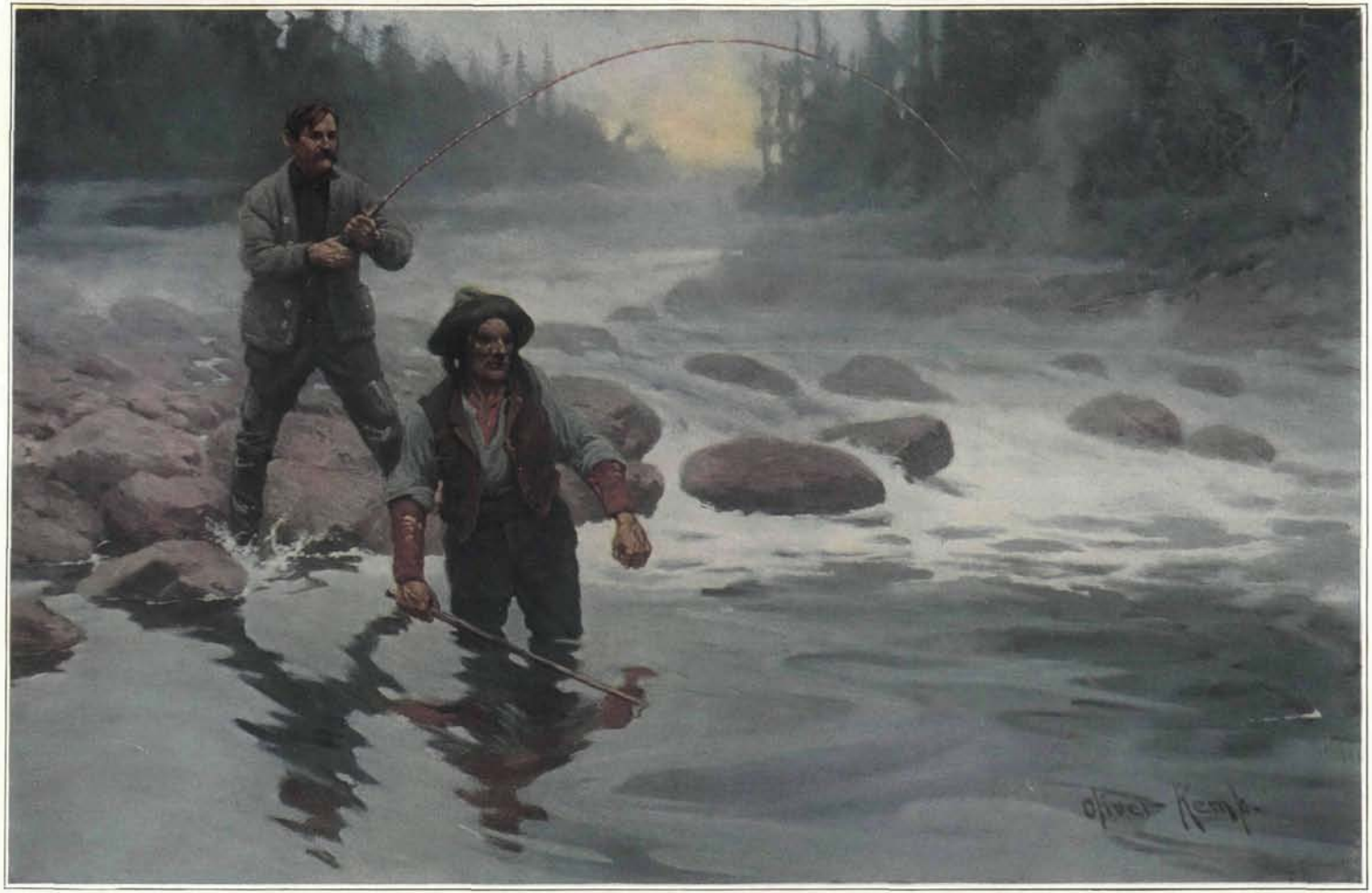

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

Salmon—The Last Rush.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"Perhaps you are the man yourself?" she added insolently.—Page 698.

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JOHN MARVEL, ASSISTANT

BY THOMAS NELSON PAGE

ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

XIX

THE RESURRECTION OF DIX

STILL, I had not got Dix back, and I meant to find him if possible! It was several days before I could get on the trace of him, and when I undertook to get the dog I found an unexpected difficulty in the way. I was sent from one office to another until my patience was almost exhausted, and finally when I thought I had, at last, run him down, I was informed that the dog was dead. The gapped-tooth official with a pewter badge on his breast as his only insignia of official rank, on my pressing the matter, gave me a circumstantial account of the manner in which the dog came to his death. He had attempted, he said, to get through the gate and it had slammed to on him accidentally, and being very heavy had broken his neck.

I had given Dix up for lost and was in a very low state of mind, in which Jeams sympathized with me deeply, though possibly for a different reason. He declared that we had "lost a dog as could win a ten-dollar bill any day he could get a man to put it up.

"Cap'n, you jes' ought to 'a' seen the way he chawed up that bar-keep Gallagin's dog! I was jes' gittin' ready to rake in de pile when dem perlice jumped in an' hammered me. We done los' dat dog, Cap'n—you an' I got to go to work," he added with a rueful look.

It did look so, indeed. A few days later, a letter from him announced that he had gotten a place and would call on me "before long." As he gave no address, I assumed that his "place" was in some barroom, and I was much disturbed about him. One day, not long after, Dix dashed into my office and nearly ate me up in his joy. I really did not know until he came back how dear he was to me. It was as if he had risen from the dead. I took him up in my arms and hugged him as if I had been a boy. He wore a fine new collar with a monogram on it which I could not decipher. Next day, as I turned into the alley at the back of the building on which opened Mick Raffity's saloon, with a view to running up to my office by the back way, I found Dix in the clutches of a man who was holding on to him, notwithstanding his effort to escape. He was a short, stout fellow with a surly face. At my appearance Dix repeated the manœuvres by which he had escaped from Jeams the day I left him behind me back East, and was soon at my side.

I strode up to the man.

"What are you doing with my dog?" I demanded angrily.

"He's Mr. McSheen's dog."

"He's nothing of the kind. He's my dog and I brought him here with me."

"I guess I know whose dog he is," he said, insolently. "He got him from Dick Gallagin."

Gallagin! That was the name of the man who had put up a dog to fight Dix. A light began to break on me.

"I guess you don't know anything of the kind, unless you know he's mine. He never heard of Gallagin. I brought him here when I came and he was stolen from me not long ago and I've just got him back. Shut up, Dix!" for Dix was beginning to growl and was ready for war.

The fellow mumbled something and satisfied me that he was laboring under a misapprehension, so I explained a little further, and he turned and went into Raffity's saloon. Next day, however, there was a knock at my door and before I could call to the person to come in, McSheen himself stood in the door. The knock itself was loud and insolent, and McSheen was glowering and manifestly ready for trouble.

"I hear you have a dog here that belongs to me," he began.

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"Well, you have heard wrong,—I have not."

"Well,—to my daughter. It is the same thing."

"No, I haven't—a dog that belongs to your daughter?"

"Yes, a dog that belongs to my daughter. Where is he?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I wasn't aware that you had a daughter, and I have no dog of hers or any one else."

"Oh! That don't go, young man—trot him out."

At this moment, Dix walked out from under my desk where he had been lying, and standing beside me, gave a low, deep growl.

"Why, that's the dog now."

I was angry, but I was quiet, and I got up and walked over toward him.

"Tell me what you are talking about," I said.

"I'm talking about that dog. My daughter owns him and I've come for him."

"Well, you can't get this dog," I said, "because he's mine."

"Oh! he is, is he?"

"Yes, I brought him here with me when I came. I've had him since he was a puppy."

"Oh! you did!"

"Yes, I did. Go back there, Dix, and lie down!" for Dix, with the hair up on his broad back and a wicked look in his eye, was growling his low, ominous base that meant war. At the words, however, he went back to his corner and lay down, his eye watchful and uneasy. His prompt obedience seemed to stagger Mr. McSheen, for he condescended to make his first attempt at an explanation.

"Well, a man brought him and sold him to my daughter two months ago."

"I know—he stole him."

"I don't know anything about that. She paid for him fair and square—$50.00, and she's fond of the dog and I want him."

"I'm sorry, for I can't part with him."

"You'd sell him, I guess?"

"No."

"If I put up enough?"

"No."

"Say, see here." He put his hand in his pocket. "I helped you out about that nigger of yours, and I want the dog. I'll give you $50.00 for the dog—more than he's worth—and that makes one hundred he's cost."

"He's not for sale—I won't sell him."

"Well, I'll make it a hundred."

"No. I tell you the dog is not for sale. I won't sell him."

"What is your price, anyhow?" manded McSheen. "I tell you I want the dog. I promised my daughter to get the dog back."

"Mr. McSheen, I have told you the dog is not for sale—I will not sell him at any price."

He suddenly flared up.

"Oh! You won't! Well, I'll tell you that I'll have that dog and you'll sell him too."

"I will not."

"We'll see. You think you're a pretty big man, but I'll show you who's bigger in this town—you or Coll McSheen. I helped you once and you haven't sense enough to appreciate it. You look out for me, young man." He turned slowly with his scowling eye on me.

"I will."

"You'd better. When I lay my hand on you, you'll think an earthquake's hit you."

"Well, get out of my office now," I said.

"Oh! I'm going now, but wait."

He walked out, and I was left with the knowledge that I had one powerful enemy.

I was soon to know Mr. Collis McSheen better, as he was also to know me better.

A few days after this, I was walking along and about to enter my office when a man accosted me at the entrance and asked if I could tell him of a good lawyer.

I told him I was one myself, though I had the grace to add that there were many more, and I named several of the leading firms in the city.

"Well, I guess you'll do. I was looking for you. You are the one she sent me to," he said doubtfully, when I had told him my name. He was a weather-beaten little Scotchman, very poor and hard up; but there was something in his air that dignified him. He had a definite aim, and a definite wrong to be righted. The story he told me was a pitiful one. He had been in this country several years and had a place in a locomotive-shop somewhere East, and so long as he had had work, had saved money. But they "had been ordered out," he said, and after waiting around finding that the strike had failed, he had come on here and had gotten a place in a boiler-shop, but they "had been ordered out"

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again, "just as I got my wife and children on and was getting sort of fixed up," he added. Then he had resigned from the union and had got another place, but a man he had had trouble with back East was "one of the big men up here now" and he had had him turned out because he did not "belong to the union." He was willing to join the union now, but "Wringman had had him turned down." Then he had gotten a place as a driver. But he had been ill and had lost his place, and since then he had not been able to get work, "though the preacher had tried to help him." He did not seem to complain of this loss of his place.

"The wagon had to run," he said, but he and his wife, too, had been ill, and the baby had died and the expenses of the burial had been "something." He appeared to take it as a sort of ultimate decree not to be complained of—only stated. He mentioned it simply by way of explanation, and spoke as if it were a mere matter of Fate. And, indeed, to the poor, sickness often has the finality of Fate. During their illness they had sold nearly all their furniture to live on and pay rent. Now he was in arrears; his wife was in bed, his children sick, and his landlord had levied on his furniture that remained for the rent. At the last gasp he had come to see a lawyer.

"I know I owe the rent," he said, "but the beds won't pay it and the loan company's got all the rest."

I advised him that the property levied on was not subject to levy; but suggested his going to his landlord and laying the case before him.

"If he has any bowels of compassion whatever," I began, but he interrupted me.

"That's what the preacher said." But his landlord was "the Argand Estate," he added in a hopeless tone. He only knew the agent. He had been to him and so had the preacher; but he said he could do nothing—the rent must be paid—"the Argand Estate had to be kept up, or it couldn't do all the good it did,"—so he was going to turn them out next day.

He had been to one or two lawyers, he said; but they wouldn't take the case against the Argand Estate, and then the lady had sent him to me.

"What lady?"

"The lady who comes with the preacher."

McNeil's name had at first made no impression on me, but the mention of the beds, "the Argand Estate" and of Wringman brought up an association. "McNeil?—McNeil?" I said. "Did you have five children, and did your wife bring them on here some months ago—when the train was late, one day?"

"Yes, sorr; that's the way it was."

"Well, I will keep you in longer than to-morrow," I said. And I did. But Justice is too expensive a luxury for the poor. "Law is law," but it was made by landlords and for landlords. I won his case for him and got his furniture released; I scored the Argand agent, an icy-faced gentleman, named Gillis, "of high character," as the Argand counsel, Mr. McSheen, indignantly declared, and incidentally "the Argand Estate," in terms which made me more reputation than I knew of at the time.

The case was a reasonably simple one, for my client was entitled to a poor debtor's exemption of a few household articles of primary need, and he had not half of what he could have claimed under his exemption. It appeared, however, that in the lease, which was in the regular form used by the Argand Estate, all exemptions were waived, and also that it was the regular practice of the estate to enforce the waiver, and it was alleged at the trial that this practice had always been sustained. It was the fact that this was the customary lease and that a principle was involved which brought Mr. McSheen into the case, as he stated, for a client who was the largest landlord in the whole city.

On the stand the Argand agent, Gillis, who, it appeared, had begun as an office-boy in the office of Mr. Argand and had then become his private secretary, from which he had risen to wealth and position, was foolish enough to say that the case was gotten up by an unknown young lawyer out of spite against the Argand Estate and that it was simply an instance of "the eternal attacks on wealth"; that, in fact, there were "only two sides, the man with the dress-coat and the man without."

"You began poor. When did you change your coat?" I asked.

The laugh was raised on him and he got angry. After that I had the case. I was unknown, but Gillis was better known than I thought, and the hardship on my client

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was too plain. I got the jury and won the case. But, notwithstanding my success, my client was ruined. He was put out of the house, of course, and though I had saved for him his beds, every article he possessed soon went for food. The laws established for the very protection of the poor destroy their credit and injure them. He could not give security for rent, and at last he had to go, and but for a fellow-workman named Simms taking him into his house, and the kindness of the man he had spoken of as "the preacher," his children would have had to go to the workhouse or a worse place.

McNeil's case was the beginning of my practice, and in a little while I found myself counsel for many of the drivers in our section of the city.

Among those whom this case brought me in touch with was a young lawyer, who, a little later, became the attorney for the government. My interest in him was quickened by the discovery that he was related to Mr. Leigh, a fact he mentioned somewhat irrelevantly. He came up and congratulated me on my success against what he termed "the most powerful combination for evil in the city. They bid fair," he said, "to control not only the city, but the State, and are the more dangerous because they are entrenched behind the support of ignorant honesty." As he stood near Coll McSheen, I caught the latter's eye fixed on him with that curious malevolent expression which cast a sort of mask over his face.

I had not hunted up John Marvel after learning of his presence in the city, partly because I thought he would not be congenial and partly because, having left several affectionate letters from him unanswered during my prosperity, I was ashamed to seek him now in my tribulation. But Fate decided for me. We think of our absent friend and lo! a letter from him is handed to us before we have forgotten the circumstance. We fancy that a man in the street is an acquaintance; he comes nearer and we discover our mistake, only to meet the person we thought of on the next corner. We cross seas and run into our next-door neighbor in a crowded thoroughfare. In fact, the instances of coincidence are so numerous and so strange that one can hardly repel the inference that there is some sort of law governing them.

I indulged in this reflection when, a morning or two later, as I was recalling my carelessness in not looking up John Marvel and Wolffert, there was a tap on the door and a spare, well-built, dark-bearded man, neatly but plainly dressed, walked in. His hat shaded his face and partly concealed his eyes; but as he smiled and spoke, I recognized him.

"Wolffert! I was just thinking of you."

He looked much older than I expected, and than, I thought, I myself looked; his face was lined and his hair had a few strands of silver at the temples; his eyes were deeper than ever, and he appeared rather worn. But his manner was full of energy. In fact, as he talked he almost blazed at times. And I was conscious of a strange kind of power in him that attracted and carried me along with him, even to the dulling of my judgment. He had been away, he said, and had only just returned, and had heard of my success in "defeating the Argand Estate Combination"; and he had come to congratulate me. It was the first victory any one had ever been able to win against them.

"But I did not defeat any combination," I said. "I only defeated Collis McSheen in his effort to take my client's bed and turn him out in the street without a blanket."

"There is the Combination, all the same," he asserted. "They have the Law and the Gospel both in the combine. They make and administer the one and then preach the other to bind on men's shoulders burdens, grievous to be borne, that they themselves do not touch with so much as a finger."

"But I don't understand," I persisted; for I saw that he labored under much suppressed feeling, and I wondered what had embittered him. "Collis McSheen I know, for I have had some experience of him; and Gillis, the agent, was a cool proposition; but the Argand Estate? Why, McSheen strung out a list of charities that the Argand Estate supported, that staggered me. I only could not understand why they support a man like McSheen."

"The Argand Estate support charities! Yes, a score of them—all listed—and every dollar is blood, wrung from the hearts and souls of others——"

"How do you mean?" For he was showing a sudden passion which I did not

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understand. He swept on without heeding my question.

"Why, their houses are the worst in the city; their tenements the poorest for the rent charged; their manufactories the greatest sweatshops; their corporate enterprizes all at the cost of the working-class, and to crown it all, they sustain and support the worst villains in this city, who live on the bodies and souls of the ignorant and the wretched."

"Whom do you mean? I don't understand."

"Why, do you suppose the Coll McSheens and Gillises and their kind could subsist unless the Argands and Capons of the Time supported them? They have grown so bold now that they threaten even their social superiors—they must rule alone! They destroy all who do not surrender at discretion."

"Who? How?" I asked, as he paused evidently following a train of reflection, while his eyes glowed.

"Why, ah! even a man like—Mr. Leigh, who though the product of an erroneous system is, at least, a broad man and a just one."

"Is he? I do not know him. Tell me about him." For I was suddenly interested.

Then he told me of Mr. Leigh and his work in trying to secure better service for the public, better tenements—better conditions generally.

"But they have defeated him," he said bitterly. "They turned him out of his directorship,—or, at least, he got out—and are fighting him at every turn. They will destroy him, if possible. Well, it is nothing to me," he added with a shrug of his shoulders and a sort of denial of the self-made suggestion. "He is but an individual victim of a rotten system that must go."

My mind had drifted to the conference which I had witnessed in McSheen's office not long before, when suddenly Wolffert said,

"Your old friend, Peck, appears to have gotten up."

"Yes, it would seem so," I said dryly, with a sudden fleeting across my mind of a scene from the past, in which not Peck figured, but one who now bore his name; and a slightly acrid taste came in my mouth at the recollection. "Well, up or down, he is the same," I added.

"He is a serpent," said Wolffert. "You remember how he tried to make us kill each other?"

"Yes, and what a fool I made of myself."

"No, no. He was at the bottom of it. He used to come and tell me all the things you said and—didn't say. He made a sore spot in my heart and kept it raw. He's still the same."

"Have you seen him?" I asked. He leaned back and rested his eyes on me.

"Yes, he took the trouble to hunt me up a day or two ago, and for some reason went over the whole thing again."

"I shall break his neck some day, yet," I observed, quietly.

"You know I write," he said explanatorily. "He wanted me to write something about you."

"About me?"

"Yes"

"What a deep-dyed scoundrel he is!"

"Yes, he wanted to enlist me on the McSheen side, but—" his eyes twinkled. "Where do you go to church?" he suddenly asked me.

I told him, and I thought he smiled possibly at what I feared was a little flush in my face.

"To 'St. Mammon's'! Why don't you go to hear John Marvel? He is the real thing."

"John Marvel? Where is he?"

"Not far from you. He preaches out there."

"In a chapel?" I inquired.

"Everywhere where he is," said Wolffert, quietly.

"What sort of a preacher is he?"

"The best on earth. His life is his best sermon."

I told him frankly why I had not gone, though I was ashamed, for we had grown confidential in our talk. But Wolffert assured me that John Marvel would never think of anything but the happiness of meeting me again.

"He is a friend whom God gives to a man once in his lifetime," he said, as he took his leave. "Cherish such an one. His love surpasseth the love of women."

"Has he improved?" I asked.

A little spark flashed in Wolffert's eyes. "He did not need to improve. He has only ripened. God endowed him with a heart big enough to embrace all humanity

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—except—" he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "the Jew."

"I do not believe that."

But Wolffert was gone, with a smile on his face which belied his last exception.

XX

THE PREACHER

So, "the preacher" whom my client, McNeil, and my poor neighbors talked of was no other than John Marvel! I felt that he must have changed a good deal since I knew him. But decency, as well as curiosity, required that I go to see him. Accordingly, although I had of late gone to church only to see a certain worshipper, I one evening sauntered over toward the little rusty-looking chapel, where I understood he preached. To my surprise, the chapel was quite full, and to my far greater surprise, old John proved to be an inspiring preacher. I felt for a moment as though I were dreaming. He was a little older, a little stouter, a little more shy, if possible; but he was earnest, forcible and impressive. When he came to preach, though the sermon was mainly hortatory and what I should have expected of him, his earnestness and directness held his congregation, and I must say he was far more impressive than I should have imagined he could be; while his sermon was as far from the cut-and-dried discourse I was used to hear, as life is from death.

He spoke without notes and directly from his heart. His text, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden." He made it out to be a positive promise of rest for the weary in body, mind and soul, given by One not only able to help, but longing to do so: a pitying Father, who saw His tired children struggling under their burdens and yearned toward them. The great Physician was reaching out His hands to them, longing to heal them, if they but received Him; if they but followed Him. That meant to turn from what they knew to be evil and try to live as they felt He lived. He had been poor—as poor as they. He knew their sorrows and privations and weakness; and their sins, however black they were. All He asked was that they trust Him, and try to follow Him, forgetting self and helping others. Do not be afraid to trust Him, or despair if He does not make Himself known to you. He is with you even until the end—and often as much when you do not feel it as when you do.

God appeared very real to him, and also his hearers. I felt a seriousness which I had long been a stranger to. He appeared to be talking to me, and I set it down to tenderness for old John Marvel himself, rather than to his subject.

When the service was over, he came down the aisle speaking to the congregation, many of whom he appeared to know by name, and whose concerns he also knew intimately. And as the children crowded around him with smiles of friendliness, I thought of the village preacher with the children following, "with endearing wile."

His words were always words of cheer.

"Ah! Mrs. Tams! Your boy got his place, didn't he?

"Mrs. Williams, your little girl is all right again?

"Well, Mrs. McNeil" (to a woman who sat with her back to me), "so your husband won his case, after all? His lawyer was an old friend of mine."

I had sat far back, as the church was full when I entered, and was waiting for him to get through with his congregation before making myself known to him; so, though he was now quite close to me, he was so near-sighted that he did not recognize me until I spoke to him. As I mentioned his name, he turned.

"Why, Henry Glave!" Then he took me in his arms, bodily, and lifting me from the ground hugged me there before the entire remnant of his congregation who yet remained in the church. I never had a warmer greeting. I felt as if I were the prodigal son, and although it was embarrassing, I was conscious that instant that he had lifted me out of my old life and taken me to his heart. It was as if he had set me down on a higher level in a better and purer atmosphere.

I went home with him that night to his little room in a house even smaller and poorer than that in which I had my room; where he lived, as I found, because he knew the pittance he paid was a boon to the poor family who sublet the room. But as small and inconvenient as the room was, I felt that it was a haven for a tired and storm-tossed spirit, and the few books it contained gave it an air of being a home.

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Before I left it I was conscious that I was in a new phase of life. Something made me feel that John Marvel's room was not only a home but a sanctuary.

We sat late that night and talked of many things, and though old John had not improved in quickness, I was surprised, when I came to think over our evening, how much he knew of people—poor people. It seemed to me that he lived nearer to them than possibly any one I had known. He had organized a sort of settlement among them, and his chief helpers were Wolffert and a Catholic priest, a dear devoted old fellow, Father Tapp, whom I afterward met, who always spoke of John Marvel as his "Heritick brother," and never without a smile in his eye. Here he helped the poor, the sick and the outcast; got places for those out of work, and encouraged those who were despairing. I discovered that he was really trying to put into practical execution the lessons he taught out of the Bible, and though I told him he would soon come to grief doing that, he said he thought the command was too plain to be disobeyed. Did I suppose that the Master would have commanded, "Love your enemies," and, "Turn the other cheek," if He had not meant it? "Well," I said, "the church goes for teaching that theoretically, I admit; but it does not do it in practice—I know of no body of men more ready to assert their rights, and which strikes back with more vehemence when assailed."

"Ah! but that is the weakness of poor, fallible, weak man," he sighed. "'We know the good, but oft the ill pursue;' if we could but live up to our ideals, then, indeed, we might have Christ's kingdom to come. Suppose we could get all to obey the injunction, 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor,' what a world we should have!"

"It would be filled with paupers and dead beats," I declared, scouting the idea. "Enterprise would cease, a dead stagnation would result, and the industrious and thrifty would be the prey of the worthless and the idle."

"Not if all men could attain the ideal."

"No, but there is just the rub; they cannot—you leave out human nature. Selfishness is ingrained in man—it has been the mainspring which has driven the race to advance."

He shook his head. "The grace of God is sufficient for all," he said. "The mother-love has some part in the advance made, and that is not selfish. Thank God! There are many noble men and women who are not selfish and who do God's service on earth out of sheer loving kindness, spend their money and themselves in His work."

"No doubt, but here in this city?——"

"Yes, in this city—thousands of them. Why, where do we get the money from to run our place with?"

"From the Argand Estate?" I hazarded.

"Yes, even from the Argand Estate we get some. But men like Mr. Leigh are those who support us and women like—ah—. But beyond all those who give money are those who give themselves. They bring the spiritual blessing of their presence, and teach the true lesson of divine sympathy."

"Who, for instance?"

"Why—ah—Miss Leigh—for example."

I could scarcely believe my senses. Miss Leigh! "Do you know Miss Leigh? What Miss Leigh are you speaking of?" I hurriedly asked to cover my own confusion, for John had grown red and I knew instinctively that it was she—there could be but one.

"Miss Eleanor Leigh—yes, I know her—she—ah—teaches in my Sunday-school."

Teaching in his Sunday-school! And I not know her! That instant John secured a new teacher. But he went on quickly, not knowing the joy in my heart, or the shrewd resolve I was forming. "She is one of the good people who holds her wealth as a trust for the Master's poor—she comes over every Sunday afternoon all the way from her home and teaches a class."

Next Sunday at three P.M. a hypocrite of my name sat on a bench in John's little church, pretending to teach nine little ruffians whose only concern was their shoes which they continually measured with each other, while out of the corner of my eye I watched a slender figure bending, with what I thought wonderful grace, over a pew full of little girls on the other side of the church.

The lesson brought in that bald-headed and somewhat unfeeling prophet, who called forth from the wood the savage and voracious she-bears, to devour the crowd of children who ran after him and made rude observations on his personal appearance, and before I was through, my sympathies had largely shifted from the unfortunate young-

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sters to the victims of their annoyance. Still I made up my mind to stick if John would let me, and the slim and flower-like teacher of the befrocked class across the aisle continued to attend.

I dismissed my class rather abruptly, I fear, on observing that the little girls had suddenly risen and were following their teacher toward the door with almost as much eagerness as I felt to escort her. When I discovered that she was only going to unite them with another class, it was too late to recall my pupils, who at the first opportunity had made for the door, almost as swiftly as though the she-bears were after them.

When the Sunday-school broke up, the young lady waited around and I took pains to go up and speak to her, and received a very gracious smile and word of appreciation at my efforts with the "Botany Bay Class," as my boys were termed, which quite rewarded me for my work. Her eyes, with their pleasant light, lit up the whole place for me. Just then John Marvel came out—and it was the first time I ever regretted his appearance. The smile she gave him and the cordiality of her manner filled me with sudden and unreasoning jealousy. It was evident that she had waited to see him, and old John's face bore a look of such happiness that he almost looked handsome. As for her—as I came out I felt quite dazed. On the street whom should I meet but Wolffert—"simply passing by," but when I asked him to take a walk, he muttered something about having "to see John." He was well dressed and looked unusually handsome. Yet when John appeared, still talking earnestly with Miss Leigh, I instantly saw by his face and the direction of his eye that the John he wanted to see wore an adorable hat and a dainty tailor-made suit and had a face as lovely as a rose.

I was in such a humor that I flung off down the street, swearing that every man I knew was in love with her, and it was not until ten o'clock that night, when I went to John's—whither I was drawn by an irresistible desire to talk about her and find out how matters stood between them—and he told me that she had asked where I had gone, that I got over my temper.

"Why, what made you run off so?" he enquired.

"When?" I knew perfectly what he meant.

"Immediately after we let out."

"My dear fellow, I was through, and besides I thought you had pleasanter company." I said this with my eyes on his face to see him suddenly redden. But he answered with a naturalness which put me to shame.

"Yes, Miss Leigh was talking to me about a little entertainment for the children and their parents, too. She is always trying to do something for them. And she was sorry not to get a chance to speak to you. She said you had helped her about her fire and she had never thanked you."

It is surprising how quickly the sun can burst from the thickest clouds for a man in love. I suddenly wondered that Miss Leigh among her good works did not continually ask about me and send me messages. It made me so happy.

"What became of Wolffert?" I asked.

"I think he walked home with her. He had something to talk with her about. They are great friends, you know."

"Bang!" went the clouds together again like a clap of thunder. The idea of Wolffert being in love with her! I could tolerate the thought of John Marvel being so, but Wolffert was such a handsome fellow, so clever and attractive, and so full of enthusiasm. It would never do. Why, she might easily enough imagine herself in love with him.

"Wolffert is very fond of her—I found him hanging around the door as we came out," I hazarded.

"Oh! yes, they are great friends. He is an inspiration to her, she says—and Wolffert thinks she is an angel—as she is. Why, if you knew the things she does and makes others do!"

If John Marvel had known with what a red-hot iron he was searing my heart, he would have desisted; but good, blind soul, he was on his hobby and he went on at full speed, telling me what good deeds she had performed—how she had fetched him to the city; and how she had built up his church for him—had started and run his school for the waifs—coming over from her beautiful home in all weathers to make up the fire herself and have the place warm and comfortable for the little ones—how she looked after the sick—organized chari-

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ties for them and spent her money in their behalf. "They call her the angel of the lost children," he said, "and well they may."

"Who does?" I asked suspiciously, recalling the title.

"Why, all my people—I think Wolffert first christened her so and they have taken it up."

"Confound Wolffert!" I thought. "Wolffert's in love with her," I said.

"Wolffert—in love with her! Why!" I saw that I had suggested the idea for the first time—but it had found a lodgment in his mind. "Oh! no, he is not," he declared, but rather arguing than asserting it. "They are only great friends—they work together and have many things in common—Wolffert will never marry—he is wedded to his ideal."

"And her name is Eleanor Leigh—only he is not wedded to her yet." And I added in my heart, "He will never be if I can beat him."

"Yes—certainly, in a way—as she is mine," said John, still thinking.

"And you are too!" I said.

"I? In love with—?" He did not mention her name. It may have been that he felt it too sacred. But he gave a sort of gasp. "The glow-worm may worship the star, but it is at a long distance, and it knows that it can never reach it."

I hope it may be forgiven to lovers not to have been frank with their rivals. His humility touched me. I wanted to tell John that I thought he might stand a chance, but I was not unselfish enough, as he would have been in my place. All I was brave enough to do was to say, "John, you are far above the glow-worm; you give far more light than you know and the star knows and appreciates it."

XXI

MRS. ARGAND

I NOW began to plan how I was to meet my young lady on neutral and equal ground, for meet her I must. When I first met her I could have boldly introduced myself, for all my smutted face; now Love made me modest. When I met her, I scarcely dared to look into her eyes; I began to think of the letters of introduction I had, which I had thrown into my trunk. One of them was to Mrs. Argand, a lady whom I assumed to be the same lofty person I had seen mentioned in the papers as one of the leaders among the fashionable set, and also as one of the leaders in all public charitable work. It had, indeed, occurred to me to associate her vaguely, first with the private-car episode, and then with my poor client's landlord, the Argand Estate; but the "Argand Estate" appeared a wholly impersonal machine of steel; her reputation in the newspapers for charity disposed of this idea, and there were many Argands in the directory.

I presented my letter and was invited to call on a certain day, some two weeks later. She lived in great style, in a ponderous mansion of unhewn stone piled up with prison-like repulsiveness, surrounded by extensive grounds, filled with carefully tended formal flower-beds. A ponderous servant asked my name and, with eyes on vacancy, announced me loudly as "Mr. Glaze." The hostess was well surrounded by callers. I recognized her the instant I entered as the large lady of the private-car. Both she and her jewels were the same. Also I knew instantly that she was the "Argand Estate," and I was grateful to the servant for miscalling my name. Her sumptuous drawing-rooms were sprinkled with a handsomely dressed company who sailed in, smiled around, sat on the edge of chairs, chattered for some moments, grew pensive, uttered a few sentences, spread their wings and sailed out with monotonous regularity and the solemn air of a duty performed. There was no conversation—only, as I observed from my coign of vantage, an exchange of compliments and much flattery.

Most of the callers appeared either to be very intimate or not to know each other at all, and when they could not gain the ear of the hostess, they simply sat stiffly in their chairs and looked straight before them, or walked around and inspected the splendid bric-à-brac.

I became so interested that, being unobserved myself, I stayed some time observing them. I also had a vague hope that possibly Miss Leigh might appear. It was owing to my long visit that I was finally honored with my hostess's attention. As she had taken no notice of me on my first entrance beyond a formal bow and an in-

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different hand-shake, I had moved on and a moment later had gotten into conversation with a young girl—large, plump and apparently, like myself, ready to talk to any one who came near, as she promptly opened a conversation with me, a step which, I may say, I was more than ready to take advantage of. I recognized her as the girl who had been talking to Count Pushkin the evening of the concert, and whom I had seen him leave for Miss Leigh. We were soon in the midst of a conversation in which I did the questioning and she did most of the talking and she threw considerable light on a number of the visitors, whom she divided into various classes characterized in a vernacular of her own. Some were "frumps," some were "stiffs," and some were "old soaks"—the latter appellation, as I gathered, not implying any special addiction to spirituous liquors on the part of those so characterized, but only indicating the young woman's gauge of their merits. Still, she was amusing enough for a time, and appeared to be always ready to "die laughing" over everything. Like myself, she seemed rather inclined to keep her eye on the door, where I was watching for the possible appearance of the one who had brought me there. I was recalled from a slight straying of my mind from some story she was telling, by her saying:

"You're a lawyer, aren't you?"

Feeling rather flattered at the suggestion, and thinking that I must have struck her as intellectual-looking, I admitted the fact and asked her why she thought so.

"Oh! because they're the only people who have nothing to do and attend teas—young lawyers."

As I was defending them, though with not too much sincerity, I was a little taken aback by her asking if I knew Count Pushkin.

"Oh, yes," I said. "I know him."

This manifestly made an impression.

"What do you think of him?"

"What do I think of him? When I know you a little better, I will tell you," I said. "Doesn't he attend teas?"

"Oh! yes, but then he is—he is something—a nobleman, you know."

"Do I?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear what he did last spring? How he stopped a runaway and was knocked down and dragged, but held on? Why, his face was all bruises."

I could not help laughing at the recollection of Pushkin.

"I saw that."

"Oh! did you? Do tell me about it. It was fine, wasn't it?"

"Get him to tell you about it." I was relieved at that moment at a chance to escape her.

I saw my hostess talking to a middle-aged, overdressed, but handsome woman whose face somehow haunted me with a reminiscence which I could not quite place, and as I happened to look in a mirror I saw they were talking of me, so I bowed to my young lady and moved on. The visitor asked who I was, and I could see the hostess reply that she had not the slightest idea. She put up her lorgnon and scrutinized me attentively, and then shook her head again. I walked over to where they sat.

"We were just saying, Mr.—ah—ah—that one who undertakes to do a little for one's fellow-beings finds very little encouragement." She spoke almost plaintively, looking first at me and then at her friend, who had been taking an inventory of the west side of the room and had not the slightest idea of what she was talking.

"I am overrun with beggars," she proceeded.

Remembering her great reputation for charity, I thought this natural and suggested as much. She was pleased with my sympathy, and continued:

"Why, they invade me even in the privacy of my home. Not long ago, a person called and, though I had given instructions to my butler to deny me to persons, unless he knew their business and I know them, this man, who was a preacher and should have known better, pushed himself in and actually got into my drawing-room when I was receiving some of my friends. As he saw me, of course I could not excuse myself, and do you know, he had the insolence, not only to dictate to me how I should spend my money, but actually how I should manage my affairs!"

"Oh! dear, think of that!" sighed the other lady. "And you, of all people!"

I admitted that this was extraordinary, and, manifestly encouraged, Mrs. Argand swept on.

"Why, he actually wanted me to forego my rents and let a person stay in one of my houses who would not pay his rent!"

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"Incredible!"

"The man had had the insolence to hold on and actually force me to bring suit."

"Impossible!"

I began to wish I were back in my office.

"You know we have bought a house very near you?" interjected the blonde girl who had joined our group and suddenly broke in on our hostess's monologue.

"Ah! I should think you would feel rather lonely up here—and would miss all your old friends?" said Mrs. Argand sweetly, turning her eyes toward the door.

"Not at all. You know lots of people call at big houses, Mrs. Gillis, just because they are big," said the girl, with a spark in her pale-blue eye, and I felt she was able to take care of herself.

But Mrs. Argand did not appear to hear. She was looking over the heads of the rest of us with her eye on the door, when suddenly as her servant in an unintelligible voice announced some one, her face lit up.

"Ah! My dear Count! How do you do? It was so good of you to come."

I turned to look just as Pushkin brushed by me and, with a little rush between the ladies seated near me, bent over and seizing her hand, kissed it zealously, while he uttered his compliments. It manifestly made a deep impression on the company. I was sure he had seen me.

"Count Pushkin!" muttered one lady to Mrs. Gillis, in an audible undertone.

"Oh! I know him well." She was evidently trying to catch the count's eye to prove her intimate acquaintance; but Pushkin was too much engrossed with or by our hostess to see her—or else was too busy evading my eye.

"Well, it's all up with me," I thought. "If I leave him here, my character's gone forever."

"Such a beautiful custom," murmured her friend. "I always like it."

"Now, do sit down and have a cup of tea," said our hostess. "I will make you a fresh cup." She glanced at a chair across the room and then at me, and I almost thought she was going to ask me to bring the chair for the count! But she thought better of it.

"Go and bring that chair and sit right here by me and let me know how you are."

"Here, take this seat," said Mrs. Gillis, who was rising, but whose eyes were fast on Pushkin's face.

"Oh! must you be going?" asked Mrs. Argand. "Well, good-by—so glad you could come."

"Yes, I must go. How do you do, Count Pushkin?"

"Oh! ah! How do you do?" said the count, turning with a start and a short bow.

"I met you at the ball not long ago. Miss McSheen introduced me to you. Don't you remember?"

"Ah! Yes—certainly! To be sure—Miss McSheen—ah! yes, I remember."

Doubtless, he did; for at this moment the young lady I had been talking to who had, like myself, been watching the door, came forward and claimed the attention of the count, who, I thought, looked a trifle bored.

Disgusted with the sham of the whole company, and feeling as if I were a mouse in a trap, I was about to leave, when my intention was changed as suddenly as by a miracle, and, indeed, Eleanor Leigh's appearance at this moment seemed almost, if not quite, miraculous.

She had been walking rapidly in the wind and her hair was a little blown about—not too much, however,—for I hate frowsy hair—just enough to give precisely the right touch of "sweet neglect" and naturalness to a pretty and attractive girl. Her cheeks were glowing, and as she came tripping into the room she suddenly transformed it by giving it something of reality which it had hitherto lacked. She appeared like spring coming after winter. She hurried up to her aunt (who, I must say, looked pleased to see her and gave Pushkin an arch glance which I did not fail to detect), and then, after a dutiful and hasty kiss, she pulled up a chair and dashed into the middle of the subject which filled her mind. She was so eager about it that she did not pay the least attention to Pushkin, who, with his heels close together, and his back almost turned on the other girl, was bowing and grinning like a Japanese toy; and she did not even see me, where I stood a little retired.

"My dear, here is Count Pushkin trying to speak to you," said her aunt. "Come here, Miss McSheen, and tell me what you have been doing." She indicated a vacated chair.

But Miss McSheen had no idea of relinquishing her prize, and Miss Leigh did not choose to try for a capture.

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"Howdydo, Count Pushkin," she said over her shoulder, giving the smiling and bowing Pushkin only half a nod and less than half a glance. "Oh! aunt," she proceeded, "I have such a favor to ask you. Oh, it's a most worthy object, I assure you—really worthy."

"How much is it?" inquired the older lady casually.

"I don't know yet. But wait—you must let me tell you about it, and you will see how good it is."

"My dear, I haven't a cent to give to anything," said her aunt. "I am quite strapped."

"I know, it's the family disease," said the girl lightly, and hurried on. "I am going to do some work among the poor."

"The poor!" exclaimed her aunt. "My dear, I am so tired of hearing about the poor, I don't know what to do. I am one of the poor myself. My agent was here this morning and tells me that any number of my tenants are behind on their rents and several of my best tenants have given notice that on the expiration of their present terms, they want a reduction of their rents."

"I know," said the girl. "They are out of work. They are all ordered out, or soon will be, papa says, poor things! I have been to-day to see a poor family——"

"Out of work! Of course they are out of work! They *won't* work, that's why they are out—and now they are talking of a general strike! As if they hadn't had strikes enough. I shall cut down my charities; that's what I shall do."

"Oh! aunt, don't do that!" exclaimed the girl. "They are so poor. If you could see a poor family I saw this morning. Why, they have nothing—nothing!"

"Well, they have themselves to thank, if they do." She was now addressing the count, and two or three ladies seated near her on the edge of their chairs.

"Very true!" sighed one of the latter.

"I know," said the count. "I haf read it in th' papers to-day tat t'ey vill vhat you call strike. T'ey should be—vhat you call, put down."

"Of course they should. It almost makes one despair of mankind," chimed in Mrs. Gillis, who, though standing, could not tear herself away. As she stood buttoning at a glove, I suddenly recalled her standing at the foot of a flight of steps looking with cold eyes at a child's funeral.

"Yes, their ingratitude! It does, indeed," said Mrs. Argand. "My agent—ah! your husband—says I shall have to make repairs that will take up every bit of the rents of any number of my houses—and two of my largest warehouses. I have to repair them, of course. And then if this strike really comes, why, he says it will cost our city lines alone—oh! I don't know how much money. But I hate to talk about money. It is so sordid!" She sat back in her chair.

"Yes, indeed," assented the bejewelled lady she addressed. "I don't even like to think about it. I would like just to be able to draw my cheque for whatever I want and never hear the word *money*—like you, Mrs. Argand. But one can't do it," she sighed. "Why, my mail——"

"Why don't you do as I do?" demanded Mrs. Argand, who had no idea of having the conversation taken away from her in her own house. "My secretary opens all those letters and destroys them. I consider it a great impertinence for any one whom I don't know to write to me, and of course, I don't acknowledge those letters."

"My dear, we must go," said the lady to her companion. As the two ladies swept out they stopped near me to look at a picture, and one of them said to the other:

"Did you ever hear a more arrogant display in all your life? Her secretary! Her interest—her duties! As if we didn't all have them!"

"Yes, indeed. And her agent! That's my husband!"

"But I do think she was right about that man's pushing in——"

"Oh! yes, about that—she was, but she need not be parading her money before us. My husband made it for old Argand."

"My husband says the Argand estate is vilely run, that they have the worst tenements in the city and charge the highest rents."

"Do you know that my husband is her—agent?"

"Is he? Why, to be sure; but of course, she is responsible."

"Yes, she's the cause of it."

"And they pay more for their franchises than any one else. Why, my husband says that Coll McSheen, who is the lawyer of

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the Argand Estate, is the greatest briber in this city. I suppose he'll be buying a Count next. I don't see how your husband stands him. He's so refined—such a——"

"Well, they have to have business dealings together, you know."

"Yes. They say he just owns the council, and now he's to be mayor."

"I know."

"Did you see that article in the paper about him and his methods?"

"Oh, didn't I? I tell my husband he'd better be sure which side to take. One reason I came to-day was to see how she took it."

"So did I," said her friend. "They say the first paper was written by a Jew. It was a scathing indictment."

"A Jew! Was it, indeed? I should like to meet him, shouldn't you? But, of course, we couldn't invite him to our homes. Do you know anybody who might invite him to lunch and ask us to meet him? It would be so interesting to hear him talk."

So they passed out, and I went up to make my adieux to our hostess, secretly intending to remain longer if I could get a chance to talk to her niece, who was now presenting her petition to her, while the count, with his eye on her while he pretended to listen to Miss McSheen, stood by waiting like a cat at a mousehole.

As I approached, Miss Leigh glanced up, and I flattered myself for weeks that it was not only surprise, but pleasure, that lighted up her face.

"Why, how do you do?" she said, and I extended my hand, feeling as shy as I ever did in my life, but as though paradise were somewhere close at hand.

"Where did you two know each other?" demanded her aunt, suspiciously, and I saw Pushkin's face darken, even while the blonde girl rattled on at his ear.

"Why, this is the gentleman who had the poor children on the train that day last Spring. They are the same children I have been telling you about."

"Yes, but I did not know you had ever really met."

"That was not the only time I have had the good fortune to meet Miss Leigh," I said. I wanted to add that I hoped to have yet better fortune hereafter; but I did not.

Perhaps, it was to save me embarrassment that Miss Leigh said: "Mr. Glave and I teach in the same Sunday school."

"Yes, about the she-bears," I hazarded, thinking of one at the moment.

Miss Leigh laughed. "I have met your little friends since; I am glad the she-bears did not devour them; in fact, it was about them that I came to see my aunt to-day."

I cursed my folly for not having carried out my intention of going to look after them, and registered a vow to go often thereafter.

"I was so glad you won their case for them," she said in an undertone, moving over toward me, as several new visitors entered. A warm thrill ran all through my veins. "But how did you manage to get here?" she asked with twinkling eyes. "Does she know, or has she forgiven you?"

"She doesn't know—at least, I haven't told her."

"Well, I should like to be by—that is, in a balcony—when she finds out who you are."

"Do you think I was very—bold to come?"

"Bold! Well, wait till she discovers who you are, Richard Cœur de Leon."

"Not I—you see that door? Well, you just watch me. I came for a particular reason that made me think it best to come—and a very good one," I added, as I glanced at her and found her still smiling.

"What was it?" She looked me full in the face.

"I will tell you some time——"

"No, now."

"No, next Sunday afternoon, if you will let me walk home with you after you have explained the she-bears."

She nodded "All right," and I rose up into the blue sky. I almost thought I had wings.

"My aunt is really a kind woman—I can do almost anything with her."

"Do you think that proves it?" I said. I wanted to say that I was that sort of a kind person myself, but I did not dare.

"My father says she has a foible—she thinks she is a wonderful business woman, because she can run up a column of figures correctly, and that she makes a great to-do over small things, and lets the big ones go. She would not take his advice; so he gave up trying to advise her and she relies on two men who flatter and deceive her."

"Yes."

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"I don't see how she can keep those two men, McSheen and Gillis, as her counsel and agent. But I suppose she found them there and does not like to change. My father says——"

Just then Mrs. Argand, after a long scrutiny of us through her lorgnon, said rather sharply:

"Eleanor!"

Miss Leigh turned hastily and plunged into a sentence.

"Aunt, you do not know how much good the little chapel you helped out in the East Side does. Mr. Mar—the preacher there gets places for poor people that are out of employment, and——"

"I suppose he does, but save me from these preachers! Why, one of them came here the other day and would not be refused. He actually forced himself into my house. He had a poor family or something, he said, and he wanted me to undertake to support them. And when I came to find out, they were some of my own tenants who had positively refused to pay any rent, and had held on for months to one of my houses without paying me a penny." She had evidently forgotten that she had just said this a moment before. "I happened to remember, she added, "because my agent told me the man's name, O'Neil."

"McNeil!" exclaimed Miss Leigh. "Why, that is the name of my poor family!" She cut her eye over toward me with a quizzical sparkle in it.

"What! Well, you need not come to me about that man. My counsel said he was one of the worst characters he knew; a regular anarchist—one of these Irish—you know! And when I afterward tried to collect my rents, he got some upstart creature of a lawyer to try and defeat me, and actually did defraud me of my debt."

This was a centre shot for me, and I wondered what she would think if she ever found out who the upstart was. The perspiration began to start on my forehead. It was clear that I must get away. She was, however, in such a full sweep that I could not get in a word to say good-by.

"But I soon gave Mr. Marble, or whatever his name was, a very different idea of the way he should behave, when he came to see a lady. I let him know that I preferred to manage my affairs and select my own objects of charity, without being dictated to by any one, and that I did not propose to help anarchists. And I soon gave Mr. McNeil to understand whom he had to deal with. I ordered him turned out at once—instantly."

She was so well satisfied with her position that I must have looked astonished, and I had not at first a word to say. This she took for acquiescence.

"That was, perhaps, the greatest piece of insolence I ever knew!" she continued. "Don't you think so?"

"Well, no, I do not," I said bluntly.

For a moment her face was a perfect blank, then it was filled with amazement. Her whole person changed. Her head went up—her eyes flashed, her color deepened.

"Oh!" she said. "Perhaps, we look at the matter from different standpoints?" rearing back more stiffly than ever.

"Unquestionably, madam. I happen to know John Marvel, the gentleman who called on you, very well, and I know him to be one of the best men in the world. I know that he supported that poor family out of his own small income, and when they were turned out of their house, fed them until he could get the father some work to do. He was not an anarchist, but a hard-working Scotchman, who had been ill and had lost his place."

"Oh!" she said—this time with renewed superciliousness, raising her lorgnon to observe some new-comers.

"Perhaps, you happen also to know McNeil's counsel—perhaps you are the man yourself?" she added insolently.

I bowed low. "I am."

The truth swept over her like a flood. Before she recovered, I bowed my adieux, of which, so far as I could see, she took no notice. She turned to Pushkin, as Miss Leigh held out her hand to me. But as the latter smiled in my eyes, I did not care what her aunt said.

"Ah! my dear Count, here is the tea at last," I heard our hostess say, and then she added solicitously, "I have not seen you for so long. Why have you denied yourself to your friends? You have quite gotten over your accident? I read about it in the papers at the time. Such a noble thing to have stopped those horses. You must tell me about it. How did it happen?"

I could not help turning to give Pushkin one look, and he hesitated and stammered.

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I came out filled with a new sense of what was meant by the curses against the Pharisees. As I was walking along I ran into Wolffert.

"Ah! You are the very man. It is Providence! I was just thinking of you, and you ran into my arms. It is Fate."

It did seem so. Mrs. Argand and her "dear count" had sickened me. Here, at least, was sincerity. But I wondered if he knew that Miss Leigh was within there.

"Father," said Eleanor, that evening, "I have a poor man whom I want a place for, and I must have it."

Mr. Leigh smiled. "You generally do have. Is this one poorer than those others you have saddled on me?"

"Now don't be a tease. Levity is not becoming in a man of your dignity. This man is very poor, indeed, and he has a houseful of children—and his wife——"

"I know," said Mr. Leigh, throwing up his hand with a gesture of appeal. "I surrender. They all have. What can this one do? Butts says every foreman in the shops is complaining that we are filling up with a lot of men who don't want to do anything and couldn't do it if they did."

"Oh! This man is a fine workman. He is an expert machinist—has worked for years in boiler shops—has driven——"

"Why is he out of a job if he is such a universal paragon? Does he drink? Remember, we can't take in men who drink—a bucket of beer cost us twelve thousand dollars last year, not to mention the loss of two lives."

"He is as sober as a judge," declared his daughter, solemnly.

"What is it then?—Loafer?"

"He lost his place where he lived before by a strike."

"A striker, is he! Well, please excuse me. I have a plenty of that sort now without going outside to drag them in."

"No—no—no—" exclaimed Eleanor. "My! How you do talk! You won't give me a chance to say a word!"

"I like that," laughed her father. "Here I have been listening patiently to a catalogue of the virtues of a man I never heard of and simply asking questions, and as soon as I put in a pertinent one, away you go."

"Well, listen. You have heard of him. I'll tell you who he is. You remember my telling you of the poor family that was on the train last year when I came back in Aunt Sophia's car and we delayed the train?"

"I remember something about it. I never was sure as to the facts in the case. I only know that that paper contained a most infamous and lying attack on me——"

"I know it—it was simply infamous—but this poor man had nothing to do with it. That was his family, and they came on to join him because he had gotten a place. But the Union turned him out because he didn't belong to it, and then he wanted to join the Union, but the walking-delegate or something would not let him, and then he became a driver; but he lost that by his wife being ill, and now he has been out of work so long that they are simply starving."

"You want some money, I suppose?" Mr. Leigh put his hand in his pocket.

"No. I have helped him, but he isn't a beggar—he wants work. He's the real thing, Dad, and I feel rather responsible, because Aunt Sophia turned them out of the house they had rented, and—though that young lawyer I told you of won his case for him and saved his furniture—the little bit he had—he has lost it all through the loan-sharks who eat up the poor. I tried to get Aunt Sophia to make her man, Gillis, let up on him, but she wouldn't interfere."

"That's strange, for she is not an unkind woman—she is only hard set in certain ways which she calls her principles."

"Yes, it was rather unfortunate. You see, Mr. Glave was there."

She proceeded to give an account of Mrs. Argand's discovery of my identity.

"They didn't pay the rent, I suppose?"

"Yes. But it was not his fault—just their misfortune. His wife's illness and being out of work and all—it just piled up on top of him. He had tried to get into the Union, but they held him up for some reason. He said a man named Ring—something—a walking delegate whom he used to know back in the East, got down on him, and followed him up and when he was about to get in, he turned him down. And, Dad, you've just got to give him a place."

"Wringman, possibly," said Mr. Leigh. "There's a man of that name in the city who seems to be something of a leader. He's a henchman of Coll McSheen and does his dirty work for him. He has been trying to make trouble for us for some time.

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Send your man around to Butts to-morrow, and I'll see what we can do for him."

Eleanor ran and flung her arms around her father's neck. "Oh! Dad! If you only knew what a load you have lifted from my shoulders. I believe Heaven will bless you for this."

"I know Butts will," said Mr. Leigh kissing her. "How's our friend, the Marvel, coming on?"

"Dad, he's a saint!"

"So I have heard before," said Mr. Leigh. "And that other one—how is he?"

"Which one?"

"Is there any other but the Jew? I have not heard of another."

"No, he is a sinner," said Eleanor, laughing; and she went on to give an account of my episode with Pushkin, which she had learned from John Marvel, who, I may say, had done me more than justice in his relation of the matter.

"So the Count thought a team had run over him, did he?"

"Yes, that's what Mr. Marvel said."

She related a brief conversation which had taken place between her and Pushkin and Mrs. Argand, after I left, in which Pushkin had undertaken to express his opinion of me, and she had given him to understand that she knew the true facts in the matter of our collision. All of which I learned much later.

"Well, I must say," said Mr. Leigh, "your new friend appears to have 'his nerve with him,' as you say."

"Dad, I never use slang," said Miss Eleanor, severely. "I am glad you have promised to give poor McNeil a place, for if you had not, I should have had to take him into the house."

"I am glad, too, if that is the case. The last one you took in was a reformed drunkard, you said, and you know what happened to him and also to my wine."

"Yes, but this one is all right."

"Of course, he is."

There was joy next day in one poor little household, for McNeil, who had been dragging along through the streets for days with a weight, the heaviest the poor have to bear, bowing him down—want of work—came into his little bare room where his wife and children huddled over an almost empty stove, with a new step and a fresh note in his voice. He had gotten a place.

(To be continued.)

THE PIPER

By Olive Tilford Dargan

I MET a crone 'twixt wood and wood,
Who pointed down the piper's road
With shaken staff and fearsome glance:
"Ware, ware the dance!"

But when the piper did me greet,
The wind, the wind was in my feet;
The rose and leaf on eager boughs
Unvestalled them of dew-writ vows,
And I as light as leaf and rose
Danced to the summer's close.

Now every tree is weary grown;
Of singing birds there is not one;
All, all the world droops into gray;
"O, piper Love, must thou yet play?"
The wildest note of all he blew,
And fast my worn feet flew.

Old is the year; the leaf and rose
Are long, long gone;
So chill, so chill the gray wind blows
Through heart and bone;
No grasses warm the winter stone
That wounds my feet;
But with unwearied fingers yet
Bold, undelayed on stop and fret
The piper plays . . . plays on, plays on!

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A TURKISH VILLAGE

By H. G. Dwight

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THERE are larger villages. There are more prosperous villages. There are villages more renowned. But few villages are so picturesque as ours, or suburban to so ancient a capital. And in one respect at least we are surpassed by no village. For we sit on that cleft promontory of the Thracian Bosphorus which, during the league-long coquetry of the two continents before their final union, most closely approaches Asia. The mother of nations, as we see her some eight hundred yards away, is a green slope broken by valleys where brown hamlets sprawl—a slope sharp enough, not too high, beaded irregularly along the bottom with summer *yalis*, terraced with gardens, and feathered along the top with cypresses and stone-pines in quite an Italian manner. For my part, I fail to see why any one should ever have desired to leave so delectable a continent, particularly at a period when the hospitality of our village must have been more scant than it is now. But history has recorded many a migration to our side of the strait. And, as was most natural, our agreeable village has more than once been the scene of such a transit. Here Xenophon crossed with the remnant of his ten thousand. Here Darius sat upon a throne of rock and watched Persia swarm after him against the Scythians. Here, too, an emperor of whom I have read, returning to Constantinople after victories in the East, caused his pontoon bridge to be railed high with woven branches, in order to screen his eyes from the water he dreaded more than blood. And here Sultan Mohammed II opened the campaign which ended in the fall of the Roman Empire.

The castle he built here in 1452, the summer before he took Constantinople, is what gives our village its character and its name. Rouméli Hissar, with the vowels pronounced as in French and the accents on the last syllable, means Greek, European, or Western castle, distinguishing us from the opposite village of Anadolu Hissar, where stand the ruins of Sultan Bayezid's earlier fortress. Our more ancient names, Byzantine and Greek respectively, of Asomaton and Hermaion, were buried under Mohammed's masonry. To see the two stout towers facing each other across a ravine, the polygonal keep at the water's edge, the crenelated walls and turrets climbing between them, you would never suppose that they sprang up in about the time of a New York apartment house. Yet that they did so is better attested than the legend that their arrangement reproduces the Arabic letters of their builder's name. Having obtained permission of the Greek emperor to put up a hunting lodge on the Bosphorus, Mohammed proceeded to employ an army of masons in addition to his own troops, with orders to destroy any buildings they found convenient to use for material. So it is that the shafts and capitals of columns, the pieces of statues, the fragments of decorative brick and marble that give so interesting a variety of detail to the structure, are a last dim suggestion of certain ancient aspects of the neighborhood. In three months the hunting lodge was ready for occupancy, and Mohammed called it Cut-Throat Castle—a play on the Turkish word which means both throat and strait. It put the Bosphorus at his mercy, as a Venetian galley that went to the bottom under a big stone cannon-ball was the first to testify. But in spite of their hasty construction the walls have withstood the decay and the earthquakes of four hundred and fifty years. Will the same be said of New York apartment houses in the twenty-fifth century?

Powerful as the fortress was in its day, and interesting as it remains as a monument to the energy and resource of its builder, it never played a great part in the martial history of the Ottomans. The Bosphorus was not then the important highway that it is now. After the capture of the city the castle degenerated into a defensive garrison and a prison of state. Not a few pas-

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sages of romance attach to that diminished period, however. More than one European ambassador spent a season of repose within its walls, during the days when international law was less finical on such points than it since has grown. And it formed a residence less agreeable than the present country embassies, higher up the Bosphorus, if we may judge from the account that has come down to us of one such *villeggiatura*. This was written by a young Bohemian attaché who spent two years of the last decade of the sixteenth century in enforced retirement at Rouméli Hissar. His name, Wenceslas Wratislaw, with those of other prisoners, may still be seen in the stone of a little chamber high in the north tower.

To-day the castle has outlived even that period of usefulness. The true cut-throats skulk in the bare hills at the mouth of the Black Sea, while the ambassadors—with the single exception, it is true, of our own—pass their summers in pleasant villas presented to them by different Sultans. As for the towers, they survive only to add their picturesqueness to the narrowest part of the Bosphorus, to flaunt ivy and even sizable trees from their battlements, and to afford a habitation to bats and carrion crows. The last vestige of military uses clinging to them is the pseudo-classic guard-house that crouches under the waterside donjon. The walls at least subserve the purpose, however, of sheltering a quarter of our village. One of our thoroughfares enters the double gate by the north tower, descends a break-neck alley of steps lattice-bordered and hung with vine, pauses between a fountain, a ruined mosque, and a monstrous mulberry tree, and finally emerges upon the quay by a low arch that was once the boat entrance to the sea tower. There is to a prying foreigner some inheritance of other days in the inhabitants of this hanging suburb. They are all of the ruling race, and there is about them something entrenched and aloof. The very dogs seem to belong to an older, a less tolerant, dispensation. The Constantinople street dog, notwithstanding the reputation that literature has attempted to fasten upon him, is in general the mildest of God's creatures. But the dog of Cut-Throat Castle is quite another character. He is a distinct reactionary, lifting up his voice against the first sign of innovation. It may be that generations of surrounding walls have engendered in him the responsibilities of a private dog. At all events he resents intrusion by day, and by night is capable of the most obstinate resistance thereto.

Another memento of that older time is to be seen in the cemetery lying under the castle wall to the south. It is, perhaps, the oldest Mohammedan burying ground in Constantinople, or at least on the European shore of the Bosphorus. It certainly is the most romantic, with its jutting rocks, its ragged black cypresses, its round tower and crenelated wall, overhanging a blue so fancifully cut by Asiatic hills. It has, too, a spicy odor quite its own, an odor compounded of thyme, of resinous woods, of sea salt, and I know not what aroma of antiquity. But its most precious characteristic is the grave informality it shares with other Mohammedan cemeteries. There is nothing about it to remind one of conventional mourning—no alignment of tombs, no rectilinear laying out of walks, no trim landscape gardening. It lies unwalled to the world, the grave-stones scattered as irregularly on the steep hillside as the cyclamens that blossom there in February. Many of them have the same brightness of color. The tall narrow slabs—those of the men carved at the top into a fez or turban—are often painted, with the decorative Arabic lettering, or some quaint floral design, picked out in gold. It is another expression of the philosophy of the guard-house soldiers who so often lounge along the water, of the boy who plays his pipe under a cypress while the village goats nibble among the graves, of the veiled women who preen their silks among the rocks on summer afternoons. The whole place is interfused with that intimacy of life and death, the sense of which makes the Asiatic so much more mature than the European. The one takes the world as he finds it, while the other must childishly beat his head against stone walls. It is the source of the strength and the weakness of the two stocks.

We also love to congregate, or in Empedoclean moods to muse alone, about another old cemetery. There, on top of the steep slope behind the castle, you will often see a row of women, like love-birds contemplating the universe, or a grave family picnic. There too, especially on moonlight nights, you will not seldom hear voices up-

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lifted in the passionate minor which has so compelling a charm for those who know it of old, accompanied perhaps by an oboe and the strangely broken rhythm of two little drums. It is the true music for a hilltop that is called the Place of Martyrs. The victims of the first skirmish that took place during the building of the castle lie there, under a file of oaks and cypresses. At the north end of the ridge a few broken gray stones are scattered among tufts of scrub-oak that soon give way to the rounded bareness of the hillside. At the other end newer and more honorable graves, protected by railings, attend a *tekké* of Bektash dervishes. This establishment was founded by a companion of the Conqueror. Mohammed gave him, as the story goes, all the land he could see from the top of the hill. The present *sheikh* is a descendant of the founder, but I do not believe he inherited all the land he can see. The view from the Place of Martyrs is one of the finest on the Bosphorus. I am not of the company of certain travellers in the matter of that famous strait. I have seen hills with greater nobility of outline and waters of a more satisfying blue. But when one has made all due reservations in the interest of one's private allegiances the fact remains that the Bosphorus is a charming piece of water enclosed between charmingly moulded hills. It bends below you like a narrow lake as you see it from the Place of Martyrs. The two seas are invisible, but the tops of the nearer islands in the Marmora look over the heights of Scutari, while behind them rise the mountains on the south shore of the marble sea, the Bithynian Olympus standing whitely over all.

Nothing could be more abrupt than the contrast between the slopes facing each other across the busy waterway, with all their picturesque detail of garden, roof, and minaret, and the plateau of which the Bosphorus is nothing but a crooked blue crack. From the Place of Martyrs it rolls desolately away to the west, almost without a house or a tree to break its monotony. Gullies cut it here and there. Patches of scrub-oak darken its surface. Sheep move slowly across it, looking in the distance like maggots in a texture of homespun. Otherwise you would never suppose that life existed there. As you watch the sun set across those great empty fields it is incredible that somewhere beyond them tilled lands and swarming cities are. Your impression is not of mere wildness, however. Two abandoned stone windmills on a far-off hill give the note of the impression. Such silence is the silence that follows upon the beating of many drums. You may sit upon that hilltop in evening light and drink melancholy like an intoxication, musing upon all the change and indifference of the world. Yet life lingers there still—life that neither indifference nor change, nor time nor ruin nor death can ever quite stamp out. Threads of water creep through some of the dry gullies, swelling after rain into noisy brooks. Above them hang patches of cultivation, dominated by the general brownness and bareness, but productive of excellent strawberries in the spring. That, too, is when the brown brightens for a little to green, while June colors whole tracts of hillside with butcher's broom and the wild rose. And then I have said nothing of violets, of crocuses, of I know not how many flowers, scattered along certain lonely lanes. On the edge of the village these are paved like streets and pleasantly arched with bay trees. In the bottoms of the ravines, also, they have in their season quite a sylvan air. They lead to stony trails in the open where you may meet a soldier, an Albanian shepherd, or a peasant in gay jacket and baggy blue trousers, wandering from nowhere to nowhere.

But I wander too far from our village, from that larger part of it which the exigencies of space must long ago have pushed northward out of the castle close into the underlying valley. There are those who deprecate our streets, their many steps, the manner of their paving, the irresoluteness with which they proceed to their destined ends, and the desultoriness of their illumination at night. I, however, am partial to a Gothic irregularity, and I applaud the law which admonishes us not to go abroad two hours after sunset without a lantern. We do not take the admonition too seriously, but there are chances enough of breaking our necks on moonless nights to maintain a market among us for paper lanterns. These, with the candles flaring in front of sacred tombs and the casual window lamplight so pleasingly criss-crossed by lattices, make Whistler nocturnes for us that they may never know who dwell in the glare of electricity.

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If I find anything to deprecate it is the tendency gaining ground among us to depart from the ways of our fathers in the matter of domestic architecture. The jigsaw and the paintpot begin to exercise their fatal fascination upon us who were so long content with simple lines and the color of weathered wood. But the pert gables of the day are still outnumbered by square old many-windowed houses with low-pitched roofs of red tiles and corbelled upper stories inherited from the Byzantines. Under the eaves you will often see a decorative text from the Koran, framed like a picture, which ensures the protection of heaven better than premium or policy. No house is too small to have a garden, walled as a garden should be, and doing more for the outsider by its green suggestions of withdrawal than by any complete revelation of its charms. Few of these pleasaunces do not enjoy some view of the Bosphorus. I know one such, containing a Byzantine capital that makes the cedar of Lebanon above it throw as secular a shade as you please, so cunningly laid out at length on the hillside that the Bosphorus is a mere ornamental water of a lower terrace. This Grand Canal of Constantinople enters bodily into certain thrice enviable *yalis* on the water's edge. Their windows overhang the sea, or are separated from it merely by a narrow causeway. And each contains its own marble basin for boats, communicating with the open by a watergate or by a canal or tunnel through the quay.

Distinctively Turkish as the flavor of our village is, we yet resemble the city and the empire to which we are tributary in the variety of our population. Of Greeks there are few. It was perhaps natural for them to flee the first stronghold of their conquerors on this side of the Bosphorus—if they ever inhabited it in any number. An Armenian quarter, however, scrambles up the north side of the valley. You can recognize the houses by their lack of lattices, and the priest by the high conical crown of his hat. There are also Jews, Albanians, Croats, Macedonians and Montenegrins among us, in addition to nothing less exotic than a small Anglo-American colony. It dwells on the upper fringe of habitation, the American part of it being connected, principally, with the college founded by a Mr. Robert of New York. The gray stone buildings stand on a splendid terrace above the south tower of the castle, ugly but solid and sufficient, an object of suspicion to some, to others an example of the strange vicissitudes of the world, whereby above a promontory once sacred to Hermes, later to Christian saints, and again to Mohammed, there should fly to-day the flag of a country so distant as our own. The condition on which the flag flies is not the least picturesque of these picturesque incongruities. The proprietors from whom the first land was obtained were the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, and in conformity with the law governing such property the college bound itself to pay them, in addition to the price of purchase, a yearly tribute of some fourteen dollars.

I might speak of other public institutions flourishing in our midst: of the primary school by the water where you hear the children studying aloud while they rock back and forth over the Koran; of the whirling dervishes farther down the quay, to whom laden wood boats throw out a few sticks as they tow up the five-mile current; of the howling dervishes, and the clever ruse by which they obtained their building; of our three mosques—to say nothing of the *imam's* mother of the smallest of them, an active yet beneficent public institution in herself, who, when the American college dug foundations for a wall round a slope long beloved by the Turkish ladies, threw her ample person most literally into the breach and could only be persuaded to retire therefrom by the Ministry of Public Works. Nor should I pass over our village green, which was once a cemetery, but which is now a common meeting place for those of us who are happy enough to live about it. Some of us spend most of our time there, in the company of our wives, our children, our horses, our donkeys, and our hens. Most notable among the habitués—at least to an alien eye—is a lady of African descent, espoused to a meek Caucasian water carrier and the mother of an infinite chocolate-and-cream progeny. Her ardent disposition is reported to have led her through many vicissitudes, matrimonial and otherwise. On one occasion it led her to scratch out the eyes of another *habituée* of the green, over some matter of mulberries. It is a proof of the reasonableness of justice among us that when condemned to

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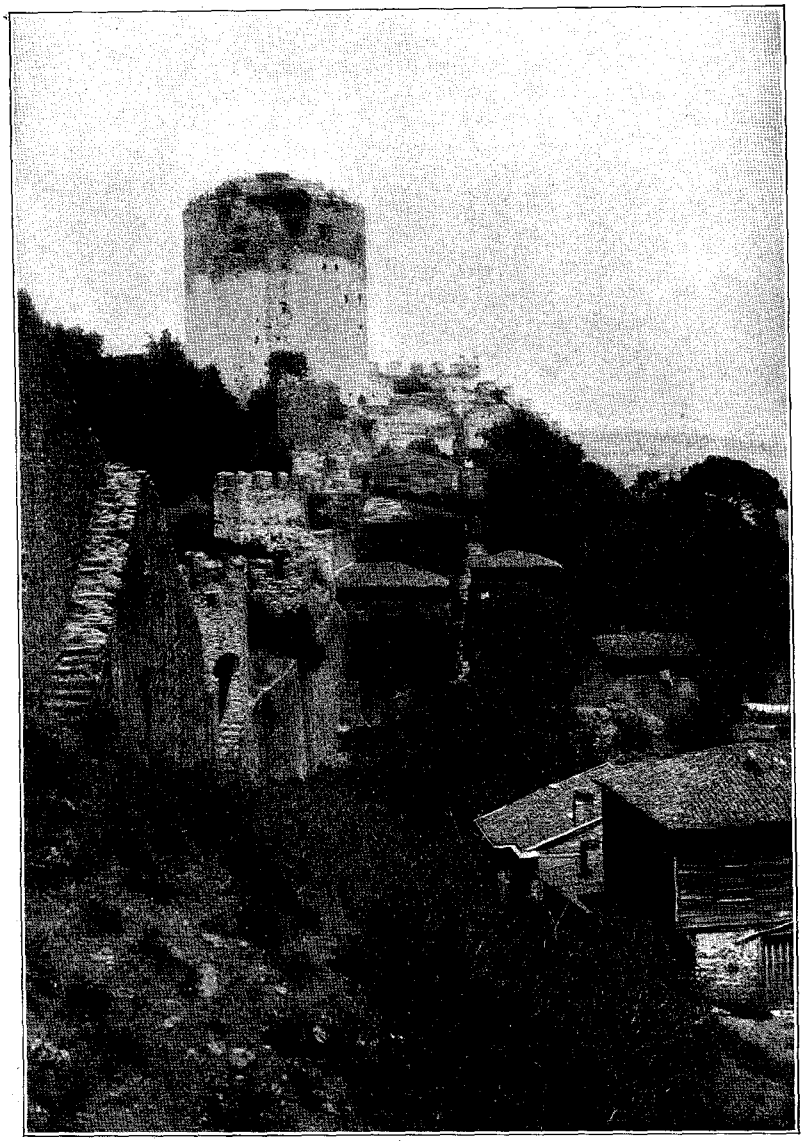

The north tower of the castle.

a brief term of imprisonment she first succeeded in postponing the execution of the sentence, I believe through some expectation of presenting the happy water carrier with a new chocolate-cream, and then in causing her term to be subdivided, alternately languishing in dungeons and enjoying the society of her family until she had paid the full penalty of the law.

A larger, the true centre of our municipal life, is the *charshi* or market-place. Very notable, to the mind of one admirer, is ours among market-places. My admiration is always divided between that crooked street of it, darkened by jutting upper stories that sometimes actually jump across it, wherein are situate the principal shops, the minor cafés, a fountain or two, and the public bath, and that adjoining portion of it which lies open to the sea. The latter certainly offers the most facilities for the enjoyment of life. Indeed one end of it is chiefly given up to a Company for the Promotion of Happiness—if one may so translate its

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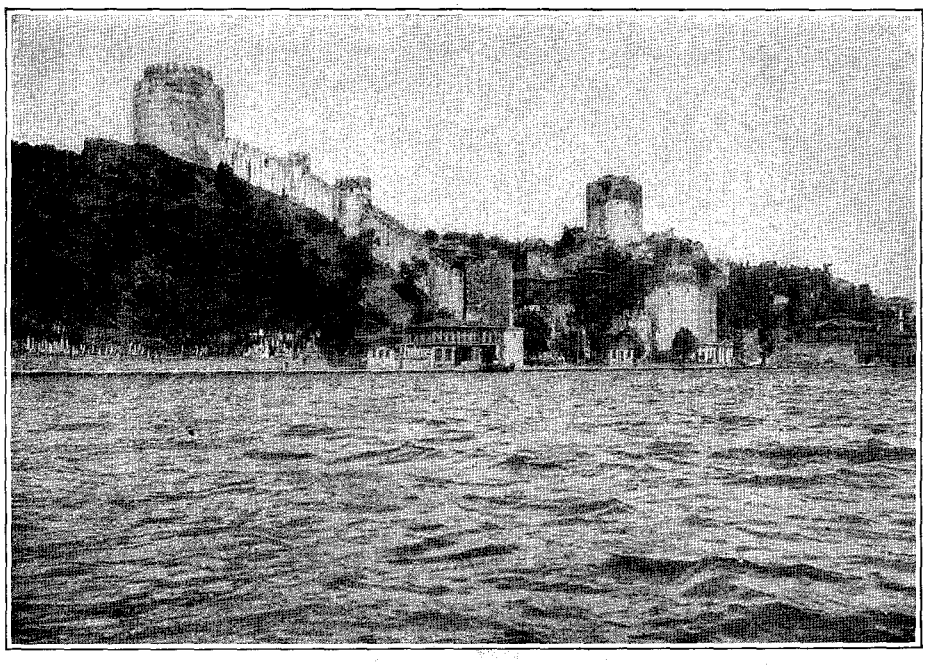

The castle from the water.

Turkish name—whose English steamers carry us to town, seven miles away, or to the upper Bosphorus, as quickly, as regularly, and as comfortably as any company I know. It also does much to promote the happiness of those who do not travel, through the sociable employees of its wharf and by affording a picturesque *va et vient* at almost any hour of the day. I fear, however, that it does less to promote the happiness of the boatmen who await custom at the adjacent wooden quay. They wait in those trim little skiffs, so much neater than anything of the sort we see for hire at home, which have almost superseded *caïques* because they hold more passengers with greater comfort. And to one who observes how much of the time they do wait, and how modestly they are remunerated for their occasional excursions, it is a miracle how they contrive to live. There is no fixed tariff. If you know the ropes you pay two and a half piastres, some twelve cents, to be rowed across the Bosphorus or to the next village. For ten they will take you almost anywhere. But they eke out their incomes by fishing. We are famous for our lobsters at Rouméli Hissar.

The boatmen, and others with them, often prefer to wait in certain agreeable resorts along that same wooden platform. The first of these is the café of the Armenian, whose corner rakes the Company for the Promotion of Happiness. He profits thereby not a little, for when we wish to take a steamer we do not always trouble ourselves to look up the time-table beforehand. The Armenian is also a barber, and in his low-ceiled room of many windows you may hear, to the accompaniment of banging backgammon boards, the choicest of conversation. The only thing I have against him is that I have to pay twice as much for my coffee as a customer who wears a girdle and a fez.

A few doors away dwell the Albanians. You may know them by the gay stockings, red embroidered with gold, which they wear outside the tight white trousers of their country. Theirs is the dispensary of ice-cream in summer and of *mahalibi* in winter—the latter being a kind of corn-starch pudding sprinkled with sugar and rose water. These comestibles, of which their people have a practical monopoly, they also peddle about the streets. But it is better to partake of them in their shop, surrounded by lithographic royalties and battle-scenes of 1870; and best of all in front of it, sitting comfortably in a rush-

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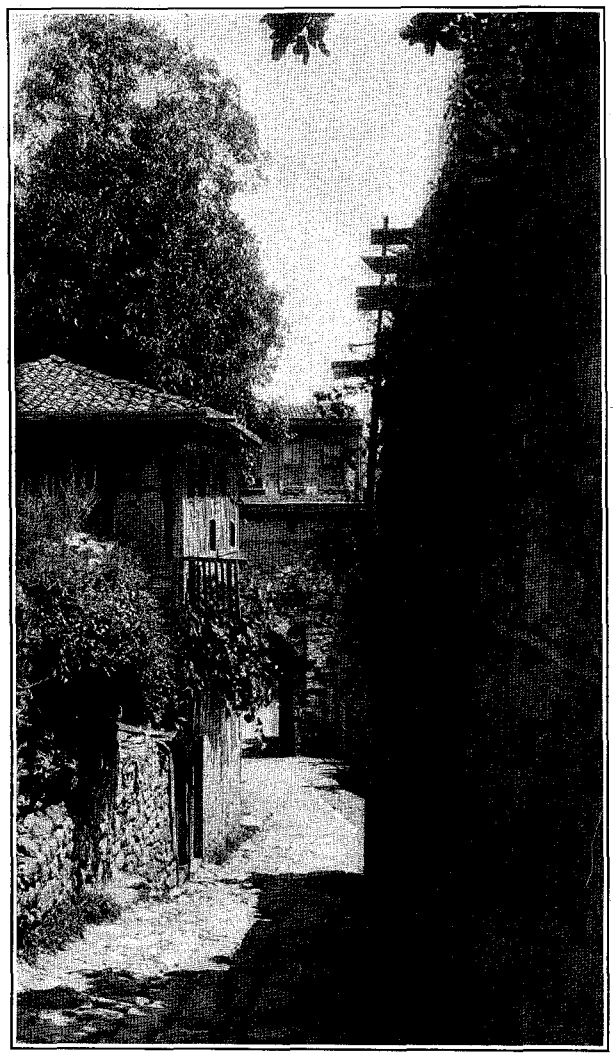
bottomed chair while the never-ending diorama of the Bosphorus rolls by.

In suggestive proximity to this establishment is a Greek drug store. It might be Venetian, so impregnate is it with the sound and light of water. For situation, however, I never saw its equal in Venice. It has indeed—especially when late sunlight warms the opposite shore—so perfect a view, the platform in front of it is so favorite a resort, the legend "La Science est Longue, mais la Vie Courte," curls with such levity about a painted Hippocrates within, that the place rather gives you the impression of an operatic drug store. The polyglot youth in charge of it stands at the door exactly as if he were waiting for the chorus on the stage outside to give him his cue; and you cannot help asking yourself whether there be anything in the porcelain jars about him.



The lower arch leading to the quay.

I have spoken with unbridled admiration of our market-place and its two main branches. How shall I now speak admiringly enough of the square with which they both communicate and which unites

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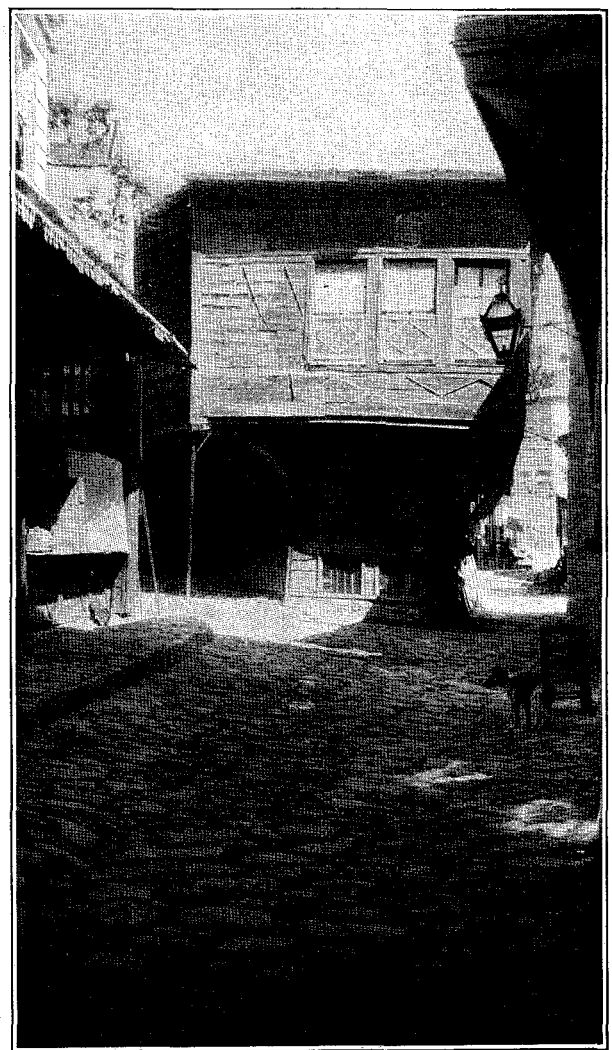
in itself the richness of their charms? It is not a square in any geometric sense. It is a broad stone quay of irregular width, tree-shaded, awning-hung, festooned with vines and fish-nets, adorned of a flat-topped



A view of the market-place.

fountain whose benches are a superior place of contemplation, bordered by a quaintly broken architecture of shops, cafés, and dwellings, and watched upon by a high white minaret. It is not subject to the intermittent bustle of the Company for the Promotion of Happiness, but it carries on its own more deliberate and more picturesque activities. Here commerce goes forward, both settled and itinerant, with loud and leisurely bargaining. Here the *cantardji* exercises his function of weighing the freights unloaded by the picture-book boats at the quay. The head-quarters of one of them is here, in a deep arch over the water. This is the *bazaar caïque*, that goes early in the morning to the Golden Horn for the transport of such freight and passengers as do not care to patronize the more expensive Company for the Promotion of Happiness—a huge rowboat with an in-

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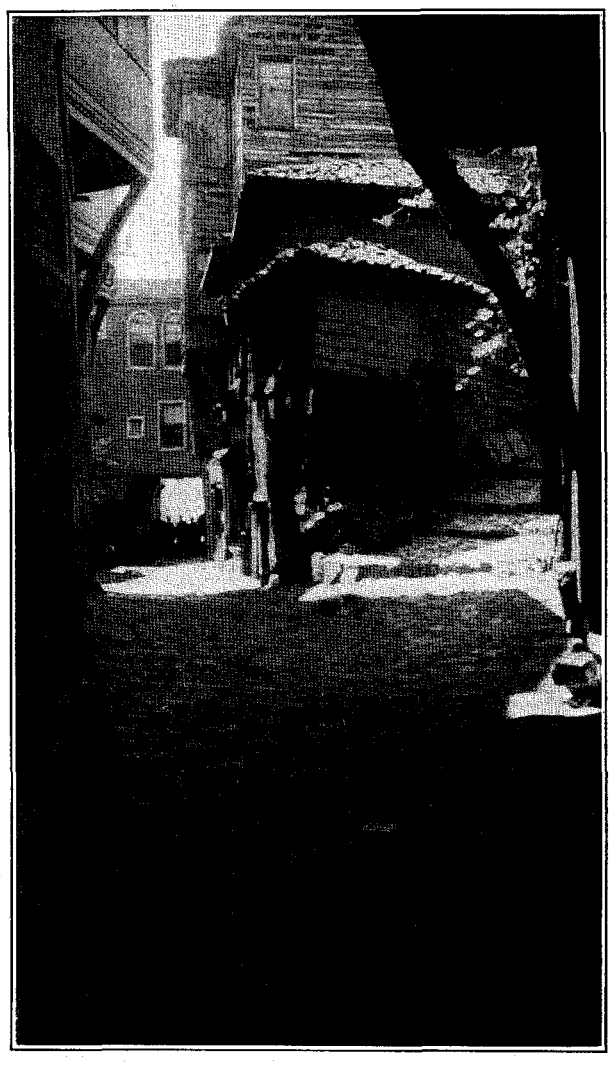
curving beak and a high stern, to pull whose oars the rowers drop from their feet to their backs. And here is also the headquarters of the *hamals*, most indispensable of men. These are Asiatic peasants who and rousing us with blood-curdling yells if so much as a hencoop burn down at the Islands twenty miles away. They likewise act as town criers; and during the holy month of Ramazan they beat us up with



Another view of the market-place.

combine with many others the offices of carts and carters in flatter towns. They carry our furniture and fuel from the water on their backs. They chop our wood, to saw it being what they refuse. They keep guard of our houses when we go away. They patrol our streets at night, knocking the hour with their clubs on the pavement drums early enough in the morning to be through breakfast by the time you can tell a black hair from a white. They are a strong, a faithful, even—if you choose to expend a little sentiment upon them—a pathetic race, living in exile without wife or child, sending money home as they earn it, going to their "countries" only at long in-

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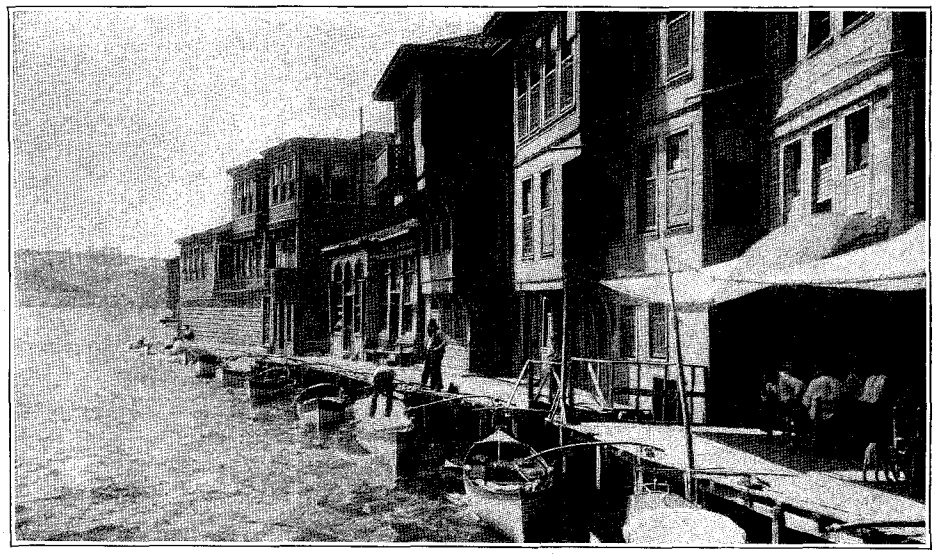

The village boatmen and their skiffs.

tervals, and settling there when they are too old to work for their guild.

Altogether a man might spend his days in that square and be the better for it. As a matter of fact a surprising number of us find it possible to do so, sipping coffee, smoking cigarettes or water-pipes, and watching life slip by on the strong blue current of the Bosphorus. And as I sit there too, treated always with a charming courtliness yet somehow made to feel the vanity of thanking God that I am not as other *ghiaours* are, I often ask myself how these things may be. In other parts of the world people enjoy no such leisure unless they have rents or an indifference as to going to destruction. In Rouméli Hissar we neither go to destruction nor have rents. The case may be connected with the theory that all inhabitants of Constantinople are guests of its ruler. We are not subject to military duty, we are exempt from certain burdens of taxation, and other inducements are offered those of the true faith to settle in the city of the Sultans. I have no means of knowing how persuasive these may be, but it is astonishing how overwhelming a proportion of the less skilled

Albanian ice-cream vendor.

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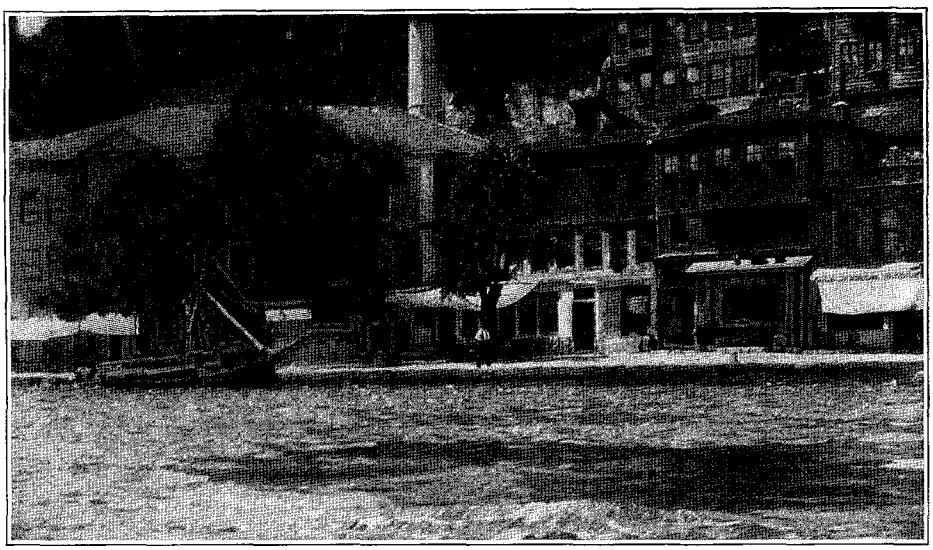

The square.

labor of the place is performed by outsiders —witness the Greek shopkeepers of our village, the Albanian sweet vendors, and the *hamals*. The case at all events is not without its charm. We may not accomplish great things in the world. We may not perform memorable services for state or humanity. We may not create works that shall carry our names down the generations. But we live. We enjoy the sun, we taste each other's society, and we are little troubled for the morrow. Could life be more?

ROSE AND JASMINE

By Madison Cawein

I

Roses, in the garden old,
Glorious with ephemeral gold,
Blooming by the old stone-wall,
Did her touch give you this scent?—
Lincoln then was President—
As, white-gowned for mask or ball,
With her lover here she went.
In your fragrance now, almost,
I could swear I see her ghost
Rise, as beautiful as sweet;
Mid your blossoms catch the beat
Of her happy heart and feet
As when here they used to meet,
Lovers young, who now are cold,
Now are cold,
Roses, in the garden old.

II

Jasmine, blooming overhead,
Deep-embowering porch and shed,
Framing in one windowsill,
Was it here, on you, she leant?—
Lincoln then was President—
And from her sad eyes and still
Did you learn that look? she sent
Through your blossoms, very far,
To the southmost seat of war.
Mid your branches, starry there,
I can see them now, I swear,
Filled with weeping and despair,
As when there she leaned in prayer
For the lover, long since dead,
Long since dead,
Jasmine, blooming overhead.

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Across the meadow, hand in hand.—Page 721.

THE CARROLLS' MILLIONAIRE TENANT

By Jesse Lynch Williams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SHERMAN POTTS

"BUT think of strangers living in our house! Using our pretty things, sleeping in our beds—why, the very thought of it is dreadful!" Mrs. Carroll shuddered and looked fondly about the beloved studio and out through the vista of soft-toned rooms, as mellow and sweet as if the house had found itself a hundred years ago instead of only having been completed within a twelvemonth.

"But, Molly, it's only for a week," urged her husband, "and we want to get away anyhow. I must go and paint those sand-dunes before the color changes. Besides we always hate this place when the horse show is on at the country club. It's such a bore—none of the fun and all of the bother and expense of a house full of guests. Oh, we always say we won't have any people *this* time, but we always do."

"Couldn't we close the house up, Fred, without renting it?" she asked. To her the home was a very personal matter—because she was a woman. To the man, it was merely a beautiful thing he had created—because he was an artist. Now he was interested in creating other beautiful things.

"Then where are we going to find the money for going away?" he asked. "You know how hard up we are. The house has put us in this hole; the house has got to pull us out."

Now, if they had only referred the matter to an agent they would have saved themselves a lot of annoyance and have got a great deal better rental. But the Carrolls were new at the business of letting houses and, moreover, they did not like the idea of putting their house in the market publicly. It seemed rather vulgar; Mrs. Carroll felt as if they were disgraced enough as it was. "Nonsense," said Fred, "I

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don't mind people's knowing that we're hard up. It isn't as if we were in business; there the measure of success is the amount of money you make; in art—some of the best are the least well off."

All the same Carroll took particular pains to mention at the club, "We are going away, anyhow—my wife hates the turmoil and fatigue of horse-show week—so if you know of any nice people tell them that you know of a nice house with sixteen rooms and three baths."

And Mrs. Carroll took pains to tell callers over her pretty tea-table, "We are going away, anyhow—Fred hates the turmoil and fatigue of horse-show week—so if you know of any nice people tell them that you know of a nice house with sixteen rooms and three baths."

II

THEY thought it would be a lady, but it proved to be a man, a brisk young man with eye-glasses and an incisive manner. He introduced himself as secretary to Mr. Sterling, and he said he would like to see the house.

They had understood vaguely that prospective tenants liked to look at houses before agreeing to take them—even when they were unusually charming houses with sixteen rooms and three baths. They themselves had always looked at houses before taking them in the old dreary days of renting; but they never before appreciated how it felt to have a businesslike eye fasten upon their intimate possessions and appraise their worth. They felt that the young man was inwardly scowling at everything in sight and they hated him for it—the more so because he seemed to be urbanely endeavoring to conceal his contempt under an indulgent appreciation. As if such as he could appreciate their things!

"The ceilings are rather low, are they not?" asked the brisk young man with a gracious smile.

"Yes, very low," answered Carroll, also smiling as he recalled the fight with the architect to secure those low ceilings, "would you like to look at the bedrooms?" The ceilings were still lower upstairs. ("Don't you go up," he whispered apart to his wife, "it's bad enough for me to have to do this.")

But though Mrs. Carroll's pretty cheeks were flushed and she felt inclined to order the stranger out of the house, she was afraid that Fred might forget to show off the linen closet, her particular pride, so she tagged along behind, walking on tiptoe.

Carroll, feeling like a guide at the Louvre, was saying, "This is the day-nursery."

"I see," said the young man.

"This is the night-nursery," said Carroll.

"I see," said the young man.

"And here is the linen closet," put in Mrs. Carroll.

"Ah, a fine, large one," said the young man. He, too, was embarrassed, to tell the truth. This was an unaccustomed job for Mr. Sterling's secretary.

Then they went through the other rooms, but instead of admiring her dainty curtains, Mrs. Carroll felt sure that he was making mental notes of the place where the children had set the rug on fire and of the evident fact that her dressing-table was, after all, pretty small.

The ordeal was soon over and the young man was downstairs again with his hat in his hand ready to go.

"And—what did you say the rent was?" he was asking. At this point Mrs. Carroll fled abruptly.

Her husband cleared his throat and said, "Two hundred dollars," feeling sure that the businesslike young man would think it too much.

As a matter of fact, other houses which hadn't sixteen rooms and three baths were renting for double that amount. Carroll did not know this, but the young man did.

"Ah, I see," he said. "Well, I'll telegraph you Mr. Sterling's decision in the morning."

"By the way," said Carroll, "may I ask what Mr. Sterling it is?"

"Charles F. Sterling," said the other, and paused to watch the effect.

But there was no effect; because Mr. Charles F. Sterling, though a very great millionaire, was a very recent one—so recent that he had not yet begun gathering pictures.

The Carrolls had reached that stage of their married career when wedding gifts have become old and sparse. Accordingly they overdrew their account at the bank

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and invested some of the prospective two hundred dollars in a new set of china—the blue onion pattern, a favorite of theirs. "We need a new set anyway," said Carroll.

"And, now, they can't complain that they haven't enough dishes," said Mrs. Carroll with housewifely pride. "And we'll turn the key on the dining-room china closet so they can't get at great-grandmother Carter's Spode."

"Why not hide them in the attic?" suggested Fred.

"Because then they couldn't see them!" said Molly shamelessly, and they both laughed.

They were rather short on dining-room chairs, since the children had taken to playing steamboat with them.

"This is a good excuse to get those two in the window of the little shop in Fourth Avenue," urged Fred daringly.

"Do you think we can spare the money?" asked his frugal wife—but her eyes brightened.

"Our trip to the shore can't possibly cost two hundred dollars," he returned, trying to look practical.

They got the chairs. And while making the purchase, they happened to fall in love with a pair of the most charmingly tarnished candlesticks, a remarkable green which would tone in beautifully with the living room. To be sure, they already had dozens of candlesticks but none like these. They felt that they really needed them, especially as the antique dealer said that another customer was coming back for them next Wednesday.

"Now, unpractical people," they told themselves as they marched off with the candlesticks under Fred's arms, "would have been lured into buying that piece of jade, but *we* weren't!"

They felt so pleased with their self-restraint that they purchased a half dozen heavy colonial cut-glass goblets. "The Sterlings will need more goblets than we have, anyway," she said apologetically.

"Of course they will," echoed Fred defiantly. "We mustn't be skimpy. We know how it is to have a skimpy landlord."

As the momentous day approached there was a busy time in the Carroll house. Molly cut her engagement to pour tea at the club house and Fred had to stop work, for even the studio, the one untidy spot in the otherwise immaculate house, was being scrubbed and waxed and polished until it shone. Molly's regular staff was augmented by two extra cleaning-women—two hundred dollars would be more than ample to pay for this—and certain electric-light fixtures were repaired which had been allowed to remain out of order for months, in order to keep down the consumption of electricity.

"This is a great thing for the Carroll family," said Fred; "we not only get a profitable sketching trip out of the Sterlings but they are putting our house in such good shape for us."

"I am going to have everything ready well in advance," said Molly, surveying her work with considerable satisfaction, "and then disappear before they arrive. I am reconciled to their coming, because it means so much for you, dear—if I only don't have to see them. I hate them."

"And yet we really oughtn't to hate them," mused Fred, who was quite broad-minded, "they're giving us a chance to go and paint sand-dunes."

"But they are going to use our things!" Molly reminded him.

"We invited them to do so," returned Fred judiciously; "so they aren't altogether to blame."

"I hate them all the same," said Molly obstinately.

"Molly," whispered Fred, "I do, too!" And for this unchristian sentiment Molly threw her arms around his neck and kissed him.

III

Now, it so happened that the feminine members of the Sterling family, their days not being occupied in Wall Street, took it into their heads that it would be a good idea to run out in the machine in the morning instead of waiting for the afternoon train, which would bring the old man and the other heavy luggage. They could lunch at the club and spend the afternoon on the links.

Mrs. Carroll, with an apron on and all unconscious of the approach of the enemy, was caressingly dusting certain precious possessions never entrusted to the unappreciative touch of the servants. There was, for instance, a mediæval salt-holder of marble, which they had brought back

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from Italy, an odd thing with interesting relief work almost worn smooth by countless generations of handling. They kept it on a table in the living-room, as a combination paper-weight and ash-holder, because the vague carving was very beautiful and shadowy with the reading-lamp shining down upon it. There was also a bit of Venetian mosaic work which, after holding together for centuries in Italy, was finding an American Boynton furnace too much for it. These and other sacred idols she was handling with the deftness and devotion displayed in bathing her babies. She was singing the same cooing song she sung to them.

Hearing an automobile snorting up the drive, she ran, still in her apron, to the door, expecting to see her brother, who often came out to play tennis, and lunched with them when he did so. Her smile of sisterly welcome changed to a look of consternation when she beheld three strange ladies in the tonneau of a new and shining car.

"Will you ask Mrs. Carroll if it would be convenient to let Mrs. Sterling leave some hand-baggage here until this afternoon?" asked the eldest of the three ladies. The ladies also looked new and shining.

"They think that I am a maid," said Mrs. Carroll to herself with an inward smile. "Mrs. Carroll is not at home," she said, feeling herself blush; "but you may, of course, leave your things."

They began handing them to her. This made her blush still more but she took them.

"Mamma," said one of the girls, "if they've gone already, let's get out and see what the house is like."

Mrs. Carroll put down the bags. "I believe Mrs. Carroll was not expecting you quite so early," she said, "the house is hardly ready."

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Mrs. Sterling graciously, "we'll understand," and by this time they were descending, the man in front with the chauffeur, who afterwards proved to be their steward, having jumped out to help them.

"Isn't it a cunning little house!" said one of the daughters, a great strapping girl, as she brushed past the small owner of the little house, who didn't think it little at all. (Sixteen rooms and three baths.)

"Just like some of those lodges we saw in England," replied the other, not quite so strapping, girl. "See, they have vines and diamond panes and everything. Oh, there's a sun-dial, too. I want to look at the sun-dial." So she, at least, ran out again.

The others, however, had gone on in and there was nothing for Molly to do but to follow meekly behind.

"It's real cozy," said Mrs. Sterling, looking about with a kindly expression, while Molly shuddered impotently. She particularly loathed the word "cozy" even without the "real," and even when not applied to her home.

"Could we take a look upstairs?" asked the daughter.

"Mrs. Carroll would much prefer your waiting until she is ready to receive you," said Mrs. Carroll with that quiet dignity which made the tradesmen quake.

But the Sterlings did not quake; they had long since ceased to be afraid of servants, even haughty ones. "Oh, we won't mind its being tossed up," said Mrs. Sterling.

"But Mrs. Carroll will," said that lady decisively.

Mrs. Sterling knew a language which appealed to all servants, even the most superior. "Mrs. Carroll needn't know anything about it," she said, and placing a coin on the newel post under Molly's pretty chin, she marched serenely up the stairs, commenting on the pictures on the way.

For a moment Molly was too much astonished to speak, then turning to the manservant, who was carrying in the wraps, "Remove that!" she commanded haughtily, pointing to the twenty-five-cent piece on the newel-post as if it were a spider.

"Sure!" said the man, and he removed it effectively. The grave respect of manner which he had shown towards his mistress had disappeared now that she had gone upstairs, and he ogled Molly with smiling impudence. Her indignation gave way to something like fright. She looked out into the dining-room lined with pictures of ancestors—but they couldn't have helped her even if they had been the originals instead of merely the photographs of family portraits. She glanced up the stairs—but she couldn't appeal to those people. So in a panic she turned and bolted out of her own house.

Half way down the drive she met Fred re-

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turning from the village with a package of coat-hangers. He was whistling carelessly.

"They've come!" she cried, wild-eyed and panting. "They're in our house, they're upstairs!" You might have thought that she referred to the Indians that had harassed some of those same ancestors.

"Well, what of it?" asked Fred. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going away—anywhere! I'll never come back."

"If that's the case," said Fred, "I'd take off my apron and put on a hat, if I were you."

"My hat's up there! *They* are there! And there's a button off my coat, too. They'll see it! They didn't give me time to sew it on." And she told him the whole story, but as Fred did not seem to take it very tragically she was also able to laugh by the time she had finished.

"We'll live it down in time," he said. "Suppose you give me that apron and I'll sneak around and give it to Laura with these coat-hangers and tell her to get our things and bring them down to the Parkers'. We'll have to wait there till train time."

The Parkers kept a very respectable and rather expensive boarding-house across the meadow from the Carrolls. "Luckily our trunk has gone on ahead." The children, it may be added, had been shipped with the nurse to their grandmother's the day before.

A few minutes later Carroll joined his wife on the Parker porch. She was gazing nervously across the meadow at her beloved desecrated home. "Never mind," said Fred comfortingly, "think of the wonderful color on those dunes! Think of the fine walks and drives we'll have in the afternoons!"

"Let's take the first train," said Molly. "I want to get out of sight of the house at once. It's awful!"

"So do I," said Fred; "but we haven't got our money yet, and, you know, we've overdrawn our account at the bank!"

"Here comes Laura with our things," announced Molly, jumping up as the fat figure of the ancient negress waddled into view. "Perhaps they've sent the check by Laura. *We* always paid *our* rent in advance."

Laura had no check, but she had a message from the steward. He wanted to know how the kitchen range worked. Laura, not understanding that kind, said she would ask her mistress to come and show him. The Carroll's cook had been sent away immediately after breakfast for a week's vacation (at full pay).

"Indeed, I'll do nothing of the sort!" declared Mrs. Carroll with a glance at her husband.

"Tell him it's a French range," said Carroll with a humorous twinkle, "the kind all the best *chefs* use."

"And when their cook arrives," put in Mrs. Carroll, relenting, "if he doesn't understand it, tell him where he can find *our* cook."

"Who is Irish," remarked Fred parenthetically.

"By the way, Laura," asked Mrs. Carroll, hesitatingly, "I hope—do the ladies seem to like the house?"

"'Deed, m'm, I ain't heard dem say, but when dey looked in de studio dey begun laughin' fit to kill when dey looked at de picture Mr. Fred made of Miss Molly."

"Laughed, did they?" snorted Fred, sitting up; "what do they know about painting!"

"'Deed, I don't know, suh," said the darky departing. "All I know is dat dey kept on gigglin'. 'Mamma's always makin' brakes,' said one of de young ladies to de other. Den dey goes off in de automobile. I don't know what dey meant."

Molly did. She looked at her husband and blushed.

In a little while Laura came back again. She reported that the other servants had now arrived, a second man and three maids, and that the steward wanted to know if Mrs. Carroll would kindly give him the key to the dining-room china-closet, so that he could get at the rest of the dishes.

"Didn't you show him the whole set of new ones in addition to the old ones in the butler's pantry?" asked Mrs. Carroll.

Laura said that she had, but that they were not enough for the Sterlings.

"We can't let them have the Spode!" cried Molly, aghast, looking at her husband for support.

"Laura," said Fred, "those dishes belonged to a great-grandmother, and——"

"Yessuh, I told him so, suh; but he says he don't mind dere being ole fashioned—it's only for a week."

"Considerate of him," laughed Fred to his wife.

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She beheld three strange ladies in the tonneau of a new and shining car.—Page 715.

"And," continued Laura, "he will replace all dey breaks."

"A dozen Mr. Sterlings could not replace those plates," broke out Molly indignantly.

"What'll I tell him, m'm?"

"Oh, let him have the keys," flung out Fred in irritation. "Let 'em have everything. What's the use!"

"And then, Laura, please go home," put in Mrs. Carroll. "I don't want you to stay there any longer."

Laura looked at the ground. "I promised to stay and help 'em clean up. He says Mrs. Sterling's a most particular lady."

"Clean up! Why, you've been cleaning up for three days," said Molly, outraged in her housewifely pride; "didn't you tell him that?" Molly's lip began to tremble.

"Well, no m'm, he offered me two dollars to stay and—I need the money." Laura showed her white teeth in a broad grin. "But I told him," she made haste to add,

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wagging her head with the true negro retainer's loyalty, "that you was just as fine a lady and just as particular as his missus, even if you does sleep in a white-enamel bed."

Molly looked up. "What's this about the beds!" she asked.

"Nothin', only he says that at all the Sterlings' houses even de help has better beds den yourn. Dey are movin' yourn up to de servants' flo' for de steward to sleep in, an' de ole-fashioned four-poster is goin' to be for the missus."

"Laura," said Mr. Carroll no longer jocular, "tell that man that Mrs. Carroll's bed is not to be used by any of Mr. Sterling's servants—no matter how many he has!"

"Yessuh," said Laura chuckling. "An' don't you worry, Miss Molly, you're my people, an' I ain't a goin' to let dose new people hurt nothin' o' yourn," she added as she took her deliberate departure.

Somehow Molly derived a great deal of solace from this. Along with the indignity of the situation, she felt that, at least, she had one thing that millions could not buy, and that was personal affection and loyalty from her servants.

In a little while Laura was back again.

"*Now*, what is it!" thought Mrs. Carroll.

"De steward, he's sot de second man to paintin' de scratched places on your bed, m'm. Mrs. Sterling's a most particular lady, he says."

Molly made no comment but to drum on the floor with her foot.

"What of it?" asked Fred.

"Nothin', only I thought I'd better tell you he's usin' your paints, suh."

"What!" cried Fred springing out of his chair.

"He says he'll only use a few cents' worth and he'll pay double if you object. Dem's his very words."

"Object!" shouted Fred. "I don't allow anybody to monkey around in my studio, not even Mrs. Carroll. You ought to have told him that, Laura."

"But he's not doin' it in de studio. Dey turned your studio into a *servants' dining-room!*"

Carroll grabbed his hat with a muttered oath, but was restrained by his wife. "Don't go near the horrid things," she implored him.

Fred hesitated, mopped his brow, sat down again, and smiled. "I was only wondering," he said in a changed tone, "if they wouldn't like the key to the trunk where our love-letters are. They might like them to start the fires with. They could easily pay double for what they are worth, you know."

But Molly did not laugh. The chagrin and horror of the whole affair swept over her, and tears welled up in her eyes. She might be able to live this down in time, but she would never forget it. Life would never be as pure and sweet again.

"Never mind," said Fred, "the old man will arrive soon and then he'll send the check by Laura, and," he added seeing that Molly refused to be comforted, "we'll stop off on the way through town and forget all about everything in a grand celebration—we'll have a bully dinner and then go to the theatre afterwards."

But though the old man came that evening, no check was sent, because his secretary attended to such trifling affairs, and his secretary was in town. So the Carrolls ate a miserable dinner at the Parkers' and spent the night in a stuffy room there, the better rooms having already been engaged in advance by people arriving for the horse show.

The next day Fred said, "Shall I go and dun the old man?"

"Decidedly not!" his wife replied. "If *they* haven't decency enough to do the customary thing, *we* shan't put ourselves in their class by reminding them of it."

Fred said he failed to see the satisfaction in this feminine revenge, but as Molly was so nervous and unstrung he would humor her. At least that's the way he put it to her. Inwardly he acknowledged that he would rather be shot than dun his tenant.

They hung around the boarding-house all day. His sketching materials had gone with the trunk down to the blessed dunes, and so he could do no work. Nor did they feel like going to the club, now that the horse show had begun, because they had told everyone they were leaving town, and because Molly would be sure to run into Mrs. Sterling who had tipped her. So Fred took it out in reading the Parkers' paper-covered novels, and Molly in gazing resentfully across the meadow at her pre-empted house, where she could see the usurpers having tea in her cups on her terrace.

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"Remove that," she commanded haughtily.—Page 715.

Now, like many of the immensely rich, newly or otherwise, the Sterlings were—disappointing though it might be to the Carrolls and other satirists—simple, kindly folk, who did not care a hang about being impressive or superior. They wanted to be comfortable and have a lot of fun with their money. They had looked over the Carrolls' house, saw that they would be comfortable in it, and were proceeding to have a lot of fun out of the horse show. They didn't know that the Carrolls hadn't been paid. The Carrolls didn't enter into their existence.

Having let the matter of the bill pass by a day or two, the Carrolls felt more reluctant than ever about bringing it to Mr. Sterling's attention. It would involve an explanation; and while they maintained that it was a matter of utter indifference to them if the whole world knew that they were hard up (for they were artists) yet

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"But I told him that you was just as fine a lady and just as particular as his missus."—Page 717.

they did not care to explain themselves to any one—which was different. So they kept on hoping each day that their millionaire tenant would remember and send a check without being reminded. In short, the Carrolls spent horse-show week at the Parkers' expensive boarding-house, taking exercise only at night under cover of darkness, so as to avoid meeting their friends. "My! See, what an electric-light bill we are going to have this month," Fred would say as they stealthily passed the gayly lighted house which belonged to them and whence issued music and laughter. But Molly would not look. She only sighed and passed by in silence to the dreary boarding-house.

IV

LAURA proved so useful to the steward that she was retained throughout the week. "De ole man, he's mighty pleased with our

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house," she reported to Molly, "so nice and cozy he says. He asked de ladies how much did Charlie pay for it. Dat's de secretary. Dey didn't know, so he asked de steward, and de steward he say, 'Two hundred, I believe, suh.' 'A day?' asked de ole man. 'No, suh, for de whole week.' 'Dat's a shame!' he says, sort o' cross. 'I must speak to Charlie about dis.' So, I spect we'll get more 'n any ole two hundred dollars, when it do come!"

"Indeed!" said Molly. "The vulgar old beast! We wouldn't think of accepting more than the stipulated amount, would we, Fred?"

"Of course not," said Fred meditatively.

"Though I am bound to say," she added, "their unbusinesslike negligence has cost us much more than two hundred."

"I haven't earned a cent since we began cleaning house for them," sighed Fred.

"Besides, there's all the vexation and annoyance," said Molly thoughtfully. "But if the pigs try to make us accept a cent more than two hundred," she added quickly, "we'll send it straight back." A pause. "Won't we, dear?"

"Of course," said Fred. Another pause.

"I wonder how large an amount the pigs will try to make us accept."

They talked about this a good deal having so little else to do. They decided that the check would be left for them in the house. Molly wondered in what part of the house. "Perhaps on the bureau, like a tip," suggested Fred.

At last the dreary week was finished, and the Carrolls, restraining each other on the Parkers' porch until the last trunk had left, ran across the meadow, hand in hand to their beloved home, their very own again.

"This makes it almost worth while," cried Molly rushing into the house, and picking up one after another of her precious possessions, fondling them like long-lost children, talking to them, asking them if they had missed her. In justice to the pigs it must be stated that they had left their temporary sty in very good shape. Even Molly admitted that, grudgingly. None of the ancestral Spode was broken. But presently her husband heard a cry of alarm. "Fred, Fred! I can't find the marble salt-holder!"

"Well," said Fred coming out of the studio, "I may as well tell you that my grandfather's portfolio is gone!" It was wonderfully colored, that piece of old leather.

They stared into each other's eyes.

"We ought to have known better than to leave such valuable things about," said Fred.

"Let's telegraph," said Molly.

Just then Laura, having heard the alarm, waddled in impressively. "Now, Miss Molly," she said sententiously, "don't you get so excited," and with that crossed the room with dramatic deliberation. "I reckon you all didn't look behind de book-case," she said chuckling, and quietly produced the missing idols.

"Oh, Laura!" cried Molly gratefully, "how good of you to hide them for us."

"Bless you heart, Honey, *I* didn't hide 'em. De steward he put 'em out o' sight because dey was too old and shabby for his people, he says. Mrs. Sterling is a mos' particular lady."

The Carrolls looked at each other a moment in silence, then Fred's eyes began to twinkle, then he smiled, then he laughed, then he roared. Molly, after a moment's hesitation, joined him, and the longer they thought about it, the more they laughed.

"And dose ole-timey goblets you all brought from de city? Dey was given to de servants' table," said Laura.

Presently Fred began to laugh afresh and directed Molly's attention to the mantel-piece. There stood the new pair of old candlesticks, the ones whose rich old color had led them to the extravagance of the purchase. They were now as bright and shining as the brass-work on the Sterlings' yacht. The tone of time had gone.

"Well, it serves us right," said Fred, "for renting our house to such people."

"By the way," cried Molly, "the check!"

"That's so," he answered springing up, "the check!" and off they sped to search for it, like a pair of children. They had forgotten all about the check.

"Look in your studio!" called Molly who was looking upon her desk in the living room. "That's your place of business, you know."

But it wasn't there, nor in the hall, nor upstairs on any of the bureaus. At last they looked on the mantel-piece in the dining-room, and found not a check, but some-

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thing that Molly had never seen in her sacred home before—a wineglassful of toothpicks.

Then they had another good laugh and life began again where they had left off before the coming of the enemy.

V

It was not until after the first of the following month that they received their check. Fred passed it in silence over to Molly.

"Why it's only two hundred after all!" she cried in dismay.

"Well," said Fred whimsically, "that saves us the trouble of returning the balance. So you needn't look so disappointed," he added.

"I'm only disappointed in 'de ole man,'" she said.

Then they caught each other's glance, and blushed and laughed at themselves and thought this was the end of it. But it wasn't.

The old man was a very busy financier, and had forgotten to speak to Charlie. But the very next week he remembered how much he liked that little house he had occupied during the horse show; was reminded of it by the ladies of the family, for they liked it too. Such being the case the Sterlings decided to buy it. They had no house, as it happened, in just that part of the world, and they might want to build a place out there. Meanwhile, and in any case, this little house, they agreed amicably, would do perfectly well. It would be convenient for the horse-show week, or if they ever wanted to go out and play golf there.

So Fred received another call from the brisk young secretary. Charlie stated in a polite business-like manner that Mr. Sterling was prepared to make an advantageous offer for the property, if it could be done quietly and without delay—and if Mr. Carroll didn't ask too much for it.

"Indeed?" said Fred, not a little amused, "I was not aware that this house was in the market."

"But it will do no harm to make you an offer just in private," said the smiling little secretary. "You would *not* mind?"

"Not in the least," said Fred. "I'm sure it will be interesting, but I do not care to sell."

"I understand, Mr. Carroll, I understand," said Charlie, thinking he did.

The secretary understood, through the steward who understood through Laura, something about the Carrolls' predicament during horse-show week. Other inquiries had confirmed his original surmise, made when they asked only two hundred dollars rent for the week. It was clear that they were hard up, and it was shrewd to go direct to the unpractical artist, instead of dealing through a real-estate agent. For, however covertly and indirectly such approaches were made, the news often leaked out that Charles F. Sterling was the prospective buyer and straightway prices soared annoyingly.

"I am authorized," said the secretary, his beady little mouselike eyes now fastening themselves on Carroll's face, "to offer you the sum of twenty thousand dollars cash for your property."

A smile flittered about the corners of Fred's mouth. He, too, was disappointed in "de ole man." This was not a liberal offer, but he did not like to tell the secretary so; it might hurt his feelings. "You are most kind," said Fred, "but—well, I don't care to sell any way."

Evidently this artist was no fool; perhaps he, too, saw the real-estate future of the neighborhood. "Mr. Carroll," said Charlie urbanely, "usually these affairs are long drawn out. I am obliged to settle this matter at once and take the return train for the city." He glanced at his watch, "I am very busy to-day."

"I can sympathize with you," said Fred thinking of the canvases he was preparing for his exhibition next month on Fifth Avenue.

"Mr. Sterling told me that in order to close the deal at once I might give you twenty-five thousand dollars for your property."

"Did he, indeed!" said Fred, "that was very generous of him, but it's out of the question."

"It's five thousand more than the place cost," said the secretary in his business-like manner.

Fred resented this. "You are mistaken," he rejoined, "it is nearly six thousand more than it cost." This was merely to show that he, too, could be businesslike, when he tried. "But you see the great trouble is that I don't care to sell."

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Charlie now regretted that he had not put the matter in the hands of an agent after all. But he had been told to get the house, and get it he would, or else receive a scowl of disapproval on his return to the office. A few minutes later he was offering Fred thirty thousand for the property, then thirty-three and, finally, "just to make it an even sum and close the deal" Fred was obliged to refuse thirty-five thousand of Charles F. Sterling's hard-earned cash.

"I cannot tell you how flattered I am," he said, now drawing an exquisite amusement out of the situation, "to find my humble home so greatly admired by one of Mr. Sterling's means and taste. Frankly, I had no idea that it could appeal to him so keenly, but——"

"You'll never get such an offer again," interrupted Charlie.

"I hope not," said Fred, "and I hope you'll soon stop this bidding up of the price. It may be businesslike, but it makes me dizzy."

"That is my limit," said the secretary rising to go.

"Good," said Fred in sincere relief.

"I won't offer you a cent more," snapped out the other somewhat angry at Fred's flippancy.

"I am so glad," said Fred.

"Oh, come!" cried the exasperated secretary, "what is your price?"

"I haven't any."

"Do you want to sell or not?" demanded the secretary impatiently.

"Not in the least," laughed Fred. "I said so in the first place, you know."

Charlie picked up his hat. "I thought you were bluffing."

"That was *your* mistake. But in order that you may not make another one, just tell Mr. Sterling with my compliments that he hasn't money enough to buy this place."

"Why not?" asked the other, laughing at the artist.

"Because," said Fred, "he couldn't possibly appreciate my house."

VI

At the exhibition of landscapes by Frederick Carroll, the following month, two-thirds of the canvases were snapped up during the first day of the sale. This made such a sensation that the rest sold quickly, like hot cakes. "Frederick Carroll, the former illustrator, has undoubtedly arrived," wrote a well-known critic. Most of the canvases referred to were crated to the town address of Charles F. Sterling.

"And yet," said Fred swaggeringly to Molly, "some people say painters aren't practical."

ULTIMUS LABOR VOCAT

By C. A. Price

Happy the man who hears the trumpet blast
Call him again into the oft-fought field,
Whose loins are girded and whose heart is steeled
For the great combat that he knows the last.
Yea, blest is he whose ears age hath not sealed
Against that summons; who hath not grown fast
In sluggard ease, until the hour be passed
And he, inglorious, in his tent must yield.

Lord, make thy conflict brief, for all day long
Thine arrows we have felt prick us like hail,
And truce were welcome now, and welcome night;
Even for Thy blessing we are no more strong
As in the morning, yet before we fail,
Hear one more prayer, O Lord, grant us to fight!

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EDWARD GIBBON

By James Ford Rhodes

NO English or American lover of history visits Rome without bending reverent footsteps to the Church of Santa Maria in Ara Cœli. Two visits are necessary, as on the first you are at once seized by the sacristan, who can conceive of no other motive for entering this church on the Capitol Hill than to see the miraculous Bambino—the painted doll swaddled in gold and silver tissue and "crusted over with magnificent diamonds, emeralds and rubies." When you have heard the tale of what has been called "the oldest medical practitioner in Rome," of his miraculous cures, of these votive offerings, the imaginary picture you had conjured up is effaced; and it is better to go away and come a second time when the sacristan will recognize you and leave you to yourself. Then you may open your Gibbon's Autobiography and read that it was the subtle influence of Italy and Rome that determined the choice, from amongst many contemplated subjects of historical writing, of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." "In my Journal," wrote Gibbon, "the place and moment of conception are recorded; the 15th of October, 1764, in the close of the evening, as I sat musing in the Church of the Franciscan friars while they were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter on the ruins of the Capitol." Gibbon was twenty-seven when he made this fruitful visit of eighteen weeks to Rome, and his first impression, though often quoted, never loses interest, showing, as it does, the enthusiasm of an unemotional man. "At the distance of twenty-five years," he wrote, "I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind, as I first approached and entered the *Eternal City*. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum; each memorable spot where Romulus stood or Cicero spoke or Cæsar fell was at once present to my eye."

The admirer of Gibbon as he travels northward will stop at Lausanne and visit the hotel which bears the historian's name. Twice have I taken luncheon in the garden where he wrote the last words of his history; and on a third visit, after lunching at another inn, I could not fail to admire the penetration of the Swiss *concierge*. As I alighted, he seemed to divine at once the object of my visit, and before I had half the words of explanation out of my mouth he said, "Oh, yes. It is this way. But I cannot show you anything but a spot." I have quoted from Gibbon's Autobiography the expression of his inspiration of twenty-seven; a fitting companion-piece is the reflection of the man of fifty. "I have presumed to mark the moment of conception," he wrote; "I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. . . . I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken my everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion."

Although the idea was conceived when Gibbon was twenty-seven, he was thirty-one before he set himself seriously at work to study his material. At thirty-six he began the composition, and he was thirty-nine when in February, 1776, the first quarto volume was published. The history had an immediate success. "My book," he wrote, "was on every table and almost on every toilette; the historian was crowned by the taste or fashion of the day." The first edition was exhausted in a few days, a second was printed in 1776 and next year a third. The second and third volumes, which ended the history of the Western Empire, were published in 1781, and seven years later the three volumes devoted to the Eastern Empire saw the light. The last sentence of the work, written in the summer-house at Lausanne, is: "It was among the ruins of the Capitol

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that I first conceived the idea of a work which has amused and exercised near twenty years of my life, and which, however inadequate to my own wishes, I finally deliver to the curiosity and candour of the public."

This is a brief account of one of the greatest historical works, if indeed it is not the greatest, ever written. Let us imagine an assemblage of English, German and American historical scholars called upon to answer the question, Who is the greatest modern historian? No doubt can exist that Gibbon would have a large majority of the voices; and I think a like meeting of French and Italian scholars would endorse the verdict. "Gibbon's work will never be excelled," declared Niebuhr. "That great master of us all," said Freeman, "whose immortal tale none of us can hope to displace." Bury, the latest editor of Gibbon, who has acutely criticized and carefully weighed "The Decline and Fall," concludes "that Gibbon is behind date in many details. But in the main things he is still our master, above and beyond date." His work wins plaudits from those who believe that history in its highest form should be literature and from those who hold that it should be nothing more than a scientific narrative. The disciples of Macaulay and Carlyle, of Stubbs and Gardiner would be found voting in unison in my imaginary Congress. Gibbon, writes Bury, is "the historian and the man of letters," thus ranking with Thucydides and Tacitus. These three are put in the highest class, exemplifying that "brilliance of style and accuracy of statement are perfectly compatible in an historian." Accepting this authoritative classification it is well worth while to point out the salient differences between the ancient historians and the modern. From Thucydides we have twenty-four years of contemporary history of his own country. If the whole of the Annals and Histories of Tacitus had come down to us we should have had eighty-three years; as it is we actually have forty-one of nearly contemporary history of the Roman Empire. Gibbon's tale covers 1240 years. He went far beyond his own country for his subject; and the date of his termination is three centuries before he was born. Milman spoke of "the amplitude, the magnificence and the harmony of Gibbon's design," and Bury writes, "If we take into account the vast range of his work, his accuracy is amazing." Men have wondered and will long wonder at the brain with such a grasp and with the power to execute skilfully so mighty a conception. "The public is seldom wrong" in their judgment of a book, wrote Gibbon in his Autobiography, and, if that be true at the time of actual publication to which Gibbon intended to apply the remark, how much truer it is in the long run of years. "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" has had a life of over one hundred and thirty years, and there is no indication that it will not endure as long as any interest is taken in the study of history. "I have never presumed to accept a place in the triumvirate of British historians," said Gibbon, referring to Hume and Robertson. But in our day Hume and Robertson gather dust on the shelf, while Gibbon is continually studied by students and read by serious men.

A work covering Gibbon's vast range of time would have been impossible for Thucydides or Tacitus. Historical scepticism had not been fully enough developed. There had not been a sufficient sifting and criticism of historical materials for a master's work of synthesis. Nor had Thucydides a model. Tacitus could indeed have drawn inspiration from the Greek, while Gibbon had lessons from both showing a profound study of Tacitus and a thorough acquaintance with Thucydides.

If circumstances then made it impossible for the Greek or the Roman to attempt history on the grand scale of Gibbon, could Gibbon have written contemporary history with accuracy and impartiality equal to his great predecessors? This is one of those delightful questions that may be ever discussed and never resolved. When twenty-three years old, arguing against the desire of his father that he should go into Parliament, Gibbon assigned, as one of the reasons, that he lacked "necessary prejudices of party and of nation"; and when in middle life he embraced the fortunate opportunity of becoming a member of the House of Commons he thus summed up his experience: "The eight sessions that I sat in Parliament were a school of civil prudence, the first and most essential virtue of an historian." At the end of this polit-

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ical career, Gibbon, in a private letter to an intimate Swiss friend, gave the reason why he had embraced it. "I entered Parliament," he said, "without patriotism and without ambition, and I had no other aim than to secure the comfortable and honest place of a *Lord of Trade*. I obtained this place at last. I held it for three years, from 1779 to 1782, and the net annual product of it, being £750 sterling, increased my revenue to the level of my wants and desires." His retirement from Parliament was followed by ten years' residence at Lausanne, in the first four of which he completed his history. A year and a half after his removal to Lausanne, he referred, in a letter to his closest friend, Lord Sheffield, to the "abyss of your cursed politics," and added: "I never was a very warm patriot and I grow every day a citizen of the world. The scramble for power and profit at Westminster or St. James's, and the names of Pitt and Fox become less interesting to me than those of Cæsar and Pompey."

These expressions would seem to indicate that Gibbon might have written contemporary history well and that the candor displayed in "The Decline and Fall" might not have been lacking had he written of England in his own time. But that subject he never contemplated. When twenty-four years old he had, however, considered a number of English periods, and finally fixed upon Sir Walter Raleigh for his hero; but a year later he wrote in his journal: "I shrink with terror from the modern history of England, where every character is a problem, and every reader a friend or an enemy; where a writer is supposed to hoist a flag of party and is devoted to damnation by the adverse faction. . . . I must embrace a safer and more extensive theme."

How well Gibbon knew himself! Despite his coolness and candor, war and revolution revealed his strong Tory prejudices, which he undoubtedly feared might color any history of England that he might undertake. "I took my seat," in the House of Commons, he wrote, "at the beginning of the memorable contest between Great Britain and America; and supported with many a sincere and *silent* vote the rights though perhaps not the interests of the mother country." In 1782 he recorded the conclusion: "The American war had been once the favorite of the country; the pride of England was irritated by the resistance of her colonies and the executive power was driven by national clamor into the most vigorous and coercive measures." But it was a fruitless contest. Armies were lost; the debt and taxes were increased; the hostile confederacy of France, Spain and Holland was disquieting. As a result the war became unpopular and Lord North's ministry fell. Dr. Johnson thought that no nation not absolutely conquered had declined so much in so short a time. "We seem to be sinking," he said. "I am afraid of a civil war." Dr. Franklin, according to Horace Walpole, said "he would furnish Mr. Gibbon with materials for writing the History of the Decline of the British Empire." With his country tottering, the self-centred but truthful Gibbon could not avoid mention of his personal loss, due to the fall of his patron, Lord North. "I was stripped of a convenient salary," he said, "after having enjoyed it about three years."

The outbreak of the French Revolution intensified his conservatism. He was then at Lausanne, the tranquillity of which was broken up by the dissolution of the neighboring kingdom. Many Lausanne families were terrified by the menace of bankruptcy. "This town and country," Gibbon wrote, "are crowded with noble exiles and we sometimes count in an assembly a dozen princesses and duchesses."

Bitter disputes between them and the triumphant Democrats disturbed the harmony of social circles. Gibbon espoused the cause of the royalists. "I beg leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. Burke's creed on the Revolution of France," he wrote. "I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments." Thirteen days after the massacre of the Swiss guard in the attack on the Tuileries in August, 1792, Gibbon wrote to Lord Sheffield, "The last revolution of Paris appears to have convinced almost everybody of the fatal consequences of Democratical principles which lead by a path of flowers into the abyss of hell." Gibbon, who was astonished by so few things in history, wrote Sainte-Beuve, was amazed by the French Revolution. Noth-

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ing could be more natural. The historian in his study may consider the fall of dynasties, social upheavals, violent revolutions, and the destruction of order without a tremor. The things have passed away. The events furnish food for his reflections and subjects for his pen, while sanguine uprisings at home or in a neighboring country in his own time inspire him with terror lest the oft-prophesied dissolution of society is at hand. It is the difference between the earthquake in your own city and the one 3,000 miles away. As Gibbon's pocket-nerve was sensitive, it may be he was also thinking of the £1,300 he had invested in 1784 in the new loan of the King of France, deeming the French funds as solid as the English.

It is well now to repeat our dictum that Gibbon is the greatest modern historian, but, in reasserting this, it is no more than fair to cite the opinions of two dissentients—the great literary historians of the nineteenth century, Macaulay and Carlyle. "The truth is," wrote Macaulay in his diary, "that I admire no historians much except Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus. . . . There is merit, no doubt, in Hume, Robertson, Voltaire and Gibbon. Yet it is not the thing. I have a conception of history more just, I am confident, than theirs." "Gibbon," said Carlyle in a public lecture, is "a greater historian than Robertson, but not so great as Hume. With all his swagger and bombast, no man ever gave a more futile account of human things than he has done of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire; assigning no profound cause for these phenomena, nothing but diseased nerves, and all sorts of miserable motives, to the actors in them." Carlyle's statement shows envious criticism as well as a prejudice in favor of his brother Scotchman. It was made in 1838, since when opinion has raised Gibbon to the top, for he actually lives while Hume is read perfunctorily, if at all. Moreover, among the three, Gibbon, Macaulay and Carlyle, whose works are literature as well as history, modern criticism has no hesitation in awarding the palm to Gibbon.

Before finally deciding upon his subject, Gibbon thought of "The History of the Liberty of the Swiss" and "The History of the Republic of Florence under the House of Medicis," but in the end, as we have seen, he settled on the later history of the Roman Empire, showing, as Lowell said of Parkman, his genius in the choice of his subject. His history really begins with the death of Marcus Aurelius, 180 A. D., but the main narrative is preceded by three excellent introductory chapters, covering, in Bury's edition, eighty-two pages. After the completion of his work, he regretted that he had not begun it at an earlier period. On the first page of his own printed copy of his book, where he announces his design, he has entered this marginal note: "Should I not have given the *history* of that fortunate period which was interposed between two iron ages? Should I not have deduced the decline of the Empire from the civil wars that ensued after the Fall of Nero, or even from the tyranny which succeeded the reign of Augustus? Alas! I should: but of what avail is this tardy knowledge?" We may echo Gibbon's regret that he had not commenced his history with the reign of Tiberius, as, in his necessary use of Tacitus, we should have had the running comment of one great historian on another, of which we have a significant example in Gibbon's famous sixteenth chapter wherein he discusses Tacitus's account of the persecution of the Christians by Nero. With his power of historic divination, he would have so absorbed Tacitus and his time that the history would almost have seemed a collaboration between two great and sympathetic minds. "Tacitus," he wrote, "very frequently trusts to the curiosity or reflection of his readers to supply those intermediate circumstances and ideas which, in his extreme conciseness, he has thought proper to suppress." How Gibbon would have filled those gaps! Though he was seldom swayed by enthusiasm, his admiration of the Roman historian fell little short of idolatry. His references in "The Decline and Fall" are many and some of them are here worth recalling to mind. "In their primitive state of simplicity and independence," he wrote, "the Germans were surveyed by the discerning eye and delineated by the masterly pencil of Tacitus, the first of historians who applied the science of philosophy to the study of facts." Again he speaks of him as "the philosophic historian whose writings will instruct the last generation of mankind." And in Chapter XVI he devoted five pages to citation from

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and comment on Tacitus, and paid him one of the most splendid tributes one historian ever paid another. "To collect, to dispose and to adorn a series of fourscore years in an immortal work, every sentence of which is pregnant with the deepest observations and the most lively images, was an undertaking sufficient to exercise the genius of Tacitus himself during the greatest part of his life." So much for admiration. That nevertheless Gibbon could wield the critical pen at the expense of the historian he rated so highly is shown by a marginal note in his own printed copy of "The Decline and Fall." It will be remembered that Tacitus published his History and wrote his Annals during the reign of Trajan, whom he undoubtedly respected and admired. He referred to the reigns of Nerva and Trajan in suggested contrast to that of Domitian as "times when men were blessed with the rare privilege of thinking with freedom and uttering what they thought." It fell to both Tacitus and Gibbon to speak of the testament of Augustus which after his death was read in the Senate; and, Tacitus wrote, Augustus "added a recommendation to keep the empire within fixed limits," on which he thus commented, "but whether from apprehension for its safety, or jealousy of future rivals, is uncertain." Gibbon thus criticized this comment: "Why must rational advice be imputed to a base or foolish motive? To what cause, error, malevolence or flattery shall I ascribe the unworthy alternative? Was the historian dazzled by Trajan's conquests?"

The intellectual training of the greatest modern historian is a matter of unusual interest. "From my early youth," wrote Gibbon in his Autobiography, "I aspired to the character of an historian." He had "an early and invincible love of reading," which he said he "would not exchange for the treasures of India," and which led him to a "vague and multifarious" perusal of books. Before he reached the age of fifteen he was matriculated at Magdalen College, giving this account of his preparation: "I arrived at Oxford," he said, "with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor and a degree of ignorance of which a school-boy would have been ashamed." He did not adapt himself to the life or the method of Oxford, and from them apparently derived no benefit. "I spent fourteen months at Magdalen College," he wrote; "they proved the fourteen months the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life." He became a Roman Catholic. It was quite characteristic of this bookish man that his conversion was effected, not by the emotional influence of some proselytizer, but by the reading of books. English translations of two famous works of Bossuet fell into his hands. "I read," he said, "I applauded, I believed . . . and I surely fell by a noble hand." Before a priest in London, on June 8, 1753, he privately "abjured the errors of heresy" and was admitted into the "pale of the church." But at that time this was a serious business for both priest and proselyte. For the rule laid down by Blackstone was this: "Where a person is reconciled to the See of Rome, or procures others to be reconciled, the offence amounts to High-Treason." This severe rule was not enforced, but there were milder laws under which a priest might suffer perpetual imprisonment and the proselyte's estate be transferred to his nearest relations. Under such laws prosecutions were had and convictions obtained. Little wonder was it when Gibbon apprised his father, in an "elaborate controversial epistle," of the serious step which he had taken, that the elder Gibbon should be astonished and indignant. In his passion he divulged the secret which effectually closed the gates of Magdalen College to his son, who was packed off to Lausanne and "settled under the roof and tuition" of a Calvinist minister. Edward Gibbon passed nearly five years at Lausanne, from the age of sixteen to that of twenty-one, and they were fruitful years for his education. It was almost entirely an affair of self-training, as his tutor soon perceived that the student had gone beyond the teacher and allowed him to pursue his own special bent. After his history was published and his fame won, he recorded this opinion: "In the life of every man of letters there is an aera, from a level, from whence he soars with his own wings to his proper height, and the most important part of his education is that which he bestows on himself." This was certainly true in Gibbon's case. On his arrival at Lausanne he hardly knew any French, but before he returned to England he thought spontaneously in French, and

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understood, spoke and wrote it better than he did his mother tongue. He read Montesquieu frequently and was struck with his "energy of style and boldness of hypothesis." Among the books which "may have remotely contributed to form the historian of the Roman Empire" were the Provincial Letters of Pascal, which he read "with a new pleasure" almost every year. From them he said, "I learned to manage the weapon of grave and temperate irony, even on subjects of Ecclesiastical solemnity." As one thinks of his chapters in "The Decline and Fall" on Julian, one is interested to know that during this period he was introduced to the life and times of this Roman emperor by a book written by a French Abbé. He read Locke, Grotius and Puffendorf, but unquestionably his greatest knowledge, mental discipline and peculiar mastery of his own tongue came from his diligent and systematic study of the Latin classics. He read nearly all of the historians, poets, orators and philosophers, going over, for a second or even a third time, Terence, Virgil, Horace and Tacitus. He mastered Cicero's Orations and Letters so that they became ingrained in his mental fibre, and he termed these and his other works "a library of eloquence and reason." "As I read Cicero," he wrote, "I applauded the observation of Quintilian, that every student may judge of his own proficiency by the satisfaction which he receives from the Roman orator." And again, "Cicero's Epistles may in particular afford the models of every form of correspondence from the careless effusions of tenderness and friendship to the well-guarded declaration of discreet and dignified resentment." Gibbon never mastered Greek as he did Latin; and Dr. Smith, one of his editors, points out where he has fallen into three errors from the use of the French or Latin translation of Procopius instead of consulting the original. Indeed, he himself has disclosed one defect of self-training. Referring to his youthful residence at Lausanne, he wrote: "I worked my way through about half the Iliad, and afterward interpreted alone a large portion of Xenophon and Herodotus. But my ardor, destitute of aid and emulation, was gradually cooled and, from the barren task of searching words in a lexicon, I withdrew to the free and familiar conversation of Virgil and Tacitus."

All things considered, however, it was an excellent training for a historian of the Roman Empire. But all except the living knowledge of French he might have had in his "elegant apartment in Magdalen College" just as well as in his "ill-contrived and ill-furnished small chamber" in "an old-inconvenient house" situated in a "narrow, gloomy street, the most unfrequented of an unhandsome town"; and in Oxford he would have had the "aid and emulation" of which at Lausanne he sadly felt the lack.

The Calvinist minister, his tutor, was a more useful guide for Gibbon in the matter of religion than in his intellectual training. Through his efforts and Gibbon's "private reflections," Christmas day, 1754, one year and a half after his arrival at Lausanne, was witness to his reconversion, as he then received the sacrament in the Calvinistic Church. "The articles of the Romish creed," he said, had "disappeared like a dream"; and he wrote home to his aunt, "I am now a good Protestant and am extremely glad of it."

An intellectual and social experience of value was his meeting with Voltaire, who had set up a theatre in the neighborhood of Lausanne for the performance mainly of his own plays. Gibbon seldom failed to procure a ticket to these representations. Voltaire played the parts suited to his years; his declamation, Gibbon thought, was old-fashioned and "he expressed the enthusiasm of poetry rather than the feelings of nature." "The parts of the young and fair," he said, "were distorted by Voltaire's fat and ugly niece." Despite this criticism, these performances fostered a taste for the French theatre, to the abatement of his idolatry for Shakespeare, which seemed to him to be "inculcated from our infancy as the first duty of an Englishman." Personally Voltaire and Gibbon did not get on well together. Dr. Hill suggests that Voltaire may have slighted the "English youth," and if this is correct, Gibbon was somewhat spiteful to carry the feeling more than thirty years. Besides the criticism of the acting he called Voltaire "the envious bard" because it was only with much reluctance and ill-humor that he permitted the performance of Iphigénie of Racine. Nevertheless Gibbon is impressed with the social influence of the great Frenchman.

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"The wit and philosophy of Voltaire, his table and theatre," he wrote, "refined in a visible degree the manners of Lausanne; and however addicted to study, I enjoyed my share of the amusements of society. After the theatrical representations I sometimes supped with the actors: I was now familiar in some, and acquainted in many, houses; and my evenings were generally devoted to cards and conversation, either in private parties or numerous assemblies."

Gibbon was twenty-one when he returned to England. Dividing his time between London and the country, he continued his self-culture. He read English, French and Latin and took up the study of Greek. "Every day, every hour," he wrote, "was agreeably filled"; and "I was never less alone than when by myself." He read repeatedly Robertson and Hume, and has, in the words of Sainte-Beuve, left a testimony so spirited and so delicately expressed as could have come only from a man of taste who appreciated Xenophon. "The perfect composition, the nervous language," wrote Gibbon, "the well-turned periods of Dr. Robertson inflamed me to the ambitious hope that I might one day tread in his footsteps: the calm philosophy, the careless, inimitable beauties of his friend and rival, often forced me to close the volume with a mixed sensation of delight and despair." He made little progress in London society, and his solitary evenings were passed with his books, but he consoled himself by thinking that he lost nothing by a withdrawal from a "noisy and expensive scene of crowds without company and dissipation without pleasure." At twenty-four he published his Essay on the Study of Literature, begun at Lausanne and written entirely in French. This possesses no interest for the historical student except to know the bare fact of the writing and publication as a step in the intellectual development of the historian. Sainte-Beuve, in his two essays on Gibbon, devoted three pages to an abstract and criticism of it, perhaps because it had a greater success in France than in England; and his opinion of Gibbon's language is interesting. "The French," Sainte-Beuve wrote, "is that of one who has read Montesquieu much and imitates him; it is correct but artificial French."

Then followed two and a half years' service in the Hampshire militia. But he did not neglect his reading. He mastered Homer, whom he termed "the Bible of the ancients," and in the militia he acquired "a just and indelible knowledge" of what he called "the first of languages." And his love for Latin abided also: "On every march, in every journey, Horace was always in his pocket and often in his hand." Practical knowledge he absorbed almost insensibly. "The daily occupations of the militia," he wrote, "introduced me to the science of Tactics" and led to the study of "the precepts of Polybius and Cæsar." In this connection occurs the remark which admirers of Gibbon will never tire of citing: "A familiar view of the discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the Phalanx and the Legion; and the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire." The grand tour followed his militia service. Three and a half months in Paris, and a revisit to Lausanne preceded the year that he passed in Italy. Of the conception of the History of the Decline and Fall during his stay in Rome, I have already spoken.

On his return to England, contemplating "the decline and fall of Rome at an awful distance," he began, in collaboration with the Swiss Deyverdun, his bosom friend, a history of Switzerland written in French. During the winter of 1767 the first book of it was submitted to a literary society of foreigners in London. As the author was unknown the strictures were free and the verdict unfavorable. Gibbon was present at the meeting and related that "the momentary sensation was painful," but on cooler reflection he agreed with his judges and intended to consign his manuscript to the flames. But this, as Lord Sheffield, his literary executor and first editor, shows conclusively, he neglected to do. This essay of Gibbon's possesses interest for us, inasmuch as David Hume read it and wrote to Gibbon a friendly letter in which he said: "I have perused your manuscript with great pleasure and satisfaction. I have only one objection derived from the language in which it is written. Why do you compose in French and carry faggots into the wood, as Horace says, with regard to Romans who wrote in Greek?" This

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critical query of Hume must have profoundly influenced Gibbon. Next year he began to work seriously on "The Decline and Fall," and five years later began the composition of it in English. It does not appear that he had any idea of writing his *magnum opus* in French.

In this rambling discourse, in which I have purposely avoided relating the Life of Gibbon in anything like a chronological order, we return again and again to the great "History." And it could not well be otherwise. For if Edward Gibbon could not have proudly said I am the author of "six volumes in quartos," he would have had no interest for us. Dr. Hill writes, "For one reader who has read his 'Decline and Fall,' there are at least a score who have read his Autobiography, and who know him, not as the great historian, but as a man of a most original and interesting nature." But these twenty people would never have looked into the Autobiography had it not been the life of a great historian; indeed the Autobiography would never have been written except to give an account of a great life work. "The Decline and Fall," therefore, is the thing about which all the other incidents of his life revolve. The longer this History is read and studied the greater is the appreciation of it. Dean Milman followed Gibbon's track through many portions of his work and read his authorities, ending with a deliberate judgment in favor of his "general accuracy." "Many of his seeming errors," he wrote, "are almost inevitable from the close condensation of his matter." Guizot had three different opinions based on three various readings. After the first rapid perusal, the dominant feeling was one of interest in a narrative, always animated in spite of its extent, always clear and limpid in spite of the variety of objects. During the second reading, when he examined particularly certain points, he was somewhat disappointed; he encountered some errors either in the citations or in the facts and especially shades and strokes of partiality which led him to a comparatively rigorous judgment. In the ensuing complete third reading, the first impression, doubtless corrected by the second, but not destroyed, survived and was maintained; and with some restrictions and reservations Guizot declared that, concerning that vast and able work, there remained with him an appreciation of the immensity of research, the variety of knowledge, the sagacious breadth and especially that truly philosophical rectitude of a mind which judges the past as it would judge the present.

Mommsen said in 1894: "Amid all the changes that have come over the study of the history of the Roman Empire, in spite of all the rush of the new evidence that has poured in upon us and almost overwhelmed us, in spite of changes which must be made, in spite of alterations of view, of alterations even in the aspect of great characters, no one would in the future be able to read the history of the Roman Empire unless he read, possibly with a fuller knowledge, but with the broad views, the clear insight, the strong grasp of Edward Gibbon."

It is difficult for an admirer of Gibbon to refrain from quoting some of his favorite passages. The opinion of a great historian on history always possesses interest. History, wrote Gibbon, is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind." Again, "Wars and the administration of public affairs are the principal subjects of history." And the following cannot fail to recall a similar thought in Tacitus: "History undertakes to record the transactions of the past for the instruction of future ages." Two references to religion under the Pagan empire are always worth repeating. "The various modes of worship which prevailed in the Roman world," he wrote, "were all considered by the people as equally true; by the philosopher as equally false; and by the magistrate as equally useful." "The fashion of incredulity was communicated from the philosopher to the man of pleasure or business, from the noble to the plebeian, and from the master to the menial slave who waited at his table and who equally listened to the freedom of his conversation." Gibbon's idea of the happiest period of mankind is interesting and characteristic. "If," he wrote, "a man were called to fix the period in the history of the world during which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would, without hesitation, name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus." This period was from A. D. 96 to 180, covering the reigns of Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus Pius

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and Marcus Aurelius. Professor Carter, in a lecture in Rome in 1907 drew, by a modern comparison, a characterization of the first three named. When we were studying in Germany, he said, we were accustomed to sum up the three emperors, William I, Frederick III, and William II as *der greise Kaiser, der weise Kaiser, und der reise Kaiser*. The characterizations will fit well Nerva, Trajan and Hadrian. Gibbon speaks of the "restless activity" of Hadrian, whose life "was almost a perpetual journey," and who during his reign visited every province of his empire.

A casual remark of Gibbon's, "Corruption [is] the most infallible symptom of constitutional liberty," shows the sentiment of the eighteenth century. The generality of the history becomes specific in a letter to his father, who has given him hopes of a seat in Parliament. "This seat," so Edward Gibbon wrote, "according to the custom of our venal country, was to be bought and fifteen hundred pounds were mentioned as the price of purchase."

No modern historian has been the subject of so much critical comment as Gibbon. I do not know how it will compare in volume with either of the similar examinations of Thucydides and Tacitus; but the criticism is of a different sort. The only guarantee of the honesty of Tacitus, wrote Sainte-Beuve, is Tacitus himself; and a like remark will apply to Thucydides. But a fierce light beats on Gibbon. His voluminous notes furnish the critics the materials on which he built his history, which, in the case of the ancient historians, must be largely a matter of conjecture. With all the searching examination of "The Decline and Fall," it is surprising how few errors have been found and, of the errors which have been noted, how few are really important. Guizot, Milman, Dr. Smith, Cotter Morison, Bury and a number of lesser lights have raked his text and his notes with few momentous results. We have, writes Bury, improved methods over Gibbon and "much new material of various kinds," but "Gibbon's historical sense kept him constantly right in dealing with his sources"; and "in the main things he is still our master." The man is generally reflected in his book. That Gibbon has been weighed and not found wanting is because he was as honest and truthful as any man who ever wrote history. The autobiographies and letters exhibit to us a transparent man, which indeed some of the personal allusions in the history might have foreshadowed. "I have often fluctuated and shall *tamely* follow the Colbert MS.," he wrote, where the authenticity of a book was in question. In another case, "The scarcity of facts and the uncertainty of dates" opposed his attempt to describe the first invasion of Italy by Alaric. In the beginning of the famous forty-fourth chapter, which is "admired by jurists as a brief and brilliant exposition of the principles of Roman law," Gibbon wrote, "Attached to no party, interested only for the truth and candour of history, and directed by the most temperate and skilful guides, I enter with just diffidence on the subject of civil law." In speaking of the state of Britain between 409 and 449, he said, "I owe it to myself and to historic truth to declare that some *circumstances* in this paragraph are founded only on conjecture and analogy." Throughout his whole work the scarcity of materials forces Gibbon to the frequent use of conjecture, but I believe that for the most part his conjectures seem reasonable to the critics. Impressed with the correctness of his account of the Eastern Empire, a student of the subject once told me that Gibbon certainly possessed the power of wise divination.

Gibbon's striving after precision and accuracy is shown in some marginal corrections he made in his own printed copy of "The Decline and Fall." On the first page in his first printed edition, and as it now stands, he said, "To deduce the most important circumstances of its decline and fall: a revolution which will ever be remembered and is still felt by the nations of the earth." For this the following is substituted. "To prosecute the decline and fall of the Empire of Rome: of whose language, religion and laws the impression will be long preserved in our own and the neighboring countries of Europe." He thus explains the change: "Mr. Hume told me that, in correcting his history, he always labored to reduce superlatives and soften positives. Have Asia and Africa from Japan to Morocco any feeling or memory of the Roman Empire?"

On page 6, Bury's edition, the text is: "The praises of Alexander, transmitted by

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a succession of poets and historians, had kindled a dangerous emulation in the mind of Trajan." We can imagine that Gibbon reflected, What evidence have I that Trajan had read these poets and historians? Therefore he made this change: "Late generations and far distant climates may impute their calamities to the immortal author of the Iliad. The spirit of Alexander was inflamed by the praises of Achilles; and succeeding heroes have been ambitious to tread in the footsteps of Alexander. Like him the Emperor Trajan aspired to the conquest of the East."

The "advertisement" to the first octavo edition published in 1783 is an instance of Gibbon's truthfulness. He wrote, "Some alterations and improvements had presented themselves to my mind, but I was unwilling to injure or offend the purchasers of the preceding editions." Then he seems to reflect that this is not quite the whole truth and adds, "Perhaps I may stand excused if, amidst the avocations of a busy winter, I have preferred the pleasures of composition and study to the minute diligence of revising a former publication."

The severest criticism that Gibbon has received is on his famous chapters fifteenth and sixteenth which conclude his first volume in the original quarto edition of 1776. We may disregard the flood of contemporary criticism from certain people who were excited by what they deemed an attack on the Christian religion. Dean Milman, who objected seriously to much in these chapters, consulted these various answers to Gibbon on the first appearance of his work with, according to his own confession, little profit. "Against his celebrated fifteenth and sixteenth chapters," wrote Buckle, "all the devices of controversy have been exhausted; but the only result has been that, while the fame of the historian is untarnished, the attacks of his enemies are falling into complete oblivion. The work of Gibbon remains; but who is there who feels any interest in what was written against him?" During the last generation, however, criticism has taken another form and scientific men now do not exactly share Buckle's gleeful opinion. Both Bury and Cotter Morison state or imply that well-grounded exceptions may be taken to Gibbon's treatment of the early Christian church. He ignored some facts; his combination of others, his inferences, his opinions are not fair and unprejudiced. A further grave objection may be made to the tone of these two chapters: sarcasm pervades them and the Gibbon sneer has become an apt characterization.

Francis Parkman admitted that he was a reverent agnostic, and if Gibbon had been a reverent free-thinker these two chapters would have been far different in tone. Lecky regarded the Christian church as a great institution worthy of reverence and respect, although he stated the central thesis of Gibbon with emphasis just as great. Of the conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity, Lecky wrote, "It may be boldly asserted that the assumption of a moral or intellectual miracle is utterly gratuitous. Never before was a religious transformation so manifestly inevitable." Gibbon's sneering tone was a characteristic of his time. There existed during the latter part of the eighteenth century, wrote Sir James Mackintosh, "an unphilosophical and indeed fanatical animosity against Christianity." But Gibbon's private defence is entitled to consideration as placing him in a better light. "The primitive church, which I have treated with some freedom," he wrote to Lord Sheffield in 1791, "was itself at that time an innovation, and I was attached to the old Pagan establishment." "Had I believed," he said in his Autobiography, "that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached to the name and shadow of Christianity, had I foreseen that the pious, the timid and the prudent would feel, or affect to feel, with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters."

On the other hand, Gibbon's treatment of Julian the Apostate is in accordance with the best modern standard. It might have been supposed that a quasi-Pagan, as he avowed himself, would have emphasized Julian's virtues and ignored his weaknesses as did Voltaire, who invested him with all the good qualities of Trajan, Cato and Julius Cæsar without their defects. Robertson, indeed, feared that he might fail in this part of the history; but Gibbon weighed Julian in the balance, duly estimating his strength and his weakness, with the result that he has given a clear and just account in his best and most dignified style.

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Gibbon's treatment of Theodora, the wife of Justinian, is certainly open to objection. Without proper sifting and a reasonable scepticism, he has incorporated into his narrative the questionable account, with all its salacious details, which Procopius gives in his Secret History, Gibbon's love of a scandalous tale getting the better of his historical criticism. He has not neglected to urge a defence. "I am justified," he wrote, "in painting the manners of the times; the vices of Theodora form an essential feature in the reign and character of Justinian. . . . My English text is chaste and all licentious passages are left in the obscurity of a learned language." This explanation satisfies neither Cotter Morison nor Bury, nor would it hold for a moment as a justification of a historian of our own day. Gibbon is really so scientific, so much like a late nineteenth-century man, that we do right to subject him to our present-day rigid tests.

There has been much discussion about Gibbon's style, which we all know is pompous and Latinized. On a long reading his rounded and sonorous periods become wearisome and one wishes that occasionally a sentence would terminate with a small word, even a preposition. One feels as did Dickens after walking for an hour or two about the handsome but "distractingly regular" city of Philadelphia. "I felt," he wrote, "that I would have given the world for a crooked street." Despite the pomposity, Gibbon's style is correct, and the exact use of words is a marvel. It is rare, I think, that any substitution or change of words will improve upon the precision of the text. His compression and selection of salient points are remarkable. Amid some commonplace philosophy he frequently rises to a generalization as brilliant as it is truthful. Then, too, one is impressed with the dignity of history; one feels that Gibbon looked upon his work as very serious and thought with Thucydides, "My history is an everlasting possession, not a prize composition which is heard and forgotten."

To a writer of history, few things are more interesting than a great historian's autobiographical remarks which relate to the composition of his work. "Had I been more indigent or more wealthy," wrote Gibbon in his Autobiography, "I should not have possessed the leisure or the perseverence to prepare and execute my voluminous history." "Notwithstanding the hurry of business and pleasure," he wrote from London in 1778, "I steal some moments for the Roman Empire." Between the writing of the first three and the last three volumes he took a rest of "near a twelvemonth" and gave expression to a thought which may be echoed by every studious writer: "Yet in the luxury of freedom, I began to wish for the daily task, the active pursuit which gave a value to every book and an object to every inquiry." Every one who has written an historical book will sympathize with the following expression of personal experience as he approached the completion of "The Decline and Fall." "Let no man who builds a house," Gibbon wrote, "or writes a book, presume to say when he will have finished. When he imagines that he is drawing near to his journey's end, Alps rise on Alps, and he continually finds something to add and something to correct."

Plain, truthful tales are Gibbon's autobiographies. The style is that of the history and he writes of himself as frankly as he does of any of his historical characters. His failings—what he has somewhere termed "the amiable weaknesses of human nature"—are disclosed with the openness of a Frenchman. All but one of the ten years between 1783 and 1793, between the ages of 46 and 56, he passed at Lausanne. There he completed "The Decline and Fall," and of that period, he spent from August, 1787, to July, 1788, in England, to look after the publication of the last three volumes. His life in Lausanne was one of study, writing and agreeable society, of which his correspondence with his English friends gives an animated account. The two things one is most impressed with are his love for books and his love for Madeira. "Though a lover of society," he wrote, "my library is the room to which I am most attached." While getting settled at Lausanne, he complains that his boxes of books "loiter on the road." And then he harps on another string. "Good Madeira," he writes, "is now become essential to my health and reputation"; yet again, "If I do not receive a supply of Madeira in the course of the summer, I shall be in great shame and dis-

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tress." His good friend in England, Lord Sheffield, regarded his prayer and sent him a hogshead of "best old Madeira" and a tierce, containing six dozen bottles of "finest Malmsey," and at the same time wrote: "You will remember that a hogshead is on his travels through the torrid zone for you. . . . No wine is meliorated to a greater degree by keeping than Madeira, and you latterly appeared so ravenous for it, that I must conceive you wish to have a stock." Gibbon's devotion to Madeira bore its penalty. At the age of forty-eight he sent this account to his stepmother: "I was in hopes that my old enemy the gout had given over the attack, but the villain, with his ally the winter, convinced me of my error, and about the latter end of March I found myself a prisoner in my library and my great chair. I attempted twice to rise; he twice knocked me down again and kept possession of both my feet and knees longer (I must confess) than he had ever done before." Eager to finish his history he lamented that his "long gout" lost him "three months in the spring." Thus as you go through his correspondence you find that orders for Madeira and attacks of gout alternate with regularity. Gibbon apparently did not connect the two as cause and effect, as in his Autobiography he charged his malady to his service in the Hampshire militia, when "the daily practice of hard and even excessive drinking" had sown in his constitution "the seeds of the gout."

Gibbon has never been a favorite with women, owing largely to his account of his early love affair. While at Lausanne, he had heard much of "the wit and beauty and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod," and when he first met her, he had reached the age of twenty. "I saw and loved," he wrote. "I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment and elegant in manners. . . . She listened to the voice of truth and passion. . . . At Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity"; and, indeed, he appeared to be an ardent lover. "He was seen," said a contemporary, "stopping country people near Lausanne and demanding, at the point of a naked dagger, whether a more adorable creature existed than Suzanne Curchod." On his return to England, however, he soon discovered that his father would not hear of this alliance, and he thus related the sequence: "After a painful struggle I yielded to my fate. . . . I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son." From England he wrote to Mademoiselle Curchod breaking off the engagement. Perhaps it is because of feminine criticism that Cotter Morison indulges in an elaborate defence of Gibbon, which, indeed, hardly seems necessary. Rousseau, who was privy to the love affair, said that "Gibbon was too cold-blooded a young man for his taste or for Mademoiselle Curchod's happiness." Mademoiselle Curchod a few years later married Necker, the rich Paris banker, who under Louis XVI held the office of director-general of the finances. She was the mother of Madame de Staël, was a leader of the literary society in Paris, and, despite the troublous times, must have led a happy life. One delightful aspect of the story is the warm friendship that existed between Madame Necker and Edward Gibbon.

If women read the Correspondence as they do the Autobiography I think that their aversion to the great historian would be increased by these confiding words to his stepmother, written when he was forty-nine. "The habits of female conversation have sometimes tempted me to acquire the piece of furniture, a wife, and could I unite in a single woman the virtues and accomplishments of half a dozen of my acquaintance, I would instantly pay my addresses to the Constellation."

I have always been impressed with Gibbon's pride at being the author of "six volumes in quarto"; but as nearly all histories now are published in octavo I had not a distinct idea of the appearance of a quarto volume until the preparation of this essay led me to look at different editions of Gibbon in the Boston Athenæum. There I found the quartos, the first volume of which is the third edition published in 1777 [it will be remembered that the original publication of the first volume was in February, 1776]. The volume is 11¼ inches long by 9 inches wide, and is much heavier than our very heavy octavo volumes. With this volume in my hand, I could appreciate the remark of the Duke of Gloucester when Gibbon brought him the second volume of the "Decline and Fall." Laying the quarto on the table, he said, "Another d - - - d thick, square

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book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr. Gibbon?"

During my researches at the Athenæum I found an octavo edition, the first volume of which was published in 1791, and on the cover was written, "Given to the Athenæum by Charles Cabot. Received December 10, 1807." This was the year of the foundation of the Athenæum. On the quarto of 1777 there was no indication, but the scholarly cataloguer informed me that it was probably also received in 1807. Three later editions than these two are in this library, the last of which is Bury's of 1900, to which I have constantly referred. Meditating in the quiet alcove, with the two early editions of Gibbon before me, I found an answer to the comment of H. G. Wells in his book "The Future in America," which I confess had somewhat irritated me. Thus wrote Wells: "Frankly I grieve over Boston as a great waste of leisure and energy; as a frittering away of moral and intellectual possibilities. We give too much to the past. . . . We are obsessed by the scholastic prestige of mere knowledge and genteel remoteness." Pondering this iconoclastic utterance, how delightful it is to light upon evidence in the way of well-worn volumes that since 1807 men and women there have been carefully reading Gibbon, who, as Dean Milman said, "has bridged the abyss between ancient and modern times and connected together the two worlds of history." A knowledge of "The Decline and Fall" is a basis for the study of all other history; it is a mental discipline and a training for the problems of modern life. These Athenæum readers did not waste their leisure, did not give too much to the past. They were supremely right to take account of the scholastic prestige of Gibbon and to endeavor to make part of their mental fibre this greatest history of modern times.

I will close with a quotation from the Autobiography, which in its sincerity and absolute freedom from literary cant will be cherished by all whose desire is to behold "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies." "I have drawn a high prize in the lottery of life," wrote Gibbon. "I am disgusted with the affectation of men of letters, who complain that they have renounced a substance for a shadow and that their fame affords a poor compensation for envy, censure and persecution. My own experience at least has taught me a very different lesson: twenty happy years have been animated by the labor of my history; and its success has given me a name, a rank, a character in the world to which I should not otherwise have been entitled. . . . D'Alembert relates that as he was walking in the gardens of Sans Souci with the King of Prussia, Frederick said to him, 'Do you see that old woman, a poor weeder, asleep on that sunny bank? She is probably a more happy being than either of us.'" Now the comment of Gibbon: "The King and the Philosopher may speak for themselves; for my part I do not envy the old woman."

A DREAM

By Margaret Sherwood

I DREAMED of passages obscure and dim,
Whose walls of stone held neither door nor key;
With groping hands I fell—and lo, the rim
Of the blue, boundless, everlasting sea!

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GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTERS HOME

Edited by M. A. DeWolfe Howe

THIRD PAPER.

A VIVID element of the picturesque, all that contributes to song and story, has given to Sherman's march across Georgia a distinction somewhat out of proportion with the fame of his other campaigns. The Campaign of the Carolinas, which immediately followed the March to the Sea, holds a far less conspicuous place in popular knowledge and esteem. Yet the latest testimony of General Sherman's son confirms much that has been printed before: "My father always rated this campaign as his greatest military achievement, and believed that it settled the fate of the Confederacy."* "The March to the Sea," says Mr. James Ford Rhodes, "was a frolic, that northward a constant wrestling with the elements."† Leaving Savannah with sixty thousand men on February 1, 1865, Sherman reached Goldsboro, North Carolina, on March 23, having marched in the face of a resourceful enemy, four hundred and twenty-five miles, across swamps, rivers and mountains, and having done the Confederacy incalculable harm in the destruction of property and lines of transportation. From the last important stopping place before reaching Goldsboro, he wrote to Mrs. Sherman as follows:

IN THE FIELD, FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Sunday, *March* 12, 1865.

We reached this place yesterday in good health and condition. We have had bad roads and weather but made good progress, and have achieved all I aimed to accomplish. Our main columns came through Columbia and Cheraw, South Carolina. We have had no general battle, and only skirmishes on the skirts of the army. The enemy gave ground when I moved in force. The importance of this march exceeds that from Atlanta to Savannah. South Carolina has had a visit from the West that will cure her of her pride and boasting. I sent couriers to Wilmington and a tug boat got up this morning, and I will start her back at 6 P. M. with despatches to Grant, the Secretary of War, and all my subordinate commanders. I do not intend to go to the sea shore, but will move on. I have no doubt you have all been uneasy on our account, but barring bad weather and mud we have had no trouble. . . .

The same brags and boasts are kept up, but when I reach the path where the lion crouched I find him slinking away. My army is in the same condition as before, and seems to possess abiding confidence in its officers. It would amuse you to hear their comments on me as I ride along the ranks, but I hope you will hear the jokes and fun of war at a fitter time for amusement. Now it is too serious. I think we are bringing matters to an issue. Johnston is restored to the supreme command and will unite the forces hitherto scattered and fight me about Raleigh or Goldsboro. Lee may reinforce him from Richmond, but if he attempts that Grant will pitch in. I can whip Joe Johnston unless his men fight better than they have since I left Savannah.

As I rode into Columbia crowds gathered round me, composed of refugees and many officers who had escaped their prison guards and hid themselves. One of them handed me the enclosed * which is so handsomely got up that I deem it worthy of preservation. I want Lizzie to keep it. The versification is good, and I am told the music to which the prisoners set and sung it is equally so. I have never heard it sung, as the officers who composed the Glee Club in their prison at Columbia were not of the number who did escape. The author

* See "General Sherman in the Last Year of the Civil War. An address delivered at the Thirty-Eighth Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee at St. Louis, Mo. By P. Tecumseh Sherman. Nov. 11, 1908."

† See Rhodes's "History of the United States" (Vol. V., p. 85.)

* A copy of "Sherman's March to the Sea," by Major S. H. M. Byers.

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did escape and he is the one I have appointed to carry my despatches down to Wilmington tonight.

I expect to stay here a few days in hopes to receive some bread and shoes from Wilmington. The river is now high and easily navigated, and had I time I should have no trouble in getting supplies up, but time is so important that I must "Forward." . . .

It is now 2 P. M. and I have written ten letters of four pages each, orders and instructions to my commanders on the seaboard. . . .

On March 15 the great army moved on, towards Goldsboro, where the next letter was written.

IN THE FIELD, GOLDSBORO, N. C.,
March 23, 1865.

I wrote you from Fayetteville. On our way thence the enemy struck our left flank and I turned on him and after three days manœuvring and fighting defeated him and drove him off towards Raleigh. The fight was near Bentonsville, 20 miles from here on the south side of the Neuse in the direction of Smithfield. I got here today and all the army will be in by tomorrow. Thus have I brought the army from Savannah in good order, beaten the enemy wherever he attempted to oppose our progress, and made junction with Schofield and Terry from Newbern and Wilmington on the 21st, one day later than I had appointed before leaving Savannah. It is far more difficult and important than the Savannah march. Besides the immediate results we have forced the Rebels to abandon the whole sea coast.

I almost fear the consequences of the reputation this will give me among military men. I have received one letter from you and one from Minnie, also a vast package from everybody. I now have a staff officer, Maj. Hitchcock,* to answer them. I only have time to make general orders, and to write special letters. I must be more careful, as I find silly people to claim my acquaintance publish my letters or extracts. You know how hurriedly I always write and that I might be falsely placed by such things. I will be here some weeks. I should see Grant before assuming the offensive and think he will come down. I could have time to run to Washington, but prefer to stay with my troops. It gives me great power with them to share the days and nights. I always encamp and am now in a shaky fly open, with houses all round occupied by Rebels or staff officers. Soldiers have a wonderful idea of my knowledge and attach much of our continued success to it. And I really do think they would miss me, if I were to go away for even a week. I notice that you propose to take part in a Sanitary fair at Chicago. I don't much approve of ladies selling things at a table. So far as superintending the management of such things I don't object, but it merely looks unbecoming for a lady to stand behind a table to sell things. Still do as you please. I have nothing that would engross the profits—my saddlebags, a few old traps, etc. I could collect plenty of trophies but have always refrained and think it best I should. Others do collect trophies and send home but I prefer not to do it.

I have no doubt that you will be sufficiently gratified to know that I have eminently succeeded in this last venture, and will trust to luck that in the next still more hazardous I will be again favored. I don't believe anything has tended more to break the pride of the south than my steady persistent progress. My army is dirty, ragged and saucy. I have promised them rest, clothing and food, but the railroads have not been completed as I expected and I fear we may be troubled thereby. I am just informed that the telegraph line is finished from the sea to this place, so our lines of communication will be shortened. Strange to say we are all in fine health and condition, only a little blackened by the pine smoke of our camp fires. I would like to march this army through New York just as it appears today, with its wagons, pack mules, cattle, niggers and bummers, and I think they would make a more attractive show than your fair. . . .

Two days after writing this letter, Sherman set out for a meeting with Grant at City Point. Lincoln was also there, and from their joint discussion Sherman carried away the impression of the government's plans which led him a few weeks later to

* Major Henry Hitchcock, judge-advocate on Sherman's staff.

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make the terms with Johnston which plunged him temporarily into a sea of troubles. On the way to the conference he wrote as follows to Mrs. Sherman:

ON BOARD STEAMER *Russia*,
At Sea, Sunday, *March* 26, 1865.

The Railroad was finished yesterday into Goldsboro and I came down to Newbern and Morehead City and am now in a fleet Blockade Runner on my way to meet General Grant at City Point to confer on some points when I shall forthwith go back to Goldsboro and get ready for another campaign. There is no doubt we have got the Rebels in a tight place and must not let them have time to make new plans. They abandoned all their cities to get men enough to whip me but did not succeed. They may unite Johnston and Lee, when if they make the further mistake of holding on to Richmond, I can easily take Raleigh and the Roanoke, when Richmond will be of little use to them. If Lee lets go of Richmond the people of Virginia will give up. I regard my two moves from Atlanta to Savannah and Savannah to Goldsboro as great blows as if we had fought a dozen successful battles. At Bentonsville, Johnston attempted to prevent my making a junction with Schofield, but he failed and I drove him off the field with my own army without the help of a man from Schofield, also got all my armies at Goldsboro the 21st of March, only one day from the time appointed. I will now conduct with great care another move. I have all the army I want and can take an hundred thousand if I want them. . . .

A full description of the interview at City Point may be found in the "Memoirs.' Immediately upon returning from it, Sherman wrote thus to his father-in-law:

[To the Hon. Thomas Ewing.]

IN THE FIELD, GOLDSBORO, N. C.,
March 31, 1865.

. . . . . .

I have already been to see General Grant and am back before the enemy or newspaper spies revealed it. I have a clear view of another step in the game, and think I am on the right road. It does seem to me that one or two more such chasms in our enemy's ranks and resources will leave him gasping and begging for quarter. It is perfectly impossible for me in case of failure to divest myself of responsibility as all from the President, Secretary of War, General Grant etc. seem to vie with each other in contributing to my success.

You need not fear my committing a political mistake for I am fully conscious of the fact that I would imperil all by any concessions in that direction. I have and shall continue to repel all advances made me of such a kind.

I would like to see my family occasionally, but it seems impossible. It is manifest I am in the rapids and must go on till the cataract is passed and the boat in smooth water.

In the next letter to Mrs. Sherman the reader will find for himself an interesting allusion to the value which Sherman himself placed upon these informal letters as historical records.

IN THE FIELD, GOLDSBORO, N. C.,
April 5, 1865.

I have now finished my Report and answered all letters that called for my personal action. These are being copied and sent by a courier tomorrow and then "What next" as old Lincoln says.* That next is also thought over and it again takes me into danger and trouble, but you must now be so used to it that you can hardly care. I have no late letters from you, none since you went to Chicago, but you too are becoming a public character and the busy newspapers follow you. I see that the public authorities and citizens of Chicago paid you a public visit with speeches and music and that Bishop Duggan responded for you. If these give you pleasure I am glad of it for I would rather that you and the children should be benefitted by any fame I may achieve than that it should ensue to me personally. Of course as a General my case will be scrutinized very closely by men abroad as well as here and my reputation will rather depend on their judgment than on any mere temporary applause. I have been trying to get some pay to send you, for I suppose you are "short,"

* When Sherman took Savanah, Lincoln wrote to him, Dec. 26, 1864: "It brings those who sat in darkness to see a great light. But what next? I suppose it will be safer if I leave Gen. Grant and yourself to decide."

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but the paymasters cannot catch up, and in a few days I will be off again. I have pay due since January 1, and yet was unable the other day to buy a pair of shoes which I need. I have those big boots you sent me from Cincinnati, but the weather is getting warm and they are too close and heavy. They stood me a good turn however on the last march when for weeks we were up to our eyes in mud and water. When we got here the army was ragged and hard up, but already our new clothing is issued and I will challenge the world to exhibit a finer looking set of men, brawny, strong, swarthy, a contrast to the weak and sickly fellows that came to me in Kentucky three years ago. It is a general truth that men exposed to the elements don't "catch cold," and I have not heard a man cough or sneeze for three months, but were these same men to go into houses in a month the doctor would have half of them. Now the doctors have no employment. I myself am very well, *though* in a house for the time being and to have the convenience of a table and chair to write, also to prevent the flaring of the candle which makes writing in a tent almost impossible. I write as usual very fast and can keep half a dozen clerks busy in copying. Hitchcock, nephew of the General, writes private letters not needing my personal attention, such as autographs and locks of hair; Dayton the military orders, but I must of course keep up correspondence with War Department, General Grant, my army Commanders, governors of states, etc., and you should be satisfied even if my letters are hasty and ill digested. You can almost trace my progress through the world by the newspapers. . . .

I got a long letter from Bowman * last night. He is resolved to write up my campaigns, and is anxious for the most authentic records. These are contained in my Letter and Order Books. You have some up to the time of my leaving Atlanta. Webster has those from Atlanta to Savannah, and I have here the balance. I would much prefer he would wait the end of the war, but he wants to make money out of the job, and I do not object, for he says that others less capable will do the thing, and make a botch of it. He can get access to my official Reports at Washington as also those of my subordinate Reports, but the letters I daily write give the gradual unfolding of plans and events better than Reports made with more formality after the events are past. The last March from Savannah to Goldsboro, with its legitimate fruits, the capture of Charleston, Georgetown and Wilmington, is by far the most important in conception and execution of any act of my life. . . .

I continue to receive the highest compliments from all quarters, and have been singularly fortunate in escaping the envy and jealousy of rivals. Indeed officers from every quarter want to join my "Great Army." Grant is the same enthusiastic friend. Mr. Lincoln at City Point was lavish in his good wishes, and since Mr. Stanton visited me at Savannah he too has become the warmest possible friend. Of course I could not venture north, and it accords both with my pleasure and interest to keep close with my army proper. Officers and soldiers have in my foresight and knowledge a childlike confidence that is really most agreeable. Whilst wading through mud and water, and heaving at mired wagons the soldiers did not indulge a single growl but always said and felt that the Old Man would bring them out all right; and no sooner had we reached the Cape Fear River at Fayetteville than a little squeaking tug came puffing up the river with news, and we had hardly spread out in the camps about Goldsboro than the locomotive and train came thundering along from the sea ninety-six miles distant, loaded with shoes and pants and clothing, as well as food. So remarkable and happy a coincidence, which of course I had arranged from Savannah, made the woods resound with a yell that must have reached Raleigh. Some of our officers who escaped from the enemy say that these two coincidences made the Rebel officers swear that I was the Devil himself, a compliment that you can appreciate. But enough of this vanity, save and except always when it redounds to your advantage and pleasure. My wants are few and easily gained, but if this fame which fills the world contributes to your happiness and pleasure, enjoy it as much as possible. Oh, that Willy could hear and see! His proud heart would swell to overflowing, and it may be that 'tis

* S. M. Bowman, with R. B. Irwin, published in 1865 his volume, "Sherman and His Campaigns."

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better he should not be agitated with such thoughts. . . .

The army is now well clad and fed. Our wagons are loading and on the 10th I will haul out towards Raleigh. I need not tell you my plans, but they are good, and I do not see but the next move and one more will determine the fate of this War, not conclude it, but assure the fact that the United States has not ceased to be a Nation. If we can force Lee to let go Richmond, and can whip him in open fight, I think I can come home and rest and leave others to follow up the fragments. . . .

IN THE FIELD, GOLDSBORO, N. C.,
April 9, 1865.

. . . Tomorrow we move straight against Joe Johnston wherever he may be. Grant's magnificent victories about Petersburg, and his rapid pursuit of Lee's army makes it unnecessary for me to move further north, and I expect my course will be to Raleigh and Greensboro. I will fix up the railroad to Raleigh, but then shall cast off as my custom has been and depend on the contents of our wagons and on the resources of the country. Poor North Carolina will have a hard time for we sweep the Country like a swarm of locusts. Thousands of people may perish, but they now realise that war means something else than vain glory and boasting. If Peace ever falls to their lot they will never again invite War. But there is a class of young men who will never live at peace. Long after Lee's and Johnston's armies are beaten and scattered they will band together as highwaymen and keep the country in a fever, begetting a Guerilla War. It may be that the Government may give us who have now been working four years a rest and let younger men follow up the sequel. I feel confident we can whip Joe Johnston quick if he stops, but he may travel back towards Georgia, and I don't want to follow him again over that long road. I wish Grant had been a few days later or I a few days sooner, but on the whole our campaigns have been good. The weather now seems settled and if I have good roads think I can travel pretty fast. The sun is warm, the leaves are all coming out, and flowers are in bloom, about as you will have it a month hence. The entire army has new clothing, and with soap and water have made a wonderful change in our appearance. The fellows who passed in review before me with smoke-black faces, dirty and ragged, many with feet bare or wrapped in cloth, now strut about as proud as young chicken cocks, with their clean faces and bright blue clothes. All are ready to plunge again into the labor and toil and uncertainty of war. You doubtless have heard all you can stand of these matters. My health is good. . . . I send to Tommy today a hundred dollars, and now enclose you $200, which is all I can raise and I got it of the Quarter Master. I think, however, you will not suffer, but as a rule don't borrow. 'Tis more honest to steal.

Between the writing of his letter (April 9) and of the next (April 18) the events of which Sherman was so great a part moved rapidly to important culminations. On the 11th he received from Grant the news of Lee's surrender two days before. On the 14th, the day of Lincoln's assassination, came a letter from Johnston proposing steps towards "the needful arrangements to terminate the existing war." Early in the morning of the 17th, as Sherman was starting to meet Johnston for a discussion of the terms of surrender, a telegraph operator at Raleigh handed him a cipher message announcing the President's death. He did not make its contents known even to the officers who accompanied him on the railroad journey of twenty-six miles to Durham's Station, near which the meeting with Johnston was to take place, but showed it first of all to Johnston himself, and on the 18th, in the light of his own understanding of Lincoln's attitude towards the South, made provisional terms for surrender. In the second of the two following letters to Mrs. Sherman, it will be seen that he was by no means unprepared to have his arrangements overruled at Washington.

IN THE FIELD, RALEIGH, N. C.,
April 18, 1865.

I have just got back from a long interview with General Johnston and Breckenridge, Secretary of War to the Confederacy, in which we arranged terms for the disbandment of *all* the Confederate armies from this to the Rio Grande, the submission to the National authority etc., which

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I send at once to Washington for ratification, when this cruel war will be over. I can hardly realize it, but I can see no slip. The terms are all on our side. If approved I can soon complete the details, leave Schofield here and march my army for the Potomac there to be mustered out and paid. If I accomplish this I surely think I will be entitled to a month's leave to come and see you. The assassination of Mr. Lincoln is most unfortunate, but we ride a whirlwind and must take events as they arise. I have notice that I was embraced in the programme, but the fellow who was to do the job did not appear, and if he is not in a hurry he will be too late. I don't fear an assassin, though I would prefer, for the name of the thing, to get my quietus in a more honest way, in open manly fight. . . .

RALEIGH, N. C., *April* 22, 1865.

I wrote you a hasty letter by Major Hitchcock and promised to write more at length as soon as matters settled away somewhat. I am now living in the Palace* and the Army lies around about the city on beautiful rolling hills of clear ground with plenty of water, and a budding spring. We await a reply from Washington which finishes all the war by one process or forces us to push the fragments of the Confederate Army to the wall.

Hitchcock should be back the day after tomorrow and then I will know. I can start in pursuit of Johnston—who is about Greensboro, on short notice; but I would prefer not to follow him back to Georgia. A pursuing army cannot travel as fast as a fleeing one in its own Country. Your letters have come to me in driblets and mine will miss you, as all from Goldsboro were directed to South Bend.

I also sent you then the Columbia Flag and a Revolutionary Seal for your fair. I have the circulars and have sent them out to parties to collect trophies for you, but it is embarrasing for me to engage in the business, as trophies of all kinds belong to Government, and I ought not to be privy to their conversion. Others do it, I know, but it shows the rapid decline in honesty of our people. Pillow, in the Mexican War tried to send home as trophies a brass gun and other things such as swords and lances, and it was paraded all over the land as evidence of his dishonesty. . . .

The present armies should all be mustered out and the Regular Army increased to 100000 men and these would suffice to maintain and enforce order at the South. There is great danger of the Confederate Armies breaking up into Guerillas and that is what I most fear. Such men as Wade Hampton, Forrest, Wirt Adams etc., never will work and nothing is left for them but death or highway robbery. They will not work and their Negroes are all gone, their plantations destroyed etc. I will be glad if I can open a way for them abroad. Davis, Breckenridge etc. will go abroad or get killed in pursuit. My terms do not embrace them but apply solely to the Confederate Armies. All not in regular Muster Rolls will be outlaws. The people of Raleigh are quiet and submissive enough, and also the North Carolinians are subjugated, but the young men, after they get over the effects of recent disasters and wake up to the realization that nothing is left them but to work, will be sure to stir up trouble, but I hope that we can soon fix them off. Raleigh is a very old city with a large stone Capital and Governor's Mansion called the Palace, now occupied by me and Staff. They are distant about half a mile apart with a street connecting, somewhat in the nature of Washington. This street is the business street and some very handsome houses and gardens make up the town. It is full of fine people who were secesh but now are willing to encourage the visits of handsome young men. I find here the family of Mr. Badger who was with your father in Taylor's Cabinet.* He is paralyzed so as to be hardly able to walk and sits all day. He has his mind and is glad to have visitors. I have called twice. Though a moderate man he voted to go out and actually drafted one of the Resolutions of Secession. His wife must be much younger than he and is a lively, interesting lady, chuck full of Washington. She was *dying* for some news, and *Harpers Magazine*. I could tell you much that might interest you, but will now merely say that if Mr. Johnson will ratify the terms I will leave Schofield here to complete the business, will start five corps for the Potomac,

* Sherman occupied the Governor's mansion at Raleigh.

* Thomas Ewing was a member both of Harrison's and of Taylor's cabinet. It was in Harrison's cabinet that George E. Badger was at the same time Secretary of the Navy.

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to march, and in person will go to Charleston and Savannah to give some necessary orders, and then go to the Potomac to receive the troops as they arrive. I may bring you and the children there to see the last final Grand Review of my Army before disbanding it. That is the dream and is possible. It will take all May to march and June to muster out and pay so that the 4th of July may witness a perfect peace. My new sphere will I suppose be down the Mississippi. How would Memphis suit you as a home? The Mississippi valley is my hobby, and if I remain in the Army there is the place Grant will put me; Memphis or Nashville. But I am counting the chickens before they are hatched and must wait to see this thing out. When the war ends our labors begin for we must organize the Permanent Army for the future. . . .

Sherman's mingling of civil with military provisions in his terms with Johnston might at any time have brought about their rejection at Washington. Perhaps the season of terror and confusion following Lincoln's death may be blamed in part for the lack of consideration for Sherman's intentions and services which marked the methods of rejection. The temporary effect which his course produced in the North belongs to the commonest knowledge of this critical period. The reciprocal effect upon Sherman himself, angry and hurt by the suspicions of his very loyalty, is clearly recorded in the "Memoirs." It was not surprising that Sherman's resentment against Stanton and Halleck flamed forth in the following letters as it did in the public expressions of Sherman's feeling towards them. Nor was it out of keeping with Johnston's largeness of view that when the first terms of capitulation were thrown over he stood ready to surrender on the same terms as those of Lee at Appomattox. The surrender was made on April 26. The following letters to Mrs. Sherman are among the last that Sherman wrote surrounded by his faithful soldiers:

In the Field, Raleigh, *April* 28, 1865.

The capitulation of Johnston's army at Greensboro completes my Campaign. I leave Schofield to do the work, and have ordered the 15th and 17th, 14th and 20th corps to march to Richmond. I will go tonight to Wilmington and Charleston and Savannah to make some orders and instructions, when I will go by sea to Richmond to meet my Army. Thence it will march to Alexandria (and Washington) where I will move my Head Quarters to, in anticipation of mustering out the Army. It may be that while the Army is on the march from Richmond to Alexandria I can run out to Lancaster to see you all. This will be about the 15th and 20th of May, and if I could take all the family to Alexandria to witness the final scenes attending Sherman's Army it would be a prize in the memory to our Children that would somewhat compensate for the expense and loss of time. I may be a little ahead, but think that the present volunteer army must be mustered out and a new regular army made, and the quicker the better before new complications arise.

The mass of the people south will never trouble us again. They have suffered terrifically, and I now feel disposed to befriend them—of course not the leaders and lawyers, but the armies who have fought and manifested their sincerity though misled by risking their persons. But the rascals who by falsehood and misrepresentation kept up the war, they are infamous. It will be difficult for anyone to tread a straight path amid these new complications, but I will do my best.

I perceive the politicians are determined to drive the confederates into Guerilla bands, a thing more to be feared than open organized war. They may fight it out. I won't. We could settle the war in three weeks by giving shape to the present disordered elements, but they may play out their game.

At Sea, Steamer *Russia*,
Monday, *May* 8, 1865.

We are now approaching Cape Henry and by nine o'clock tonight will be at Old Point, where I expect to stop an hour or so to communicate with Grant and then go on up to City Point and Petersburg to meet my Army. I have been to Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington on business connected with past affairs, and now I am free to join my army proper. I have seen the New York papers of April 24 and 28 but don't mind them much for it is manifest that some deviltry is on foot. The tele-

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gram of Halleck endorsed by Stanton is the worst,* but its falsity and baseness puts them at my mercy, and in a few days look out for breakers. This cause may delay me east a few days and I will likely accompany my army up to Washington. At all events from this time forth I can hear from you and write to you. My latest letter is April 11, received at Raleigh. I want you to go right along, attend the Fair, and I will join you wherever you may be as soon as I can leave. We will probably all spend the summer together at Lancaster. At Savannah, Charleston, Wilmington, and Morehead City, officers, soldiers, sailors, and citizens paid me every sort of honor and respect, especially my old soldiers, more especially when they heard they were down on me at Washington. Now that war is over, how brave and fierce have become the men that thousand-dollar bounties, patriotism, the appeal of generals and others would not bring out! How terribly energetic all at once Halleck became, to break my truce, cut off "Johnston's Retreat" when he knew Johnston was halted anxious to surrender and was only making excuses to keep his own men from scattering, a thing I did not want, and a reason I reported to Halleck and Stanton before my "Memorandum" went to Washington. Worst of all, his advice that my subordinates Thomas, Wilson, and Stoneman, should not obey my orders. Under my orders, those Generals have done all they ever did in their lives, and it sounds funny to us to have Halleck *better* my plans and orders. But of all this hereafter. Go along as comfortably as you can. I am not dead yet, by a long sight, and those matters give me new life for I see the cause. A breach must be made between Grant and Sherman, or certain cliques in Washington, who have a nice thing, are gone up. I am glad Grant came to Raleigh, for he saw at a glance the whole thing and went away more than satisfied. But heaven and earth will be moved to kill us. . . . Washington is as corrupt as Hell, made so by the looseness and extravagance of war. I will avoid it as a pest house. . . .

The Gates of the Press can't prevail with my old Army against me, and in them I put my Faith.

* This telegram, sent out at the height of the dissatisfaction with the terms between Sherman and Johnston, directed generals, subordinate to Sherman, to disregard his orders.

IN THE FIELD,
CAMP OPPOSITE RICHMOND, *May* 10, 1865.

I wrote you on arrival from Savannah at Old Point. I got here yesterday and found my Army all in. Have seen Charley * who is very well. We march tomorrow for Alexandria, whither I have sent my office papers. We will march slowly and leisurely and should reach Alexandria in ten or twelve days. I may have chance to write you meantime. I want you to go and attend your Fair, and say little of me, save that I regard my presence with my army so important that I will not leave it till it is discharged or sent on new duties. I shall surely spend the summer with you, preferably at Lancaster, but will come to Chicago or wherever you may be when I can leave with propriety. This Army has stood by me in public and private dangers, and I must maintain my hold on it till it ceases to exist. All the officers and men have been to see me in camp today and they received with shouts my public denial of a review for Halleck.† He had ordered Slocum's wing to pass him in review today. I forbade it. Tomorrow I march through Richmond with colors flying and drums beating as a matter of right and not by Halleck's favor, and no notice will be taken of him personally or officially. I dare him to oppose my march. He will think twice before he again undertakes to stand between me and my subordinates. Unless Grant interposes from his yielding and good nature I shall get some equally good opportunity to insult Stanton. . . .

Stanton wants to kill me because I do not favor the scheme of declaring the negroes of the South, now free, to be loyal voters whereby politicians may manufacture just so much more pliable electioneering material. The Negroes don't want to vote. They want to work and enjoy property, and they are no friends of the Negro who seek to complicate him with new prejudices. As to the people of the South they are subjugated, but of course do not love us any more than the Irish or Scotch love the English, but that is no reason why we should assume all the expenses of their state governments. Our power is now so firmly established that we

* General Charles Ewing

† See "Memoirs," II, 374. Sherman's refusal to accept Halleck's hospitality in Richmond is also recorded on this page.

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need not fear again their internal disturbances. I have papers and statistics which I will show your father in time. I showed some to Charley today and he perfectly agreed with me; so do all my officers. . . .

We cannot kill disarmed men. All this clamor after Jeff Davis, Thompson and others is all bosh. Any young man with a musket is now a more dangerous object than Jeff Davis. . . . It will be well in June before I can expect to leave my army. Don't attempt to come to Alexandria for I will be in a common tent, and overwhelmed with papers and business. Ord, Merritt, Crook, and all the big men of Halleck's army have been to see me, and share with me the disgust occasioned by their base betrayal of my confidence. . . .

Sherman's detestation of politics and politicians has shown itself clearly in his war-time letters. When the war was done it became inevitable for the national leaders to give themselves to political matters. Sherman for all his resistance could not escape. One of the episodes in which he figured, mainly through his desire to act the part of a friend towards General Grant, took him in 1866 on a futile mission to Mexico, which but for him Grant would have been forced to undertake. There were amusing letters home about it, but they must yield place to others of more importance, dealing with the difficulties in which Grant, Johnson and Stanton became involved in 1867 and 1868. The divergence between the reconstruction policies of the President and of Congress grew steadily broader as the year 1867 advanced. In August Johnson endeavored to thrust Stanton out of the War Secretaryship, which he, feeling that only through him could the purposes of the Republican majority in Congress be carried out, insisted upon retaining. A week later Johnson appointed Grant Secretary *ad interim*. After Stanton's reinstatement by the Senate and Grant's retirement, in January, 1868, Sherman himself was earnestly but vainly solicited by the President to accept an appointment *ad interim*. It was Johnson's next attempt to supersede Stanton by the appointment of General Lorenzo Thomas in February of 1868 that led immediately to the President's impeachment. As a friend of Grant, and after him the foremost figure in the army, Sherman made every effort throughout the controversy to smooth the rough places and promote the public good. The spectacles he beheld at Washington through all these stormy days must have gone far to confirm his aversion from political life. The following passages are chosen primarily for their illustration of these scenes and for what they contribute to the inner history of the time. It was a time in which he was frequently called west on army or Indian business and to Washington—for the purposes set forth in these letters to Mrs. Sherman and her father.

OMAHA, *September* 13, 1867.

. . . Tell your father that I have purposely kept out of present complications. No doubt the same thing was intended last year when I was sent for, but I managed to get off by going to Mexico instead of Grant. I am determined not to be drawn into politics let what may follow, and to avoid such a result I would even resign and try something else again.

Congress treated the President rudely and unfairly, and now he seems disposed to resent it, even at the risk of further strife. I don't see what the effect of the proposed impeachment of the President is to be, but the Politicians of the Butler stripe will probably try it, and to suspend the President from his office pending the impeachment.

This will be a difficult and dangerous move, but those who don't fight are always the first to provoke a quarrel. . . .

WASHINGTON, *October* 7, 1867.

I reached the City at 6 A. M. yesterday, Sunday, and went to Willard's where I got a couple of hours sleep, a good breakfast and then went to Grant's before he was down stairs for breakfast. This, however, he soon despatched and we walked to his office, the day being remarkably bright and cool. Of course we talked over all matters of common interest and about 11 A. M. I went to the President and found him with the Secretary of the Treasury, McCullough. They seemed much pleased to see me, and our conversation turned naturally to the Pacific Railroad, and the Indians. Soon McCullough left us together, and I then apologised to the President for disturbing him of a Sunday, supposing that he needed at least one day

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of the week for rest. He inquired after you and children but not a word of the sudden calling of me away from the West further than he thought it was good for me to come occasionally to Washington. I soon withdrew promising to call today, Monday, about 12. I then went to Grant's to dinner. After which I walked up to Tom Ewing's and found the house closed, then down to the Metropolitan Hotel, where I found Mr. Stanbery.* With him I had a very full conversation in which I explained my earnest desire to escape all complications of politics, that it would do me or the country no good, but on the contrary would be an infinite source of trouble to me personally and would impair my military usefulness. He explained to me what I already knew, that the President is peculiarly sensitive to the abuse that pours in on him from all quarters, and that a word of kindness touches him in the tenderest spot. He told me that a letter I wrote him last year of general expression of good will was ever uppermost in his mind, and he told me the letter you wrote from New York was given to him, Stanbery, for delivery, that he took it to him and the President failing his spectacles asked him, Stanbery, to read it, which he did and both were strongly impressed by it. The truth is our press universally is now so harsh and fault-finding that all people, especially the parasites here who look to the press now as the power in the land, are afraid to be even personally kind or respectful to the President, that the simplest expression of that kind comes as a drop of water to the thirsty soul. The President don't comprehend Grant, and tho' there is no breach it is manifest there is not a cordial understanding. The President claiming to be the constitutional Commander in Chief has recently in very small matters used his power, by which he vindicates no principle, yet alienates his subordinates as in the case of this order to me. I doubt if he has any clearly defined wish for me, yet he telegraphed to me direct, when by all military usage, and by an express law, he should have ordered me through Grant, for the most excellent reason that every commander must know where his officers are and what they are about.

Today I shall see Mr. Johnson again, and if he pushes me, I will suggest that if he needs a War Minister in his Cabinet I will venture to name one or two very moderate republicans who served all the war, and if he is not willing I am out, for that is all any one can expect of me. . . .

* Attorney-General in Johnson's cabinet.

[To the Hon. Thomas Ewing.]

ST. LOUIS, MO., *October* 18, 1867.

. . . Grant is playing the very part you assign him. He does not want to be President, told me that fifty millions of dollars would not compensate him therefor, but that events might force him spite of inclination—just such events as would "compel him to throw himself into a breach." If the Republicans can find a good nominee he will be content. He is not an extremist at all, but his many good officers at the South force him to the conclusion that there is necessary there some strong power to protect the negroes and union men against legal oppression, or the acts of badly disposed Ex-Rebels. He is frank and friendly to all well disposed men South. He is very reticent, wisely so to strangers, but open and frank with me and others he knows well. The President was mistrustful of him as to Stanton and as to one or two points on which Grant would have satisfied him by a word, but the President did not afford him the chance.

In my interview with the President of Thursday, he agreed to ask Grant a specific question at the Cabinet meeting of Friday, and Grant was prepared to give him an answer that would have relieved him at once, but the President did not do so. I called as soon as the Cabinet adjourned and was very sorry to learn that the President had not done as he promised. I left that day, but I see by the papers that he called in person on Saturday, and I hope he and Grant had a better understanding.

Grant prefers no change till Congress meets, as he fills both offices * with less labor to himself than a civilian would experience in either. He has business habits and a positive answer in every case. He wants this interval to frame some laws or regulations that will so clearly define the duties of Secretary of War and Commander in Chief that in the future we will not have

* General-in-Chief of the Army and Secretary of War *ad interim*.

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that intermeddling that has been so mischievous. If a successor is to be appointed he would prefer me. . . .

On my way out I stopped to see John Sherman who confirms what you say that if the President lets things remain as now, or does nothing looking to violence, there will be no impeachment or other violence toward him, both sides manœuvring on the next election.

I think all sides will try to have Grant as a candidate without pledge or party, to give them another four years in which to wire work for ultimate political power. Grant would simply allow the Laws to take their course and would only use force or the Army when violence were attempted. I tried to explain to the President that he should throw on Congress the responsibility of failure, if their plan fails from inherent causes. He can't get along without a Congress to appropriate money and do a thousand other things that an Executive cannot, and when it has a two-third vote he should be quiet. Opposition or resistance only aggravates the matter. . . .

[To Mrs. Sherman.]

WASHINGTON, *January* 13, 1868.

. . . This morning I had an interview with the President and pointed out to him a mode practicable and easy to get rid of Stanton forever, but there must be something behind the scenes, for he gave me no encouragement. Well, I have done my duty, and if Stanton is white-washed and thrust back in the office it is not my business. I want to befriend Mr. Johnson, but I cannot give my consent or assistance to bring in the Cabinet a man who may decide that the War was wrong or unnecessary. Without the possibility of good, this new phase of the case may produce conflict and confusion. Stanton ought not to be in Mr. Johnson's cabinet, yet by a vote today he is bound to be sustained simply because the Republicans vote to sustain their own law, and for the first time the President is justified in having a kitchen or back door cabinet instead of one that is responsible. If Stanton, after being sustained, will resign it will accomplish good, but he and the President both are strong, stubborn, wilful men, that would embroil the world, rather than yield their point. . . .

The fact is this matter will damage all politicians, it is a double edged sword that cuts both ways. . . .

Healy, the artist, of Chicago, wrote me to give him some particulars of the interview of Grant, myself, and Mr. Lincoln at City Point. I have answered and added that I want him to take your portrait to match mine. . . .*

WASHINGTON, *January* 15, 1868.

. . . This morning I met Grant here at his Head Quarters by appointment, and we went together to see the President. The papers announce that the President expected Grant to hold on till forced to give up by a decree of the Supreme Court, but the law of Congress made Grant's appointment as Secretary of War *ad interim* cease, on the passage of the Resolution by the Senate, and had he held on, he would have been liable to a fine of $10,000 and imprisonment for five years. To be sure, the President contends that the law is unconstitutional and void. Still, Grant by resistance would have had to run the risk. Today the mutual explanations are full and *partially* satisfactory. I was only a listener. After I got to the War Department Stanton sent for me, and told me how much he respected me and admired me etc., etc., all very loving, and I told him simply that I should not recall the past, but wanted the Army to be kept out of Politics etc., etc. I thought he would ask me my opinion of his present status, but he did not. I should have advised him to resign. I deem it wrong to hold a cabinet office, when he knows the President don't want him, and the President will not give any orders to the army through him. But as Secretary of War, he has by law power to sign all warrants on the Treasury, to make contracts for supplies etc., etc., and may embarrass the service. I have done my best to cut the Gordian knot but have failed and shall do no more. The whole matter is resolved into a war between parties and neither cares or seems to care a damn for the service or the country. Instead of damaging each other, they will shake faith in our whole fabric of government. Congress is now engaged in fabricating a bill to legislate Hancock out of service because his general course in New Orleans don't suit the extremes.

* The portraits reproduced in article II.

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I do not hesitate to say such conduct is not legislative, not the business of the law making power, but pure vindictiveness that will react on the party, and when their time comes their friends will also be legislated out. Grant entertains the same views as I do on this point, and I have heard him strongly denounce it, for the reason that Congress has forced on the Army duties not pertaining to their profession, and now seeks to punish them by disbandment and dismissal, because their views of party matters do not please them. . . . I want to get out of this Political mælstrom. Having no aspirations myself, I am made the depositary of the secrets and plans of all, and unless I get away I may be embroiled between the factions. . . .

WASHINGTON, *January* 18, 1868.

. . . The President *again* sent for me today and I do not see why he and Grant both count on me somehow to cut the present Gordian knot.

I believe Stanton ought to quit, but it is dangerous for the President to begin any fray. I thought by his disregarding my advice on Sunday he had a plan of action of his own, but from his conversation of today I find he has none but wants me to do it for him. I will think over it and let him know on Monday. . . .

WASHINGTON, *January* 23, 1868.

. . . Stanton is still in office and makes no sign of retiring. He makes no orders to the Army and therefore cannot test his power. Sooner or later this will cause and bring about a direct collision and Congress stands ready and willing to impeach if Mr. Johnson does any positive act of breach of law. I feel for Mr. Johnson, but must say for his experience he has made some fatal mistakes. He should have taken care to have in his interest, at least the half of one branch of Congress.

With a two thirds majority in each they have a power under the constitution. Besides Congress has all the power over the money, and can stop supplies, and thus control the Army, Navy and every branch of service. There is no escape for this dilemma except by a new election, and who is to be next President is as much of a mystery here as elsewhere. . . .

[To the Hon. Thomas Ewing.]

WASHINGTON, *January* 25, 1868.

. . . The President constantly sends for me, and asks opinions and assistance. I have shown him great personal respect, and think all of us in service should respect the office. But further than that I don't want to be involved in political combinations. Yesterday he suggested and offered to remove Stanton and appoint me *ad interim* under some Law, for six months.

1st I don't want the place.

2d It is not to my interest to replace Stanton.

3rd The office of Secretary of War is an "office" under the Law and Constitution, and a vacancy in the term of the Senate cannot be created by removal, unless at same time it be filled by and with advice of the Senate.

4th To remove Stanton by force, or a show of force, would be the very thing the enemies of the President want.

5th *Now* Stanton can give no order to the Army, and therefore can do no mischief. He does and can only do such things as draw warrants on the Treasury under existing appropriations.

6th If the President wants to make an issue to go to the Supreme Court, why not let the Secretary of the Treasury refuse one of his Warrants and deny that Stanton is Secretary of War, or that his restoration is made by the Tenure of Civil Office Bill?

I know the President respects your opinion, and if you will address me a note on the above points—"confidential"—as to him, I will use it with him to escape this dilemma.

Other points may occur to you more forcible than those stated. I did give the President the opportunity to avoid this trouble, but he declined my advice and therefore I should be exempt. . . .

[To Mrs. Sherman.]

WASHINGTON, *January* 28, 1868.

. . . With you I sympathize with the President so far as Congress seems to attack his office, but Mr. Johnson is not a man of ability or good administration. He deals in generalities but when he comes to apply principles to fact he is lost. On Friday he offered to appoint me Secretary

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of War and to remove Stanton. I doubted his power to do so, which he argued but I asked time to see your father. On Sunday I saw your father and got him to write me a letter, which yesterday I submitted to the President with one of mine, which ends this matter. . . .

WASHINGTON, *January* 30, 1868.

. . . The President yesterday again wanted me to take the office of Secretary of War, but in a letter today I have declined pretty firmly. I have always manifested for him and his office the greatest respect, but he cannot vacate Stanton's office without personal violence and that would not do.

Stanton's mere sitting in his office don't make him a cabinet officer, but he can do certain parts of the office without the President's consent. I, however, rest my declination on the ground that I do not want to live in Washington. It is full of spies and slanderers who stop at nothing to make game, and I should regret even Grant's elevation as that might force me to this position. Grant tells me that he will avoid the nomination if he can, but it is doubtful if Chase can get the votes, and Grant don't want to see Pendleton come in because he was an open enemy of the war, which we *must* maintain was right. If Morton had health he would do, but he is paralyzed so as not to stand. Morgan of New York is a good man, but not a candidate. All sorts of names are bandied about, but Grant's seems to be the favorite. . . .

[To the Hon. Thomas Ewing.]

SAINT LOUIS, *February* 13, 1868.

. . . It surely is anomalous that so soon after a great war, our people should slide back into the habits and forms of parties managed by a comparatively small set of men, organized into caucuses of doubtful virtue. But so it is and our people seem to prefer to be governed by and through their instrumentality rather than trust to men whose sincerity at least has passed the ordeal of battle. All I hope for is that in my day, we will not be adjudged to have been Rebels.

I got out of Washington just in time to escape that outburst and angry controversy * between the President and General Grant. I tried my best to make the breach unnecessary, and would have succeeded, had it not been for the mischievous agents of the New York papers who got possession of the notes of the Cabinet meeting, and who made the most of them, by wide spread publication and rubbing in of the most galling parts. As usual the correspondence will damage both parties to it, whilst the friends of each interpret the whole according to their preconceived opinions and party bias. I am out of it and shall keep out—and if, after my earnest expressed wish, the President should persevere in his purpose of drawing me in, not for my good, but for my injury, I will so interpret his action. But I hope he has dropped the subject and will leave me here, where I properly belong, and where I can do service to the Army and the Country. There are already at Washington too many for use. . . .

[To the same.]

SAINT LOUIS, MO., *February* 14, 1868.

After I thought the danger which I have dreaded so long had passed, it has come upon me like an avalanche. The Telegraph announces that the President has sent my name to the Senate as Brevet-General, and ordered a new military division of the Atlantic, with headquarters at Washington, and me to command. Now it is notorious this is a device to have me there. I don't think the President means it in unkindness to me, but no one with shut eyes can fail to see the inevitable consequence. There are no military duties for me there. There is no room for so many captains and the inevitable result is collision of authority, quarrelling and conflict.

Mr. Stanton is evidently resolved to stay in his office. General Grant, too, has extraordinary powers, which he will not moderate or surrender. The President is constitutional Commander in Chief, with a brief period of power left to him, and a Congress that deals with him as a common enemy. What good can I do in such an imbroglio? Moderation is lost—conciliation out of question, and a conflict would arouse new passions, create new parties,

* Over their opposite views about Grant's obligation to continue in the office of Secretary of War *ad interim*.

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and would end no one can say where. I wrote the President a letter on the 27th of January, enclosing yours, which I thought would satisfy him. But as he renewed the subject verbally I wrote him one much more emphatic on the 31st, and now again another, all alleging in the strongest language consistent with a due respect for his high office, my utter abhorrence of being drawn into complications that were not of my making, and which it were ungenerous to drop me into. So impressed was I of the danger to me that just before leaving Washington I wrote a note to Mr. Stanbery asking him to use his personal influence with the President to spare me this result.

Grant and I were bound by such ties during the war—he acted so fairly and generously by me on all occasions, when the Republicans would gladly have consigned me to infamy, and if we continue as now, are so likely to rise or fall together, that I would be mean indeed to allow myself to be used against him in the few short months remaining to President Johnson. I have befriended the latter when I could, and have advised him when, had he heeded it, he would have avoided much of the trouble that now afflicts us all, and he infers I suppose that because I gave him full credit for his first efforts to reconstruct the South, on principles nearer right than have since been attempted, that I will go with him to the death, but I am not bound to do it. He never heeds any advice. He attempts to govern after he has lost the means to govern. He is like a General fighting without an Army—he is like Lear roaring at the wild storm, bareheaded and helpless. And now he wants me to go with him into the wilderness. I do want peace, and do say if all hands would stop talking, and writing, and let the sun shine, and the rains fall for two or three years, we would be nearer reconstruction than we are likely to be with the three and four hundred statesmen trying to legislate amid the prejudices begotten for four centuries. I would be willing to take the Government on a contract for twenty years at half present cost, but I am not willing to be a mere attachment to a government that can have no possible use for me, save and except the small influence I might if untrammelled exercise over some of my old Army followers. What heed does Congress give to past acquired name? They sweep them away as cobweb if across their path. . . . If Grant do become President then I am willing to attempt to succeed him as Commander in Chief—but if he remain as now, which he gives me an official right to infer, then I am rightfully out here, where I have a military command, and where I feel of some use. A mere residence anywhere stript of one's selfrespect is a hell, which I will avoid if possible. . . .

As the order is issued I have asked the President to modify it in part, viz. to let me select my own Headquarters within the limits of the command. This is an ordinary courtesy, but would defeat his plans, still easier of execution than a square back down. In that case I would go to New York myself and leave the family just where they are, till in May, Grant will be compelled to accept or decline the nomination.

[To the same.]

Saint Louis, Mo., *February* 22, 1868.

The telegraph works so fast that events keep ahead of our letters. Yours of the 18th is received, but since then the whole state of facts has changed, and I must say that I am glad I am out.* Whether I ought or ought not to have gone to Washington, it is certain that I never declined to obey the President or questioned his authority, or treated him or his office with anything but the utmost respect. If he did not know his purpose of brevetting me, and placing me in Washington in open public rivalry with Gen. Grant, was obnoxious to me, it was because he was so intent on his own view of things that he was oblivious to that of others.

As to Stanton, Grant and all others mixed up in the imbroglio, I am neither champion or defendant. I know of my own knowledge that General Grant did strive all he could to avoid that unpleasant controversy with the President which he knew full well would be damaging both to him and the President. He was goaded on by the strictures of the newspapers, and the constant receipt of letters asking him if it was possible he had purposely betrayed the President. I would rather remain

* On February 19, Johnson had acceded to Sherman's vigorous objection to promotion, and had continued him in his command of the Military Division of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

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Lieutenant-General and live west of the Mississippi, than to be General, or President and live in Washington. We cannot account for tastes, but such is mine. The duties of no officer is clearly defined by law, and it is impossible to get a legal opinion of the Attorney General, or any other law officer until after the fact, and until the newspapers enact the judgment. This ought not to be, but is.

The officer, General Lorenzo Thomas, whom the President has chosen to test the law, is not over well qualified. At the beginning of the war he came near being arrested because of his leaning to Slavery. . . . Later he turned so "Black" that he revealed a conversation with me had in Louisville by Secretary Cameron, under the express injunction of secrecy, and still later he came down to Vicksburg and in an address to my own troops he spoke of his power from President Lincoln to remove any officer who did not coöperate with him in raising negro troops, a threat which everybody who heard him interpreted as directed against me. I don't care at all, but I cannot form an alliance with such men as against my old comrades in arms. . . .

I do respect the President, and the law, as much as is possible, and rather than stand in the way of its just execution will do anything else in my power: but voluntarily I don't choose to place myself where the law officers of the Government will not advise, or where the President is powerless to protect. I think the issue will satisfy you I am right. . . .

[To Mrs. Sherman.]

SANTA FÉ, N. M., *June* 7, 1868.
Sunday.

. . . I do not know yet if Grant's nomination and acceptance will make any changes in our arrangements for the summer,—think not. Unless he wants me otherwise I will stay west till he is not only elected, but actually vacates, and even then some slip may occur in promotion. My succession is not a matter of course, as the politicians consider me an impracticable and dangerous man. I don't think there can be any doubt of Grant's election, for no candidate thus far named can beat him. Dix is the best, but he is too old. Chase and Hancock have too many old charges to carry, and Pendleton was an out and out copperhead, and surely we of the War could not rest easy with him as a President. My own opinion is that considering the state of the country, Grant will make the best President we can get. What we want in national politics is quiet, harmony and stability, and these are more likely with Grant than any politician I know of. . . .

The moment a person is established in Washington friends begin to cool off and fall away, slander is let loose and is paraded in capital letters, and underhand meanness is set to work to effect change. I saw these influences at work in Macomb's time, General Scott's and General Grant's. We may suppose this will not be the case in future, but it will always be as long as human nature remains as now. You have realized some of the annoyances even in Saint Louis, but when you come to have the newspaper publishing every time you go to church, every slander that may be started, every neglect to entertain to suit the demand of an exacting public, you will regret the day you ever got to Washington. I know the place may be pleasant enough to persons in a private station, but when the people, collectively and singly, consider every public officer their servant and menial there can be no privacy, no satisfaction.

Yet this station may be forced on us, and we may have to endure it, because we have no choice, but I know we are far better off as we are now, than we can be at Washington. . . .

ST. LOUIS, MO., *July* 11, 1868.

. . . I was out last evening to Grant's farm where they are comfortably settled for the summer, almost as plainly as before the War. He has a horse and borrowed buggy, a pair of mules and ambulance borrowed of the Quarter Master, and I have loaned Buck, the horse I bought for Minnie, which he likes very much.

Next Wednesday he and I will go to Leavenworth and out on the road as far as Fort Wallace and back, be absent from here about ten days. . . .

In Washington it is all talk, talk, and do nothing. The Republican Congress has shown little talent in governing, but it would be dangerous to commit the Government to Seymour and Blair. Blair is

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reckless, especially in money matters, and Seymour was a pure copperhead during the war. Still I will do or say nothing in public. . . .

I believe Grant will be elected in November, and that I will be called to Washington to command the Army in that month or before congress meets, viz. after he makes his annual report. But he would not resign his commission till the 4th of March, when if the office of General be not abrogated I would be promoted and confirmed. But I will not be surprised if the office be abrogated so that his vacancy may not be filled, and that my rank would be as now. . . .

To the uncertainties expressed in this last paragraph, time soon brought its answers, and Sherman in his "Memoirs" recorded them: "On the 4th of March General Grant was duly inaugurated President of the United States, and I was nominated and confirmed as General of the Army." It was primarily an army of peace which he was to command—the peace which he had fought so hard to bring to his country. The civil peace was not so quickly gained as the military. Now that all the errors of the reconstruction period have taken their place in history, it is comparatively easy to point out the things which should have been done differently, or not at all. But from all the opinions delivered at the time it would be hard to choose a wiser sentence than one which the careful reader of this paper will have noted for himself. The surgeon who has done his work without flinching stands aside when it is done, and yields to the healing power of nature its ancient way. The soldier is the surgeon of national ills, and the thought to which Sherman gave expression in these words is the thought of a surgeon whose intrepidity is followed by a no less needful moderation. "I do want peace," he said, "and do say if all hands would stop talking, and writing, and let the sun shine, and the rains fall for two or three years, we would be nearer reconstruction than we are likely to be with the three or four hundred statesmen trying to legislate amid the prejudices begotten for four centuries." The Sherman of peace deserves to be as clearly remembered as the Sherman of war.

THE ABOLITION OF POVERTY

By J. Laurence Laughlin

I

PERSONS disposed to exaggerate not infrequently tell us that we are living on a volcano; and that an upheaval more destructive than the French Revolution is close upon us, unless we set to and change the present conditions under which some have unlimited expenditure for their slightest desire, while masses of others struggle for a miserable existence only with pain and grinding labor. Certainly, in the whole problem of improving the economic status of mankind, the one phase which appeals most to us all is the one which concerns the lower class of unskilled workers. With those who have already won something, and who have already risen a round or two on the industrial ladder, we are not so deeply interested as with those at the bottom who are unskilled, the sport of every change of industrial demand, and ignorant of means of betterment. It is the beggarly sums received by those in uncertain and overcrowded employments—and too often the unemployment itself—which ought to stir our sympathies and set us to thinking. What have we to offer? If economics has nothing to present as an offset to the vague, and often injurious schemes of the untrained sentimentalists, then it should retire to the limbo of useless and abandoned studies. In brief, what has it to say as to the elevation of a race, or class, in the scale of living? Has it any practical advice to offer for the abolition of extreme poverty?

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If we can offer even partial solutions of the problem, we may help those who come after us to get nearer the whole truth.

In this particular field, however, there is a deal of feeling and passion to be found, to say nothing of prejudice, narrowness, ignorance and intolerance. In matters touching everyday comfort and satisfaction, where misery and bitterness are often present, it is inevitable that there should be much feeling. Moreover, at the very time of fierce agitation—perhaps the cause of much of it—we have the rise of large fortunes, and as a consequence the striking contrasts presented between the very poor and the very rich. As if this were not enough, we have, as in the *ancien régime*, an exhibition of arrogance and show of wealth which, to say the least, is thoughtless and provocative of heart-burning and discontent. Thus, if masses of men are untrained in economic analysis, is it anything but natural that they should often believe that inequality of wealth is the result of despoiling the poor? And when unjust privilege has been shown—as in the past, or under foreign absolutism of to-day—to be the means of enrichment at the expense of others, it is right that the banner of revolt should be raised. There is no defence for special privilege. Nevertheless, in free institutions like ours, where public opinion rules, what is the case? We have, also, the very rich and the very poor. How can this be? Unfortunately for our progress in clear thinking, the sentimentalists have had almost the whole stage to themselves in the exposition of causes before the general public; and, worst of all, some of them have seen gain in telling the masses the things which it is believed would be agreeable, rather than in explaining the truth in its entirety no matter how disagreeable it may be. A half-baked economics has been given as food quite too long; indeed, the public has for some time felt the pains of indigestion from such diet.

It is the existing state of discontent which has given the socialists their greatest opportunity. No doubt, the contrasts in possession of wealth form the best soil for the socialist propaganda. Inequality of wealth is by the discontented taken as *ipso facto* the proof of injustice; and the appearance of the red flag in our streets is the measure of the numbers of those who feel deeply but who may be unable to give any economic justification of their hostility to existing institutions. It is fair to assume that the great majority of men are honest in their beliefs, and that they really wish to arrive at the truth. Therefore, whatever may be our preconceptions, it will not be amiss to try to discuss with candor the problem of improving the condition of the very poor. Whether one carries conviction to every one is not of first importance; but it is of first importance that there should be a fair field and a free discussion from all points of view, before we fly into a passion. Of socialism *per se* we have discoursed at another place;* but here and now we propose to ask directly: How can the wages of the poorest class be increased, and their level of material comfort be raised? The answer to this question touches all those engaged in the administration of our charities, as well as those who are face to face with the employment of unskilled labor. It touches all of us everywhere who wish to make bad things better.

II

It is to the credit of the heart of man that his mind has long been dwelling on a diversity of schemes for banishing poverty. It would please us all to have some Utopia come true; but each one in turn has been rolled under the heavy car of unsentimental fact, and has expired. Yet we keep at the task of searching for a solution which may have its justification in the elemental forces of human nature working in conjunction with the actual world about us. Certainly no plan will be worth the candle which is not based on some accepted economic analysis. It is a matter for a life-study; and the emotional, kindly enthusiast must give way to the cold scientific student—at least to the point of a successful diagnosis, and before social nursing is called upon.

Besides socialism, many wonderful remedies have come and gone. Anarchism, in its fury at the wrongs of the world, would like to destroy everything; and yet the poor human race would have to take up its burden of organizing society again, and tramp the same old road of mingled discouragement and progress to the point where we are to-day. Society and government will never be perfect until human beings are

* Scribner's Magazine, May, 1909.

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perfect. Anarchism proposes nothing constructive. It is a passion, not a remedy.

In the train of socialism are found many minor remedies of which governmental interference is the main constituent. It is assumed somehow or other that bureaucracy can order the conduct of others in such a way as to permanently improve the material condition of the poor. How can it raise wages? Under political pressure the State may fix a rate of wages for those in its employment; but can it regulate the market price of labor? If so, it must control not only the demand, but the supply—including the birth-rate—in all areas where immigration is possible. This would be a heavier task than to regulate the price of wheat; yet the State would hardly attempt that. But municipal ownership of various public services sometimes appeals to the wage-earners on the ground that wages higher than the market rate can be enforced. For the purpose of getting the labor vote this hope may be held out; but it can affect but a very small number of competitors for employment. And, if men who could not obtain high wages in the competitive field are favored by the State, then we have a case of special privilege for a few —rewards paid independently of efficiency —against which system no vituperation has hitherto seemed excessive. Just as soon as special favors are allowed, then the strong, the wily and the men with the longest purse are certain to win. Such methods of raising wages are impossible; "in this way madness lies."

To many minds it has seemed possible to reconstruct society and increase wages by the nationalization of land. Henry George's theory assumes that the industrial product is divided, in crucial instances, between labor and land—thus excluding capital. To the extent that rent is paid for land, to that extent, they say, it is subtracted from what should go to labor. George's conclusion is, in reality, based upon a system of distribution which has never been given much attention by critics. The absence of logic in his jointing of the theory of population, capital and labor is one which would be a treasure-trove for a student of logical fallacies in economics. Taken apart from his system of distribution, however, the question of the unearned increment was not original with George. The proposal to wipe out payments for unearned increments is at least as old as John Stuart Mill. Unless the remedy carry with it the abolition of private property—pure socialism, which George resented—it was clear that the State must become responsible for losses as well as gains in the value of land; and, with the purpose to eliminate value based on future gains, no practicable plan has ever been presented by which innocent investors in land can be equitably treated. Nor is attention given to what society would inevitably lose by thus giving up some part of the existing forms of property. But grant all the theory demands: How can nationalization of land raise the wages of the very poor?

If land is nationalized, the unearned increment would go to the State. Then how, as a consequence, are the very poor to have their wages raised? If made the basis for remission of taxes, the very poor who pay no taxes to speak of are not much benefited. Will the nationalization of land lead to the employment of more persons? Will the officials open a bureau where applicants may get a supplement to market wages? Who will decide what should be given a street-sweeper, what to a locomotive-driver? Or, if the State gets control of this magnificent fund, will politics be purer than they are now, and will the grafters or the laborers get the most? In such a game, will not the clever and unscrupulous get the lion's share; and where will the inexperienced workingman come in? George's scheme is one which misses the central point of attack; it deals with external rather than with vital things affecting wages. To emphasize the question of land is to draw attention away from an essential reason for higher wages—the improvement in the productive capacity of the man. It is theory, pure theory; and a nationalization of land, no matter how strongly it appeals to many high-minded enthusiasts, offers us no definite means for getting higher wages for the very poor.

Next, quite distinct from the idealistic plans of the socialists, we have the immediate business demands of the labor unions for higher wages, less hours of labor, and some control over the industry in which they work. Here is a direct object, to be gained, as explained elsewhere,* by the method of monopolizing the supply of la-

* Scribner's Magazine, November, 1905.

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bor permitted to compete. The non-union man is left outside the breastworks. In all strikes, it seems to have been generally admitted that unions composed of unskilled labor, such as the teamsters, are easily beaten by the unlimited supply of unskilled labor which can be brought into competition at any point; and that the only means of success in that grade of labor is by the use of force against non-union men.

But it is this very class of the unskilled that we are most concerned with. Can the unions provide a plan for giving them regular employment, and raising their wages? Can they abolish poverty? Obviously, the principle of monopoly, under which unionism works, cannot regulate the demand of employers for all of the unskilled labor in existence; nor can it control the supply of competitors—for it is in this class that the birth-rate is the highest and immigration the most considerable. Whatever may be done by the unions—which include perhaps seven to ten per cent. of the so-called laboring classes in our country—they are least effective in the problem of helping the very poor.

Then, we are offered the aid of coöperation, profit-sharing, and minor proposals like consumers' leagues. Their help is not to be despised; they add to the sum total of gains for many classes; but coöperation and profit-sharing are for those who already have made progress up the industrial ladder, and who are in a position to go higher. And consumers' leagues are more sanitary than economic; they may assure us that goods will not be produced in pest-breeding sweatshops, but they cannot pretend to control the supply of labor, or the demand for it, and thus raise the wages of the worst paid labor.

III

In default of success in solving the riddle by the various schemes thus proposed, we are obliged to resort to the constructive proposals which follow from the results attained by economic science. An economic analysis of the forces influencing changes in the conditions of the worst paid laboring classes, while presented with due regard to one's personal shortcomings, ought, however, to be received as an honest attempt to treat the inquiry from a serious point of view. The outcome may not satisfy those whose convictions are already immutable, but it may force the thinking along lines different from those in the plans above examined.

Nor is our objective—which is ascertaining the means of raising the level of comfort of the very poor—much different in kind from that which the statesman must face in studying how to elevate an inferior race. It involves an investigation into the psychological and educative processes by which human nature may be led to create an increased amount of economic satisfactions. The problem which confronts Booker T. Washington at Tuskegee is practically the same which confronts us, when we wish to raise the level of economic satisfactions obtained by the worst paid classes in existing society. With this problem economics has long been familiar. It is a truism to recite that an increase in the production of material wealth has its stimulus in the creation, or greater intensity, of human wants. A people without ambition, without a desire for improvement, without a wish for a product strong enough to overcome the obstacles nature presents to its growth or manufacture, cannot increase its economic well-being. Sloth, idleness, indifference, and lack of self-control enough to endure a present sacrifice for the sake of a future gain, will block economic progress for the class we have in mind. At Tuskegee, Mr. Washington reports that his pupils already have the intensity of wants which makes them ready for the learning of practical methods for producing that which will supply their wants. If wants, however, do not exist in a class long submerged in misery, poverty, and hopelessness, the very first step is to excite their wants—even if only for better clothing, food and primary necessities. Perhaps this point may seem to the well-fed, self-sufficient members of our community as rather academic. But the facts cannot be blinked. Only too many of those we are now concerned with have come to believe that the world is against them, that their lot is unchangeable by individual effort, and that help can come only from outside themselves. This is the reason why socialism, or paternalism, appeals to them so strongly; the cause why their material satisfactions are so small is agreeably placed upon the forms, or upon the action, of the State, rather than upon their own productive inefficiency. Therefore, without spinning fine webs of theory, we find ourselves

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thus early in our quest in possession of one of the general requirements for the relief of the very poor. That is, their wants must be enlarged and made more intense. These conditions are absolutely essential to progress.

Of course, we must be prepared for a disdainful curl of the lip from the cock-sure social doctor, who informs us that the slums are full of those who have more wants than means of supplying them. Possibly so; but how many wish unlimited satisfactions and yet are unwilling to give up indulgences in order to get them? Such an attitude is not to the point. Wants must be strong enough to give rise to productive effort, and the exercise of all the homely qualities essential to patient industry. There must be kept in mind, too, that wants are both good and evil; and that the increase of wants which have only evil influences has no gain for the very poor. In fact, they are often poor because their wants are of the wrong kind. The great trouble too often is, that wealth is wanted fiercely enough, but that the mind is constantly occupied in devising schemes by which it can be got without the usual sacrifices of effort and abstinence. Here is the paradise of the get-rich-quick promoters; and here is the chance to tell the gullible that others are getting rich at their expense.

Yet on the other hand, strong incentives to new and more intense wants exist, which are in fact supplying a firm basis for progress in economic comfort. Indeed, one of the hopeful things in the present situation—although one which to many seems a very presage of revolution—is the widespread discontent with existing economic rewards. The industrial unrest, which causes anxiety in some quarters, is, to my mind, a healthy and hopeful sign of coming progress for the classes we have in mind; because it is the indication of ambition and a growing intensity of economic wants, without which practical proposals for increased productive efficiency would be futile. It has long been a commonplace that international trade has been an incentive to civilization and commerce with inferior races because the presentation to the mind of new articles and new methods starts fresh desires and is followed by the wish to satisfy these desires. But to-day with us the possibility of stolid acquiescence in poverty is less likely than ever before. In fact, the arrogant display of wealth, which is so often vulgar, is itself, by dint of great contrasts, a means of exciting the very poor to discontent, and to a wish to enjoy the comforts possessed by others. Of course, this advantage contains in itself potential danger, should men be taught that these stimulated desires for wealth can be satisfied in any other than legitimate means. Still emulation and imitation remain strong causes to aid in improving the condition of the very poor.

Furthermore, it may be possible to bring into existence new desires, such as the pleasure arising from knowing that a sum has been saved and put away to meet an unexpected need in the future. Much economic progress depends upon the kind of desires which are given strong emphasis. In this connection, we are led to indicate the point of contact between psychology and economics. Having made the economic analysis, we have a right here to call upon the psychologist to inform us how the human mind can best be touched to bring about the desired action by the individual. Not only is it a question as to how desires may be created or stimulated, but how to repress unfortunate desires, and to incite useful desires. Here is a wide, but uncultivated field upon which we cannot enter, even if competent; for, as yet, no study of this psycho-economic and much-needed problem has been made. Here is where psychology has a large practical work to do for the help of organized charity and for the economist who is engaged in improving the condition of the poor. Indeed, the literature of the consumers' league rather loosely argues that society is to be saved only through changing the ways of consumption. That is, perhaps, only another way of saying that society can be saved only by making men better. For, if we assume that we can make men have only wholesome desires, we have made human nature perfect. It is a large contract, even for the Church, to make the whole world perfect; but we approve of the intention. For our present objective, we need to ask psychology for practical schemes to stimulate and to create desires for more economic comfort—as well as for desires of a legitimate kind and for sufficient character in the worker to persist throughout the economic processes needed for the continued production of what will satisfy these desires.

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IV

GIVEN the desire for satisfactions and the willingness to produce, then, we are face to face with the need of practical methods of teaching the very poor how to produce. What a man can consume is, generally speaking, what he can produce; increase his productivity, and you will increase his control over the consumption of the articles which satisfy his wants. But before making specific suggestions for augmenting productive power, it is necessary to refer to a way by which the very poor must first be tested. They are usually herded in crowded city districts. First of all, those who are willing, must be separated from those who are unwilling, to work. The criminal, the lazy, the intemperate, the degenerate stand in an entirely different class from the unfortunate, the ignorant, the unskilled and the temporarily disabled. The problem of treatment of the former is not an economic, but a political and social one; while the case of the latter is primarily an economic one. Keeping this separation in mind, what practical test can be offered to distinguish between the two kinds? The answer is, the offer of work. But, says an objector, shall the municipality assume the whole labor bill of the unemployed? Not necessarily. In the first place, municipal employment agencies are means yet untried to any extent; the means of connecting the special demand with the special labor is capable of very great development. More than that, the underlying theory of the antiquated poor-house system is capable of great variation. Indeed, the Salvation Army has already shown the way. For instance, farm labor is exceedingly scarce; and immense tracts of land are almost untouched. Let the municipality join with organized charity associations, and enable all those who are willing to be set to work upon the land. In case of ignorance, an intermediate period may be spent under skilled agricultural instructors, until the laborer can be sent to his own plot, where in due time he should be able to pay for his home while living a life of independence and honest toil. The cost of this method would be the advances for instruction and for the land, the outlay for which it is to be repaid —a small outlay compared with sums otherwise spent for relief, and small as considered from the point of view of possible paupers changed to self-respecting owners of land. In a community whose ranks are well shaken into place movement is probably an extreme remedy, to be resorted to only by the consent of those concerned; but in a new country like ours, voluntary movement would be quite effective. Moreover, many may not be suited for the land, and training for other and mechanical industries must be kept open by industrial education. Of course, all this is not as easy as it looks. In spite of the misery of poverty, great numbers will balk at continuous labor, and yearn for the heated dens of the gay city where the social instinct tends to hold them. In that case, they must be practically regarded as having gone over to the other class of the helpless and defectives, and be treated in a different way.

This trial method of testing the poor and unemployed has the additional advantage of falling in with a general economic principle upon which we must constantly rely in this discussion. Wages are low where employment is scarce and numbers are great. If laborers are taken away from congested city districts to the land, they are placed where supply is in a far better adjustment to demand. It is a principle of wide application for our special purpose. When we speak of increasing the productive efficiency of the very poor in order to give them greater consuming power, we refer to the hope of finding practical means of taking them out of the crowded class where demand for them is less relatively to the supply, and carrying them up to a less crowded class, where demand is greater relatively to the supply. More than that, it is a method consistent with the general theory of value by which anything, goods or labor, when given greater utility gains greater exchange value. To make a laborer more efficient in production, other things remaining the same, increases his pay and his worth to his employer, just as improving the quality and power of a locomotive increases its value to a railway. Increased efficiency is to a laborer what increased utility is to a commodity. But while supply is in the long run dominant even over utility, the effect of increased efficiency, as human beings go, is in practice not only to increase his utility to his employer, but also to place him where the supply of his kind

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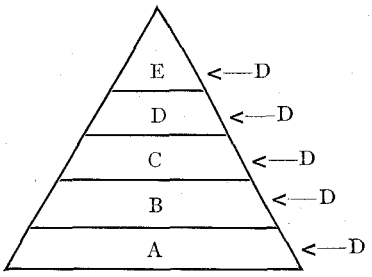
of labor is less. Higher wages are, therefore, in the natural course of events, almost inevitable, when efficiency is improved.

It has been necessary to ask the indulgence of the reader in thus introducing—even though briefly—some dry economic exposition; but it has been done in order that we might make use of it as a basis for some practical suggestions for bringing about higher wages. For, in the main, it can be settled that unless a proposal for helping the very poor meets the following requirements, it can have no permanent results of a helpful character:

It must (1) either reduce the supply of labor at a particular point of competition, or (2) it must operate in some way to increase the demand for that special kind of labor; and it can accomplish this latter end usually by giving labor more efficiency in the place where it resides. From the exposition above given we have thus obtained some general tests to be applied to every plan for aiding the very poor.

Labor, moreover, is not of one kind; it should never be reasoned about *en bloc*. Nor is there such a thing as a demand for labor as a whole. Labor appears in strata, as regards skill and industrial efficiency; and demand is, in fact, a demand for one or more men adapted for a specific kind of work. Roughly speaking, the situation may be generally expressed by the accompanying diagram, in which A represents the



poorest paid unskilled class, with which we are concerned, lying underneath other classes rising in skill and efficiency from B to E. Demand, moreover, in any one industry is for some labor of all classes; and, in a country as a whole, demand is a sum of demands in all industries for men of the A class, or the B class, etc. For our present purpose we are concerned with the problem of raising the A class to a higher level. As things now stand, the members of the A class are the least well paid, because their numbers are larger relatively to the demand for them than those of the classes above; and it is the class in which numbers are most thoughtlessly brought into the world. Now our objective emerges clearly before us: How can we reduce the numbers of A, or increase their utility to industry, so that their wages may be larger?

(1) In the first place, a permanent effect can be produced only by increasing the industrial skill and efficiency of the members of class A. Every one knows that skilled, gets more than unskilled, labor. Moreover, if the skilled man turns in more product, the employer can afford to give him more wages, no matter what happens elsewhere. Then, if the man moves up out of A, he gets into a spot where demand for his sort is stronger and more extended, and yet where it is less crowded. Consequently, we ask: how can we start men to moving up and out from the A class?

(2) Obviously, the most effective plan ready to our hands is industrial education and manual training. General education in the public school helps, so far as it gives control over essentials and really sharpens the mind; but for definite economic progress it is very far from sufficient. As yet it may be safely said that industrial education is almost untried in our country, at least for the classes (such as the A class) most in need of it. For many poor people among us, who need the direct means of earning a subsistence, it is rather absurd to give them the studies of the leisure class. Also, many a boy dull in mathematics or science may have a good eye and a steady arm, and may make a skilful carpenter or bricklayer. Of course, the possibilities are as wide as the diversity of men. Germany is far ahead of us in providing technical schools for the artisan class. In short, we should make it as easy in our public schools for a boy or girl to obtain training in mechanics, plumbing, woodworking, cooking, telegraphy, etc., etc., as in geometry or chemistry. All this applies to women as well as to men. Women's wages are low because they are usually unskilled and also in a crowded class. Our cities and our towns should be dotted with training schools suitable for giving practical preparation for agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.

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At present, the unemployed or the very poor have no trade of any kind, or are confined to some one habitual task, like sewing on clothing cut by machinery. To-day, when carpenters or plumbers get four dollars for a day of short hours, and even "make work," no man handy with tools need be poor, or out of employment, long. It should not be necessary to press this matter upon the reader: its effectiveness for increasing the wages of the very poor must appear at a glance. In addition, its ultimate end is to inculcate individual independence and self-respect; it frees the laborer from servile dependence for his post upon the mere caprice of an employer. The increased efficiency given to an unskilled man increases his utility to his employer, and increases the demand for his services.

Of course, it may be objected that if all the members of A were so far improved as to be spread over B, C, D and E, these other classes would be overcrowded and their wages lowered. First, it is to be replied, the A class will always be with us, so long as human beings are imperfect and shortsighted; nor can all of them be improved to the extent mentioned. But grant that this were possible; it would be greatly to be desired. In such a case, the change in relative efficiency of various groups would cause some readjustment; but, the total efficiency of all the labor force having been increased, the total output of wealth created out of our resources in conjunction with capital would be greatly augmented. Thus there would be more than before to be distributed amongst the classes from A to E, in the proportion of their relative efficiency. That is, as elsewhere explained,* the contest for large shares lies between different classes of men, as physical and mental laborers (E being the class of skilled organizers), and not between labor and capital as such. Any gain, at any point, in industrial efficiency, therefore, enures to the advantage of society. Like rain in a period of drought, it cannot fall anywhere without making the planted crops grow, thus benefiting the single farmer as well as the neighbor with whom he trades.

(3) At this point, it is well to indicate that we have a duty even to those who are unwilling to work, to those who are "down on their luck." One is not yet ready to believe that because a man stumbles and falls he will be unable to walk again. There is no doubt that we have here a delicate and difficult task, if we hope to touch springs of action in those who have lost their self-respect. But it has been done; and by experience and insight it can be done again, and for more persons. It is impossible in this brief study, to go to any length into the details about the experiments which have been more or less successful in this respect. Yet there are practical successes, which are enough to make us feel that we need not count out of our working force at any time all those who at first show a disinclination to work.

In the main, for this whole class of the lazy, dishonest and degenerate there should be enforced care and work; and above all there should be watched the new emphasis now being given in some of our universities upon training men to be the guides and teachers of this class of persons. It is a new and distinct profession for which economic and other courses are to form a basis for their professional training.

(4) There is still another kind of instrument within our reach. Any one familiar with industry cannot fail to notice the advantage given to the possessor by a sum of capital, be it large or small. Specifically it gives him power over the future; and yet it has the magic of all things in the hand, as against those in the bush. It is power, to be used for good or for ill. Therefore, if we wish to aid the very poor, we should ask to help them become capitalists. This may sound aggravating to those who are as yet struggling for mere existence; but, in spite of possible disdain from our critics, it is a practical matter not to be overlooked. The attitude to saving is crucial; and this should be emphasized in spite of the prevalence of superficial thinking on this subject by some workers among the very poor. Saving arises from the ability to set a future gain above a present indulgence; and it is a point of view necessary in many other relations in which the very poor find themselves, especially in the practical question of the control over births. Once get the mental attitude of saving recognized, the result will be a gain all along the line. Of course, everything depends upon what kind of future gain is given emphasis; but saving

* "Socialism a Philosophy of Failure," SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, May, 1909.

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and its beneficial results are not to be disposed of because some savers are likely to be niggards. It is no argument against the principle of saving that a man may get so "near" as to refuse an orange to a sick wife, or store up money for the sake of a pretentious funeral; for this is not true saving. The influence of saving upon character is great, quite apart from the fact that the possession of even a little capital places a man beyond the ill effects of temporary unemployment. And the possibility of saving exists wherever the drink or tobacco bill exists. Finally, the possession of capital will bring reinforcements to the wages of labor, and steadily increase the stability of his position.

(5) In close connection with the quality of self-mastery required in saving, it is to be noted that a gain in productive efficiency—by which a man may rise out of the class of the very poor—is largely a question of character. The power to select a definite object and to keep to it without being deflected by weakly yielding to distracting diversions is a condition of success in industry. Such self-mastery is but another name for character. Indeed, the moral purpose behind the expenditure of increased wages is quite as essential as the material gain itself. Therefore, a large part of the philosophy of success to be urged upon the very poor is a grasp upon the pivotal things in character. Obviously this seems like academic preaching; but, at least, it brings out the truth that the problem of raising the very poor is not a matter to be finished in the twinkling of an eye; it is a matter of time and patience. Indeed, as improvement in industrial efficiency is so largely a question of character, it becomes evident that it is pretty nearly synonymous with making people good. In this task the Church has been engaged for centuries, and men are not yet perfect. Thus we should not be discouraged if plans for abolishing poverty work with exceeding slowness. For instance, it is not to be assumed that the gain in industrial efficiency given at Tuskegee will be lasting unless it is accompanied by some growth in a moral purpose.

The limits of space obviously prevent the writer from giving more concrete expression to plans for the aid of the very poor; or to discuss experiments already undertaken. It has seemed best to analyze and to order the thinking on this subject in such a way as to enable us to apply general tests of existing or proposed methods, and to know what sort of new schemes should be organized which would conform to the demands of sound economics. To my mind, if we have agreed that gain in industrial efficiency is a means of raising wages, through increasing the demand for that labor and lowering its relative supply, it would be just as appropriate to use taxation for this result as it would be to use it for the establishment of a public school system, for the construction of roads and bridges, or for the extension of rural delivery. That is, encouragement to the accumulation of capital by postal savings banks, by agricultural loan banks, by cooperative building societies, or the wide extension of industrial and manual training at the public expense, should be cordially supported in the interest of the very poor. Preparation for earning a livelihood ought not to be limited to arithmetic, grammar, and the like. And this must go hand in hand with a wider diffusion of economic instruction.

In conclusion, it cannot have escaped the reader's mind that, with all these practical schemes at work, there would still remain a substratum in Class A beyond the reach of improvement because of native incompetence, stupidity, or flabby character. What nature has joined together man is not likely to put asunder. For such a residuum there will remain only the services of public and private philanthropy; but help to the unfortunates is a duty to the fortunate, which kindly human nature will not shirk, in a community where hospitals, homes for incurables, and the like are fast becoming a matter of course. But, if we are able to reach a steadily increasing number of the willing poor by means of our economic methods and are able to get them moving towards permanent self-maintenance, we shall have done all that is humanly possible.

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

I AM well aware that the polite reader will look askance at this title, and yet I cannot find any other word which so precisely expresses my meaning as "swapping." "Trading" would not do, for it gives a hint of mercenary desire which I do not wish to convey; "exchanging" is too coldly formal; so, though it is marked in the dictionary as colloquial, and though it cannot be traced to any dignified old English ancestor, I use it because it means just what I want to say. "Swap, to strike a bargain"—with, if one may divine the underlying figure, a congratulatory slap of the hand—suggests a new form of barter, of spiritual barter, which is all-too-prevalent at this time of social investigation. I live in a world alive with new philanthropic ideas concerning the duty of man to man, and I am amazed at the difference between these and the old ones, carefully inserted, at the point of the catechism, into my own youthful mind. I hear the young exhorting one another not to follow selfishly natural gift or inclination, but to apply all their energies to the direct betterment of mankind; I hear their elders congratulating themselves that they have abandoned mere home cares to shoulder the burdens of the race. It seems nowadays, for some reason, the duty of every man to assume the next man's responsibility, face his dilemmas, fight his battles—for what? England expects every man to do his duty; that is outgrown;—America, my corner of America at least, expects every man to do some other man's duty. It is naturally an exciting task; it has all the joy of experiment to try, as it were, to work another man's muscles, react to stimulus on his nerves, respond to calls at his brain centres. Something of the charm of play-acting goes into it, perhaps also of dual personality, and the fascinations of the unknown attend it.

Swapping Martyrdoms

Yet I cannot help wondering at the ultimate outcome if every man lifts the next man's load. What is to become of his own? Too often he drops it upon the backs of friends or by-standers unable to assume the weight. An acquaintance of mine, in a fit of generosity, flung her whole little fortune into the laps of two aged people, and, as a result, became dependent upon relatives ill-fitted for the charge. A colleague, grinding with me at the mill, suddenly deserted her hard task to tilt, for a little, at a windmill, and fell crippled at the first onslaught. The result is that her share of the grinding has been added to my own. . . .

Even while I was railing in this fashion, I myself became fired by a vision of serving as ministering angel, and went to sit by the sick-bed of one suffering from a contagious disease, where, I dare say, I was nothing but a nuisance. The result that might have been expected followed; the shoulders upon which the double duties before mentioned have now rolled are all too slender to carry them. "Bear ye one another's burdens," is the most beautiful doctrine ever preached, but surely a stern, if unexpressed, prerequisite is that we shall not drop our own, and apparently few of us are of sufficiently heroic stature for both. We all know people eager to do this or that service, to grant a favor, to do anything in the world except their own duty. I can remember, as a little girl, becoming astonishingly attentive to aunts and older sisters just about the time when I should have gone to dry the dishes or to prepare my lessons.

I have always supposed, and many artists have strengthened the supposition, that it was a point of honor with the martyrs of olden time to hold fast each to his individual martyrdom. I have respected St. Laurence for sticking to his gridiron; St. Peter Martyr to his severed head; St. Catharine to her wheel; St. Sebastian to his arrows. The martyrs of the present day are pooling their interests, wishing to share and share alike duty, symbol and reward; saintship has become a trust. It is as if St. Peter Martyr grew tired of his gory head and handed it on to St. Catharine, St. Catharine rolling her wheel toward St. Sebastian, St. Sebastian flinging his arrows to St. Laurence. Modern martyrs can no more cling to their individual properties than modern college youths can to their individual wardrobes. No doubt change is pleasant, but to me the impressiveness of the saints has come, not so much from the special instrument of torture which each holds as from the

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fact that he does not drop it. Monotony I have always considered one of the chief requisites of thorough martyrdom, and the way in which the elect nowadays are picturesquely trying on one another's halos gives me pause.

One would not lag behind the developing instincts of the race, and growth from a too-deep-seated individualism is welcome to us all. In watching the signs of the times, however, listening to lecturers and to eager discussions, one cannot help wondering if the change is not too feverish and too sudden. Is not this a case, perhaps, where it is not well to be entirely off with the old love before being on with the new? What is to be the outcome of the sudden feminization, if I may use the term, of our thought in regard to social problems? The instinct of womankind to dart immediately to the rescue, no matter what is dropped by the way, is something which we cannot spare, but it can hardly serve at present as a basis for the whole social structure; as one watches its pretty, compassionate freaks, one is compelled to confess a reluctant admiration for the dull masculine fashion of standing in place. Speaking as one who lives within the charmed circle of the New Thought, I confess that its most earnest advocates seem to me astonishingly ignorant of certain simple principles of architecture, the necessary dependence, for instance, of stone on stone. Imagine the result if each stone in an arch should begin to scramble for the next one's place, thinking to do better service there! Of the result only the earthquake can tell us.

It is part of my unachieved development, I have no doubt, but I cannot get rid of a lingering idea that there was something in my father's way of looking at things, old-fashioned and individualistic and outgrown as I now know it to be. He used to say that human happiness and effectiveness are best achieved by finding your work and doing it as well as in you lies. When you think of the world of nature, and of the relations and the harmonies there, you are almost inclined to go back to this forgotten faith. Should the thorn conceive it its mission to bring forth grapes, the thistle to sacrifice itself to the production of figs, should all the fauna and flora in the chain of being try, with the noblest motives, to change places, we should be at a pretty pass, with resultant confusion comparable to that in the world of thought about our duty here. To be what you are, and to be it well—surely some of the people who have achieved this have left deep impress on the world.

Other aspects of our new and broader thought perplex me. The discovery, for instance, that my sins and those of my forefathers are social, not individual, does not keep them from weighing on my mind. I am forever haunted by that old bogey of personal responsibility for conduct which I know, like Santa Claus and the Erl King, has no real existence. We have learned to trace social and physical causes and effects; we can demonstrate the laws which brought about this or that wrong condition or misdeed; but I cannot help thinking that it is an unfortunate line of thought to follow, unless we can confine it strictly to our neighbor's conduct and not to our own. It is excellent doctrine for the looker-on, but very bad for the sinner; we must not find too many ways of tempering existence to our shorn selves. Whatever may be the ultimate truth in regard to the freedom of the human will, there is a deep challenge in the belief that the human will is free and accountable. Nothing else serves as so deep a stimulus to the race, so vigorous a whip and spur.

All this amounts but to a confession that, the more I see of the new-fashioned virtues, the more I admire the old. I hear the prophets of the new order crying aloud in the marketplace, and I cannot help wickedly remembering how many of them have failed under the old law, and have come out of wrecked homes to testify to the need of change. As I hear the loud clamoring for this and that larger responsibility, certain unforgotten and unforgetable faces float before me, of those who had assumed the high and heroic task of being themselves, and their best selves. I shall never enjoy to the full the new freedom offered; the old notion that it is for me to make good in my special task will not let me be quiet, and I find the social conscience no substitute for my own.

EVERYBODY knows Talleyrand's, if it really was Talleyrand's, condolence with his acquaintance who did not know how to play whist—"what a sad old age you are laying up for yourself." Perhaps everybody does not know the late George Lanigan's variant of the philosopher who met the bank president and, inquiring whether he knew how to pick oakum, and receiving an astonished negative, delivered the classical riposte, "Ah, quelle triste vieil-

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lesse vous vous preparez." The moral is that it behooves a man to have avocations for his old age, to lay up hobbies against a rainy day. This is a counsel rather opposed to strenuosity. The strenuous Sallust lays it down: "Verum enimvero is demum mihi vivere, et frui anima videtur qui aliquo negotio intentus," and so forth. That is the ideal which has of late been thrust upon us more importunately than usual, that to live and to get the good of life you must be intent upon some job of work. And doubtless you do get the good of life in that way, while you can keep it up. The dollar hunter, Yankee, Scotchman or Jew, does immensely enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and is happier in his busy pursuit than the idler who pursues nothing. There is no doubt about that. But in the first place we cannot all be typical Scotchmen, Yankees or Jews, and this would be a very monotonous scene if we were. A world full of dragons in their prime, that tear each other in their slime, were mellow music matched with that.

Of "Hobbies"

And even the dollar hunter cannot always be dollar hunting. Without disrespect to later voices, Thomas Carlyle remains, even for this generation, the leading apostle of strenuosity. "The most unhappy of all men is the man who has got no work cut out for him in the world and does not go into it." Here is the modern version of Sallust's "aliquo negotio intentus." And yet it is Carlyle who has recalled to us our Lempriere about Midas who "got gold so that whatever he touched became gold, and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it." "What a truth in those old fables," perorates Thomas. What a moral he himself furnished in his own "sad old age" against excess of strenuosity, whether or not employed (which of course his was not) in dollar hunting. Sent down to Mentone for the climate, within easy access of great works of art which so much of his strenuosity had been spent in misprising and preparing himself not to appreciate, with the acute pangs of bereavement added to the chronic troubles of dyspepsia, with reading become difficult and "the act of writing," as he confessed, irksome and distasteful, what was there left for him? If he had only relaxed his strenuosity enough—well, even to learn whist! *A fortiori* is the lot of the dollar hunter sad when he is divulsed from his "ticker," and has not cultivated himself in the appreciation of any rival music. Midas has no employment left but to dissemble, very unsuccessfully, his auricular protuberance. Some twenty years ago an observer meeting a great "magnet" of that time recorded his wonder that the richest man in America could not command a whisker-dye that was not detectable at a glance.

Old age comes to all, or at least all hope so, and the means of diminishing its "tristesse" are or should be interesting to all. Midas has, he says, "provided for his old age." But in fact he has not provided for any employment for his old age except feeling his ears and dividing himself between fear and hope whether they are growing longer and hairier. Very likely, intent upon the business of the dollar hunt, he has, like the unwise man of Emerson, "let learning and romantic expectations go till a more convenient season," and has set his retirement from activity as the convenient season. But this is highly fallacious. The avocations and hobbies which are to alleviate retirement must have been sedulously cultivated in the intervals of activity. This in the case of the successful dollar hunter. But how about the unsuccessful? What solace is there for him who has sold his birthright for a mess of pottage and has not received the pottage? What is the "Comfortress of Unsuccess"? "The use of culture," observes the delightful author of "Confessio Medici," "is not to help us get practice, but to console us for the want of practice; and then its price is above rubies." "Bishop Blougram's Apology," as delivered to "Gigadibs the literary man," and conceived purely from the point of view of a man of this world, is entirely satisfactory. He has attained and enjoyed his success

> While writing all the same my articles
> On music, poetry, the fictile vase
> Found at Albano, chess, Anacreon's Greek.

The millionaire who has so many interests as these may be accounted happy, much happier than the strenuous millionaire who has been so intent "aliquo negotio" as to hold alien from himself all other human or humane interests.

In his repertory of avocations, his stable of hobbies, it must be owned that the hereditarily well-to-do Briton is apt much to exceed the more strenuous and self-made American. Thus the British squire in Mr. Whiteing's "Yellow Van," being inquired

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of by his American guest as to what the neighboring squires "did," was able to answer—

Well, let me see. Torold's rather an authority on church restoration; Nethercott keeps the pack; Offley never misses a meeting at quarter-sessions; Rodeland's very keen on model villages.

It would be hard to make out as good a showing at N**p*rt or T*x*d*. The retired millionaire who had laid up even one of these subsidiary interests might be accounted happy, much happier than the retired millionaire who had swallowed the gospel of strenuosity at a gulp, ignoring that its use, like Bacon's "some few powders," was to be chewed and digested.

More Portmanteau Words

WHO does not recall with pleasure more than one passage in Alice's adventures both in Wonderland and after she passed through the looking-glass? It was in this second series of wanderings that she made acquaintance with Humpty-Dumpty, who declared his ability to interpret any poem that ever had been written or that ever would be written. (It is a pity, by the way, that Alice did not promptly try him with "The Ring and the Book." It is also a pity that the late Browning Societies never elected Humpty-Dumpty—Alice's Humpty-Dumpty—as an Honorary Vice-President.) Alice propounded to this interpreter of lyric enigmas the immortal poem beginning

"'Twas brillig and the slithy toves."

He promptly explained that *slithy* meant *lithe* and *slimy*. "*Lithe* is the same as *active*. You see, it's like a portmanteau—there are two meanings packed up in every word." And he later elucidated *mimsy* as made up of *flimsy* and *miserable*.

It was of malice prepense that the narrator of Alice's marvellous misadventures manufactured these portmanteau words. And yet in real life they make themselves now and again, unconsciously, and often most felicitously. In the Reconstruction days of two score years ago a sable legislator of South Carolina howled back with scorn the *insinuendoes* of a political opponent. *Insinuendo* is a good word, handy on occasion and to be recommended to the dictionary-makers always in quest of the latest linguistic novelties. And the attention of these fishers of phrases may be called to another portmanteau word in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest comedy, "Dolly Reforming Herself." The play is a charming example of light comedy, and Dolly is a charming heroine. She abounds in feminine fascination; and she is forever coaxing her husband into paying the debts she is continually incurring for the pretty frocks he likes to see her in.

But she goes a little too far on occasion, and then her docile husband violently revolts. "I will not be *sweedled!*" he cries in energetic protest. And her father promptly asks, "What is *sweedled?*" To which the indignant son-in-law responds hotly, "Sweedling is sweedling! It's part *swindling* and part *wheedling!* It's what every d—ee—d good-natured husband like me has to go through, when he's fool enough to put up with it." Now, *sweedling* is a good word, an excellent word, a much-needed word. I thank thee, Jones, for teaching me that word! And yet this is the discovery of an Englishman, although one would have supposed that it might have been happened upon earlier by some American husband harassed by a thoughtlessly extravagant wife.

Two other little-known linguistic inventions there are which deserve the praise of the advertisement in that each of them may be called A Felt Want Filled. One of these is *despisery*, as a differentiated synonym for *contempt;* it seems to convey a subtler shade of meaning. And the other is *interruptious*, which is credited to Lincoln. He is reported to have declared that a certain member of his cabinet was "a very interruptious man." Dictionary-makers please copy. Indeed, the compilers of vocabularies ought to Get Busy, now that English is the mother-tongue of nearly a hundred and forty millions of human beings and now that it bids fair to become a world-language, the second speech of all educated men all around the globe. Words easily get used up, living as they do from hand to mouth. Theirs is a strenuous life, and their ranks must be constantly recruited if the supply is to be kept equal to the demand.

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THE FIELD OF ART

"Gossip," from the painting by Carl Marr.
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SOME MODERN GERMAN PAINTINGS AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

IN continuing these papers on modern pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, the German School, which will include those of Düsseldorf and Munich, will be reviewed at a moment when it is peculiarly illuminating to consider it; for in view of the recent temporary exhibition of the German Secessionists the works about to be discussed seem more or less remote in both subject and method. For it is indeed a fact that, as a nation, the Germans have been slow in developing on the practically artistic side; and when other countries had passed the period of pompous historical and mythological subjects, and those even of intimate and narrative *genre*, the highest names in German art were still pursuing the cut-and-dried themes of ancient history or contemporary romance.

In consequence of this tendency, and because the Museum has not carried its collection into the immediate present, there is even less to note of vital, legitimate, painter-like production in its present examples of this school than in the French or English departments which also are not brought up to date. The fact remains that as a race the Germans do not express themselves so fluently through the medium of paint as do some of their neighbors. They are more literary, philosophical, didactic. Nature does not exist for them as a beautiful fact to be interpreted emotionally by means of form and color. They have often mistaken their medium in delivering themselves of ideas through painting, and should have, in most cases, resorted to verbal expression. The outside world did not seem to stir them as a lovely thing of sight as it did the French or English, so that we find no such faithful recorders of nature as Constable, nor such imaginative creators as Turner in the whole range of German landscape art; nor in their figure painters do we discover, at a corresponding period, such searching definitions of character and form as have been left behind by Ingres.

This comes, I think, from the fact that the

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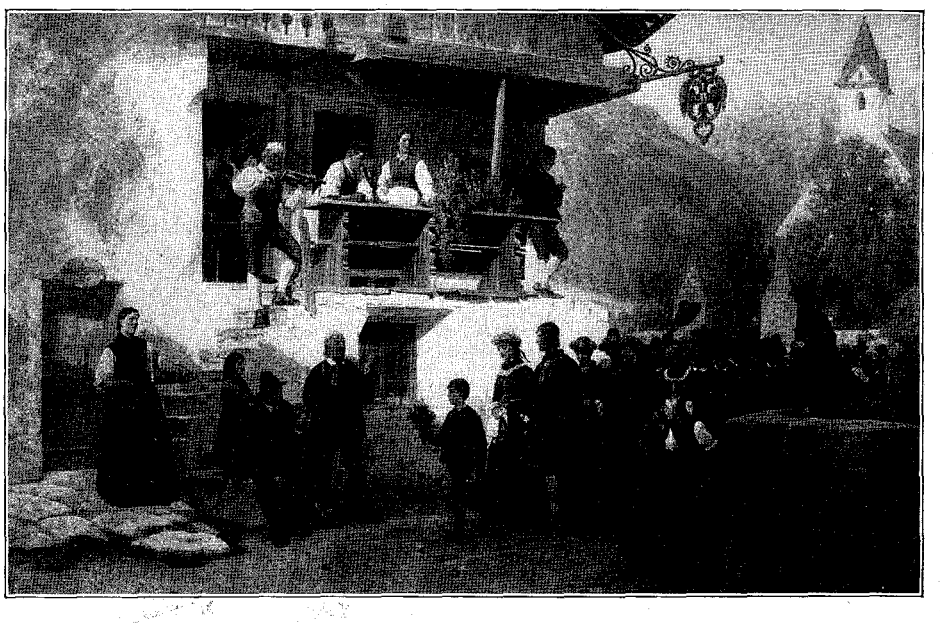

"A Wedding Procession in the Bavarian Tyrol," from the painting by Wilhelm Ludwig Friedrich Riefstahl.
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German mind employs painting to express an incident, a historical moment, rather than in its legitimate province as a purveyor of beauty. Indeed, in comparing German painting of this time with that of other lands, there appears to be a whole world of sensitive "seeing" of which these painters were not conscious.

Let us note some of the important works and endeavor to show, from this standpoint, what is missing in these productions.

To begin with, remark a picture by Wilhelm von Kaulbach, that successor of Peter Cornelius who, although he came later, did not become more sincere or more emancipating in his influence. This fact is in striking contrast to the progressive tendency in French art where Ingres, following David, struck a truer note, and laid the foundations of that noble school of drawing and of form which has been a blessing to the school of modern France.

This work by Kaulbach, entitled "Crusaders Before Jerusalem," is symbolical in its idea, of studied composition and arbitrary coloring—academic, stilted and conventional; a literary subject; an illustration rather than an artistic conception nobly and competently carried out. It is not a conception—an invention would more correctly describe it; and in this it is essentially German.

Piloty is of much the same class of mind, judging from his canvas, "Thusnelda at the Triumphal Entry of Germanicus into Rome"; and it is difficult to realize that he who painted it was regarded as the deliverer, the colorist who emancipated German art from the traditions of a cold classicism. Here is a picture of theatric composition, and of a pictorial, but not of a picturesque sentiment. He appears in no sense the liberator that Menzel was, who, born earlier, blazed the path of the German realists of to-day. It is with regret that we find no example of this prodigiously skilful and versatile painter in this collection; for in subject he was very modern, touching the industries, amusements and daily avocations of life with a vivacity and vigor which brought them vividly before you. Let us trust that it is a link here missing in the evolution of the art of this country which will soon be restored. A few good examples of this brilliant painter would add much to this section of the Museum.

But, in default of such interesting work as this, let us continue our review of the material at hand, and to illustrate more fully our meaning give in reproduction examples of certain works. These canvases show talent of no mean order, many of them, and undoubted skill; but it is all of a studied character, lacking in spontaneity and feeling. Take, for instance, Carl Becker's "Adelheid and the

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Bishop of Bamberg." This is a scene from one of Goethe's plays, and it is literally a scene; in a note made before the picture and while in ignorance of its title I find these words: "another *tableau*—a 'mise en scène,' unfelt, perfunctory, and painted largely for its opportunity of still-life rendering." The fact of the scene appears trivial, but the sumptuousness of the interior and of the stuffs and textures displayed seems to warrant the impression which suggested the above note. Although painted with a certain address, it is in no way distinguished in its color sense, but of an obvious and heavy color scheme.

There is more true freedom in stroke and action, and purer and finer color, in Adolf Schreyer's "Battle Scene, Arabs Making a Détour." This is spirited, of a knowing chiaroscuro, and rich in tone. Here one misses the vibrating charm of Fromentin's Arabs, but that is another story, and the work of another temperament and nationality. It may be enough to say that this is a handsome picture and a good Schreyer.

Although a Hungarian by birth, Munkácsy is listed with the German school and is practically its product. His "Pawnbroker's Shop" is a sordid subject, but more "felt" than the examples of this school hitherto mentioned. It is, however, forced and false in its effects of values, but sober, quiet and of a powerful tone.

Wilhelm Ludwig Friedrich Riefstahl gives us "A Wedding Procession in the Bavarian Tyrol." This is a little wedding scene "placed" as on a stage, showing a vista around the corner of a chalet-inn, in which the church shows in convenient proximity to the fact—sweetly colored mountains in the distance, but bearing no just relation to the crowd of villagers and building in the immediate foreground, and in front of which they are making merry. In the light of the painting of to-day as pursued almost everywhere for the past thirty or forty years except in Germany, and now beginning to be followed there, this picture is of the past, *démodé*, not so much because of its anecdotal story-telling side, but by reason of its artificial, obvious, unpainter-like and inartistic character. There immediately comes to mind the *genre* of Jules Breton, who, however much he painted rustic *genre*, he invested whatever he did with a true observation of nature, not only in a well-considered composition which partook of a kind of inevitable disposition of the scene, but in that close and happy recording of the tone and color of natural effects which re-

"Thusnelda at the Triumphal Entry of Germanicus into Rome," from the painting by Carl Theodor von Piloty.
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vealed a sincere love of the outside world of sight. It must be assumed, then, that the standards of painting in this country did not exact this, that the German vision was not so sensitive to, or had not yet entered, that realm of art where objects exist surrounded by the element of air which is the heritage of latter-day painting.

One notes a tendency to break from this arbitrary and purely pictorial sentiment in a landscape by Oswald Achenbach in his "Near Naples: Moonrise." This is an accomplished piece of painting with a premonition of present-day "seeing." The trees and herbage are not sufficiently differentiated, nor is the tone of the twilight road subtly felt; but there is an attempt to give the dull haze of a hot summer evening and the effect of a dusty roadway that bespeaks a temperament sensitive to the accidental effects of nature. It is all too heavy in touch to satisfy the close observer of to-day, but, as has been said, it hints at the finer vision that is the possession of modern painting.

Moving on to still more modern work, may be mentioned "Gossip," by Carl Marr. Here is an interior in which is discovered some charming observation, particularly in the still-life accessories to the scene. These two peasant girls spinning, are seated in a room into which the light filters through a low window curtained with gauzy white. They are exchanging confidences and chatting, but it is the prevailing tone of silvery gray managed with considerable subtlety that suggests the modernity of the artist's vision. The pots of blooming flowers in the window, relieved against the white curtains, are of an observation that is distinctively fine, and were it not for a lack of mellowness in the general tone of these different passages of white, there would be little to detract from the beauty of this canvas as a whole. As it is, it indicates a wholesome step in the direction toward which German art is now tending.

There is another picture here by Carl Marr which we fancy was painted earlier, and in any case it shows less of the modern spirit in its treatment, and was probably done while he was still under the domination of the school of Munich. It has more of the German literary and metaphysical inspiration and less of the newer sense of light. The title, "The Mystery of Life," is of itself, unless productive of splendid passages of painting such as Delacroix often displayed, a subject more for verbal description than for an essay in paint. The dramatic presentation of an old man tired of life discovering the lifeless body of a young girl which has been tossed up by the sea on a gloomy shore, may have moved the painter to some academic exercise in the studio; but the result is neither beautiful nor edifying, the painting not impressive because the splendid opportunities of a faithful study of natural effects have not been made use of. It savors of the studio and of false sentiment.

To review somewhat our point of view, I would not be misunderstood by leaving the impression that I disapprove of German painting because of its disposition to be literary, anecdotal or illustrative in theme. All painting at all times has been illustrative—story-telling, if you will. It is the lack of sound painting, sound observation, sound taste and judgment which marks most of these subjects, rather than the incidents they depict, which disappoint.

It is with renewed regret that the absence is marked of such men as Leibl, Lenbach and Menzel in this collection; but doubtless this break in the sequence of German art will sooner or later be remedied. For it is through these more progressive men that we will the better understand the movement that is taking place in German painting to-day. Although late, this nation is now looking out with new vision on the natural world; and it may be indeed that of the recent exhibition of their work there will remain behind certain examples which the Museum or some public-spirited citizen may have acquired to more fully complete the story of an art which is too meagrely represented in this great conservatory of the painting of all nations. Such acquisitions cannot be urged too strongly; for we have so lately had proof that Germany is coming into its own, artistically, that it will become more interesting as time goes on to follow the development of a people so great in other intellectual fields, to note the inevitable capitulation of that citadel of art which, in spite of long years of attack, has not yet wholly yielded to the civilizing, persistent appeal of beauty to which other countries, not remote from her, have more readily done homage.

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